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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

POETRY.

THE NEW BABY.

THA'RT welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did ;
Toimes are bad.

We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know,
Did ta, lad ?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell,
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel
Trade wur slack ;
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munno fear thee ; iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

God bless thee, love, aw'm fain tha'rt come,
Just try an' mak thisel awhoam :

What ar't co'd ?
Tha'rt loike thi mother to a tee,
But tha's thi feyther's nose, aw see,
Well, aw'm blow'd !

Hush ! hush ! tha munno cry this way,
But get this ope o' cinder tay
While it's warm ;

Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur aich a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—
Oh, what a temper ! dear a-me
Heaw the skroikes ;
Hear's a bit of sugar, sithee ;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie the
Owt tha loikes.

We'n nobbut gotten coarsish fare,
But eawt o' this tha'st ha' thi share,
Never fear

Aw hope tha'll never want a meel,
But allus fill thi bally weel
While tha'rt here.

Thi feyther's noan bin wed so long,
An' yet tha sees he's middlin' throug
Wi' yo' o.

Besides thi little brother, Ted,
We'n one up-steers, asleep i' bed
Wi' eawr Joe.

But though we'n childer two or three,
We'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee—
Bless thee, lad !

Tha'rt th' prattiest bird we han i' th' nest ;
Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—
Aw'm thi ded..

—*Laycock's Lancashire Songs.*

DIALECT OF SOUTH LANCASHIRE,

OR

TIM BOBBIN'S TUMMUS AND MEARY,

REVISED AND CORRECTED,

WITH HIS RHYMES,

AND AN ENLARGED AND AMENDED

GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES,

CHIEFLY USED

BY THE RURAL POPULATION OF THE MANUFACTURING
DISTRICTS OF SOUTH LANCASHIRE.

BY SAMUEL BAMFORD.

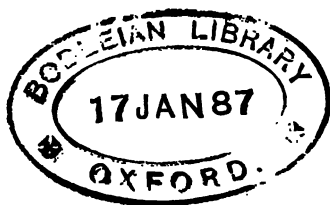


MANCHESTER: SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

—
1850.

Gough Add. Lancashire
P. 108



JOHN HEYWOOD, PRINTER, HEYWOOD.

INTRODUCTION.

THE great changes which have taken place in the nature of employment in the manufacturing districts of South Lancashire, since the publication of Collier's "View of the Lancashire Dialect," have not only caused the old appearances of the country to pass away, but they have altered nearly every thing appertaining to, or resulting from, the life and condition of man. At the time when Tim Bobbin was spending his jovial and fecetious days at Milnrow, such a thing as a cotton or woollen factory was not in existence. The collier then brought his coal to day-light at the mouth of a tunnel, or what was called "a breast hee," generally opening out, not unlike a large black sough, on some hill-side. If the road was accessible by a cart, and one came to be filled, it was filled, the money paid, and the carter got his tit and his load down the hill as best he might; or if half a dozen ponies, or, as they were termed, "galloways" came with their panniers to be loaded, they were supplied if there were coal enough got, and if otherwise, they would probably have to wait at the place, or went browsing on the moors, until the coal was brought out; or if the mine were worked by means of a shaft,

a windlass and a couple of buckets would generally be deemed sufficient machinery ; and an important concern it must have been indeed, where a horse and a gin-wheel were put in motion. Farms were mostly cultivated for the production of milk, butter, and cheese ; oats also, for the family's consumption of meal, in the form of porridge and oaten cake, would be looked after, and a small patch of potatoes, when they had come into general use, would probably be found on some favourable bank attached to each farm. The farming was generally of that kind which was soonest and most easily performed, and it was done by the husband and other males of the family, whilst the wife and daughters, and maid servants, if there were any of the latter, attended to the churning, cheese-making, and household work, and when that was finished, they busied themselves in carding, slubbing, and spinning of wool, or cotton, as well as in forming it into warps for the loom. The husband and sons would next, at times when farm labour did not call them abroad, size the warp, dry it, and beam it in the loom ; and either they, or the females, whichever happened to be least otherwise employed, would weave the warp down. A farmer would generally have three or four looms in his house, and thus, what with the farming, easily and leisurely though it was performed, what with the house work, and what with the carding, spinning, and weaving, there was ample employment for the family. If the rent was raised

from the farm, so much the better ; if not, the deficiency was made up from the manufacturing profits ; and as the weaver, or makker, as he was called, was also the vendor, he had a pretty fair command of his own remuneration. Both farmers and cottagers, in the neighbourhoods of Rochdale and Bury, were, at that time, employed in the flannel manufacture. Many of these would be both makers of cloth, and sellers, and they would have ample conveniences for the manufacture on their own premises. It was about this period that the large and roomy stone buildings which are so frequently met with in the neighbourhood of Rochdale were erected. The flannel loom requires a good breadth to work in, and half a dozen such looms would occupy a large chamber over a whole house. Strangers, on entering one of these dwellings, are often puzzled to know why the house part has such an ample extent of floor, but their wonder ceases when they are informed that these rooms were the working places of women employed in the carding, slubbing, and spinning of wool ; that the spinning was done upon one spindle (whence the name of the latter), that the spinner stood beside a large wheel to which, with one hand she gave motion, whilst, stepping back to the extent of her reach, she drew out the slubbing, and having given it the necessary twist, wound it on the spindle, and so continued until she had spun cops enough to make a warp. In such an operation, these wide

floors were necessary, the spinner being often the tallest and the longest armed woman of the family. In those days there were some noble forms in the country, though Tim Bobbin did not immortalize one of them; a few may yet be seen, and as the spinner alternately drew out, spun, and wound up her thread, humming some indistinct words the while, she might not unaptly have been likened to one of those fate-dispensing beings who are said to

“Spin the web, and weave the woof,

“The winding sheet of Adam’s race.”

The working dress of these our great grand-mothers would, to a town resident of the present day, seem as singular as their persons would be remarkable, and their occupation homely. Their outer dress almost invariably consisted of a blue flannel bed-gown, which left the arm bare below the elbow; a petticoat of the same material and colour, and an apron to match, except that sometimes the apron would be of blue linen instead of flannel. The young women, there not being any combs in use then as articles of attire, wore their hair long behind, and parted on the forehead. The married females wore, on their heads, mob caps, of a thorough cleanly whiteness, whilst their hose, as well as those of the younger females, were generally of white or black woollen yarn, of their own knitting; and their shoes were strong, well fastened with leathern thongs, and of a weight which would foot-lock a modern dandy. Their appearance

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on Sundays or other holidays was more varied than when in their working day attire; in addition, on such occasions, to a clean cap, they would generally wear a smart bed-gown of white or blue cotton, prints not being then in general use. A pair of lighter shoes, raised at the heels, would be don'd; and if they went a short distance from home, they would put on a silk handkerchief, generally of a brown chocolate colour, with spots, which they threw over their caps, and tied under the chin. If their visit was to church or chapel on a Sunday, (and there were not then so many of the latter as at present), they would make themselves very smart in their stuff-gown, or a garment much similar, but known as "a rocket," would probably satisfy the vanity of one of the younger class; instead of bonnets they wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed gypsy-hat of felt, or chip covered with silk. If it were during winter, or in broken cold weather, the great oaken kist would have to yield up its most substantial article of attire; and an ample crimson or scarlet cloak, of finest wool, double milled, and of an intense dye that threw a glimmer wherever it moved, was put on, the hood being thrown over the head, cap, handkerchief and all, and drawn closely and comfortably round the face, or left open as the wearer chose. The working dress of the men was a low-crowned hat, with broad brims, a blue or drab short coat, or rather jacket, of coarse woollen, or fustian; a waistcoat without neck-

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collar, and with long flapping pockets; a pair of breeches, buttoned at the knees, and generally of strong fustian, or sheep-skin leather; brown or blue hose, home knitted, and of strong home-made yarn, and very strong shoes, nailed with clinkers, and fastened by straps and buckles. In the flannel districts, the men also generally wore a striped flannel apron, which when at the loom hung down, and when in the fields, or on a journey, would be wrapped round the waist. The jacket, waistcoat, and breeches of the men, from their having to use much oil in their manufacturing labour, were greasy always, and often glossy with grease, and the women's outer garments would have partaken of the like unctious gloss and odour, had they not been frequently scoured by that old fashioned, though most thoroughly cleansing washing liquid, which is produced by human distillation. On the premises of every family might be found a tub, or a mug of a size sufficiently capacious to hold the whole product of this pungent liquid, and as a most precious cleanser, it was carefully collected and consigned to its appointed vessel, thence to be taken as wanted for use. A clothes washing, in those days, was never considered to be "greasily dun" unless all the woollen things had been thoroughly scoured by the great purifier, and afterwards washed and wrung out of clean hot water. Both men and women, girls and boys, made use of it to wash their persons, after which they applied water; and when the

operation was finished by a good rubbing with a coarse towel, they came forth radiant with health and exuberant life. Their working hours, whether at the loom or on the farm, were, as compared with those of modern operatives and labourers, spent in leisure. There was often great irregularity in their observance of working hours, and their duration varied much, according to the wants, or habits, of individual workers, or of families. Tea was scarcely known in those days. The epitaph on Tim Bobbin,

" John wants no punch,
" And Moll no tea,"

was not then written, but, unworthy as it is, was a subsequent composition of his son Thomas. The almost universal breakfast of the working classes, and indeed of the middle also, consisted of oatmeal porridge, and milk, with an oaten-butter-cake, or a piece of cheese and oat-cake, to make up. Dinners generally consisted of dumplings, boiled meat, broth and oaten bread. Potato pies were not uncommon, but then, besides a substantial crust, they were seasoned with a scantless mixture of beef or mutton. "Aye," a young woman was heard once to say at Milnrow, when taking such a pie to the oven, "an it is a pottito pie indeed, for its nobbo three peawnd an a hawve o' muttn in it." After dinner came an hour and a half, or two hours play, or lounging; and in the afternoon, oat-cake and cheese, or butter, or oat-cake and butter-milk, sufficed for bagging; suppers

were the same as breakfasts, and then play was allowed till bed-time.

It may be remarked here, that in particular localities where the cotton manufacture had become prevalent, the outer garments of the women were of strong cotton, of a small stripe, called "weftin in;" in other respects their attire was the same as that of families in the flannel districts.

But soon a change was destined to come over this scene of homely labour and plenteous living. In 1769, a patent was taken out for a machine to spin cotton by rollers;* in 1770 the spinning jenny was patented; in 1785 appeared improved carding, drawing, and roving frames; after which came the willow, the scutching machine, and the lapping frame. In 1779 the mule jenny was invented, and in 1785 Watt had completed his steam engine. Then came a wonderful facility of production, and a proportionate decrease of the cost, whence followed an increase of demand, an increase of employment, an increase of population, a crowding towards the great hive, of many people of all industrial classes, and from all parts of the kingdom and the world. Next, as a consequence, followed the breaking up of old associations and the formation of new ones; the abandonment of old habits; the giving up of old customs; new modes of dress became common; new modes of living were adopted; new subjects for thinking were started; new words for the

* In 1738, John Kay, of Bury, by his invention of the fly shuttle, was the first to break up the old mode of weaving by hand-throwing.

expression of thought were introduced, and from that time the old dialect, with the old customs of the country, and the old fashions has been gradually receding towards oblivion.

If it were possible that we could live for the present and the future only, these things might be allowed to pass from human knowledge without regret, but we cannot so live. Our present and future course must be a continuation of the past, a bettering of it, a derivation from it, an improvement, but not an abandonment; we do not cut off the root of a plant that it may grow. Even if there were not such a thing as this natural adherence to what has been, there is in the human constitution an irrepressible tendency to refer to the past, in order the better to shape our future course, to

“Cast one longing, lingering, look behind;”
that, seeing the way we have come, we may be the better enabled to pursue that which is before us.

There is also a pleasure in the contemplation, the remembrance, as it were, through history, of old people who have left the place we live in, who have quitted the ground we occupy, who have just, as it were, gone out and shut the door of the house after them, before we got in. We wish to recal them; we would they had stayed a little longer; that they had been there when we arrived. We go to the door and look for them; up the street, down the lane, over the meadow, by the wood; but the old folks are not to be seen high or low, far or near; and we return to

our room disappointed. We picture to ourselves the pleasant time we should have had were they beside us, how we should have seen the cut of their apparel, their broad hats, and quaint lappels; their "buckles and shoon;" and heard their old tales and stories, and caught the tones of their voice, and the accent of their uncouth words. But it cannot be; they are gone, and there is no return; we have not seen them, we never shall see them, and again we are saddened and disappointed. A book, however, in the midst of our regret, attracts our notice; we open it, and therein we find, not only the portraiture of those we have been regretting, but their old stories, their uncouth words, and almost the tones of their voice are therein preserved for us. We sit down happy in the prize, and enjoy the mental pleasure which it provides.

Such a book would I place on the shelf of the old house ere I depart. It may be useful to some, and may perhaps afford amusement to others who tread these floors, and walk these green fields and brown moors of South Lancashire in after days. To me it seems that this district is destined to become the scene of important events. The persuasion haunts me, that these men, these Saxon Danes, and Saxon Celts of Cambria and Caledon, with their thoughtful foreheads, reserved speech, knotted shoulders, and iron fists; that these men, whose lives are familiar with the eyeless, earless, pulseless Cyclopes of steam;

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who ride on steam horses, and wield steam-hammers, compared to which the hammer of Thor was but a child's toy ; that these men, who, from morn to night, attend the beck, the knock, and the slightest motion of the great powers of water and fire ; that these men, who, assisted by their demons, spin threads, weave cloths, hew coal, cut stone, weld iron, and saw wood ; who level hills, fill up vallies, turn back rivers, melt rocks, and rend the earth to her womb ; that these men will never disappear from the earth, until they have performed such deeds, and raised such mind-marks for the bettering of the condition of their race, as shall point them out to future generations.

Already there is a streak in the horizon of this dark north. Poetry, history, and the arts, are beginning to embellish science, whilst science is leading on from wonder to wonder. History speaks of deeds, and the people by whom they were performed ; Poetry looks for words, and the images which they pourtray ; the historian, the poet, and the painter may be benefitted by a perusal of this book. The historian will find the language of the personages, whose actions he narrates ; the poet will find their speech and the romance of their life ; and the painter will discover a grouping, and a series of individual characters, neither of which have ever been described on canvass.

Several writers have endeavoured, both in prose and rhyme, to express themselves in the Lancashire

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dialect, but, with one or two exceptions, they have not succeeded. The fact is, that until the present edition, there has not been any true glossary to write the dialect by, that of Tim Bobbin, if truth may be stated, being itself far from correct. I may be blamed by some, for being thus candid, but the fact had often been forced on my attention, both from my own observation and that of others. John Collier, we must recollect, was born at Urmston, on the borders of Cheshire. The river Mersey was, in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, the boundary line betwixt the two chief kingdoms of Mercia and Northumbria; and the main battle ground betwixt those two powers would probably lie betwixt the rivers Dee, Weaver, and Bollin on one side, and the Wyre, the Ribble, and Irwell on the other, the Mersey being the dividing line. However that may be, it is well known to any one who has paid attention to the subject, that the Mersey is yet a dividing line betwixt two dialects. On the Cheshire, or Mercian side of the river, we find the words, seeink, tawkink, thinkink, speakink; on the Lancashire, or Northumbrian side, they are seein, tawkin, thinkin, speakin, or, in some districts, spyekin. Tim Bobbin, however, in his "Tummas an Meary," gives the Cheshire pronunciation. He also gives the Cheshire word veel for veal, instead of the Lancashire vyel; deel, instead of dyel; heeod, instead of yed. For a short distance on each side of the river the dialects are

somewhat mingled, whilst further inland they become distinct; in some places, near the river, one prevails, and at other places the other is mostly spoken. Urmston is nearly upon this frontier line, and hence probably Collier got his Cheshire pronunciation. He has also the Cheshire words cheeons, instead of the Lancashire chens; cheeop, for chep; cleeon, for clyen; cleeonin, for clyenin,—the g at the end of words being seldom used in South Lancashire. He has creeas, instead of cryes, measles; deeod, for dyed; deeol, for dyel; deeoeth, for dyeth; dooal, for dole; dreeomt, for dryemt; feear, for fear; leeof, for lyev; lucko, another Cheshire word, for loothe, look thou; reeak, for reek, shriek; reeam, for ryem, cream. These instances might be multiplied, but they are sufficient to show that “Tim Bobbin’s” view of the “Lancashire Dialect” was not confined to that spoken in South Lancashire. It is also an unsafe guide in other respects besides its affinity to the Cheshire pronunciation; we have afterings, instead of afterins; gawstring, for gawstrin; hottering, for hotterin; inkling, for inklin; crackling, for cracklin; brimming, for brimmin; deeing, for deein; reaving, for ravin; riding, for ridin; and other instances where the g should not appear at all. Then there is ele for ale and ail; finst, for finest, best; fresh, for fresh, florid; greave, for grave; grease, for fat; groats, for groats; harbor, for harbour; Harrys for Henrys; heasty, for hasty; hus, for us; I’ll, for I will; im for him; jawnt,

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for jaunt; keke, for cake; kin, for kin; kindly, for healthy; limp, for halt; marvil, for marvel; mattock, for matlock; mawkish, for mawkish; maw, for stomach; neamt, for named; breans, for brains; breve, for brave; capable, for able; dey, for day; phippenny, for five penny; reant, for rained; rearest, for rarest; reaving, for ravin; riddle, for riddle, a sieve; and many other words which are either current English, or present a difference in the spelling only, without a difference in sound. None of these, nor many others of the same character, will, I trust, be found in the present glossary.

A number of words which appear in Tim Bobbin's Glossary, have also been rejected in consequence of doubts as to their ever having been in general use in this eastern part of South Lancashire; amongst these are buck, or buk, book; camp, to talk; campo, to prate; caper-cousins, great friends; cawfe-tail, a dunce; charger, platters, dishes; chark, a crack; chez, chuse; clutch, a brood of chickens; dawntle, to fondle; deawmp, dumb; deeave, to stun with noise; deeavely, lonely; dawd, dead, flat, spiritless; dubler, a large dish; eendless-annat, the straight gut; far, for; far-geh, forgive; fleak, to bask in the sun; glur, the softest of fat; gry, an ague fit; hight-nor-ree, nothing at all of; im, him; infarm, inform; jim, or gim, spruce, neat; kele, time, place, circumstance; keyke, or kyke, to stand crooked; knattle, cross, ill humoured; lamm, to beat; lod, a lad; musn, to think

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or wonder; min, to remind; mitch-go-deet o', much good may it do you; mourning, morning; nawstler, ostler; neecom, an uncle; neeam, an aunt; on-o-vey, always; on-ye-been, if you be; pee, to squint; peigh, to cough; penny-whip, very small beer; protty, pretty; reason, to whisper; sam, to gather together; seeln, seldom; skew-wift, awry; swat, to swoon; teathy, peevish, cross; thrimmo, to thrimble; tin, till; wal-laday, wail the day; wark-brattle, loving to work; whawm, to warm; wheint, or wheant, strange, comical; wheign, a slut; whoo-o-who-o-who, an interjection of surprise. A number of objectionable terms have also been left out of the Glossary, and excluded from other parts of the book.

My chief object in the undertaking of this revision and correction, has been the production of a true and consistent illustration of the dialect of this eastern part of South Lancashire, such as it has been spoken during the last eighty years. By this eastern part, I mean the country extending from Blakeley to Littleborough easterly; and from Bury, or Bolton, to Oldham, south easterly; including those places and their vicinities. Manchester could not be included, inasmuch as its inhabitants having always been a more mixed people, have never spoken the dialect of the country folks around them.

I have adopted Collier's dialogue betwixt "Tummus and Meary," and his Glossary, as the frame work whereon to exhibit my amendment, deeming it not only

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right, but most expedient also, that, as that production had been accepted during many years as the true and only exposition of our mode of speech, it should also be made the vehicle for exhibiting the errors which it had so long been the means for propagating, and of substituting a real, and consequently, an improved version of our dialect in its stead. I judged that in the execution of this design, I could not have a safer guide than the dialect as I found it in common use. I have endeavoured to adhere to this; to write it as it is yet spoken in its rural retreats. I have, however, adopted some of Collier's terms, of the genuineness of which I am not quite certified, deeming it better to err rather in that direction than in the too restricted one. Future consideration may enable me to determine this; and meanwhile, if this exposition of the Lancashire Dialect cannot be accepted as a faultless one, I have strong hopes that it may be received as the best that has yet appeared.

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

April 10th, 1850.

MEMOIR OF JOHN COLLIER.

JOHN COLLIER, who afterwards became known as Tim Bobbin, was born at Urmston, in the township of Flixton, in 1708. His father, whose name was also John, was a curate, and kept a school, from the profits of which, together with the income of his curacy, he was enabled to maintain his wife and several children in decency. Young Collier was intended for the church, but his father, when in the forty-sixth year of his age, becoming afflicted by the loss of sight, all idea, as it would seem, of his son's keeping up in the world was abandoned, and, in the fourteenth year of his age, he was put apprentice to a Dutch-loom weaver at Mottram, in Cheshire. Collier, however, hated mindless labour, and became an itinerating school-master, until he got a regular engagement as assistant to Mr. Pearson, who kept a school at Milnrow, near Rochdale. In a few years the situation of master became vacant by the death of Mr. Pearson, and Collier was chosen by Mr. Townly, of Belfield Hall, to fill up the vacancy. Being now in the receipt of full twenty pounds a year, he was looked upon as a person of some importance in the village; and having leisure to follow

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the bent of his genius, he began to practice drawing and music, and became such a proficient as to be able to give lessons to others. He also tried his hand at poetry, of a rude strain certainly, and produced various satires on eccentric characters in the neighbourhood, which got him more admirers than friends. "The Blackbird," which is a satire on one of the Lancashire Justices, was written in 1740. It is one of his best pieces, but its pretensions to be classed as poetry are not very prominent. He may be truly termed a witty and satirical versifier, an indifferent poet, and a not very exact rhymster.

"His beaver cock'd, plain-dealing-wise he pull'd
"So low, his forehead in it seem'd involved."

Vide THE BLACKBIRD.

"And thinks with justice in this dire contest
"Each cur should run with fawning tail the first."

Ibid.

"He being gone, the knight must see the glass,
"To fix some upright airs in oblong face."

Ibid.

In painting he was more successful, but his taste in this branch of art was vitiated by an excessive indulgence in a kind of cranky oddity, a straining after effect, to a degree which produced distortion, most singularly conceived certainly, and quite as truly expressed. His genius seemed to be imbued with this kind of wit; his imagination to be ever wandering in search of deformed conceits. His

mind, undoubtedly, though of an uncommon vigour, was of a strange cast; and there is room for supposing that its very strong impressions gave a turn to the mental aberrations of more than one of his descendants. His pictures were unequalled, and unlike any which had ever been seen in Lancashire, if not in England, before; they consequently met with a ready sale; his fame spread, his pecuniary means became ample for his wants, and he resigned himself to the enjoyment of a present good and promising future.

Before this time, however, namely in 1744, he had become smitten by, and had married, Mary Clay, of Flockton, in the parish of Thornhill, and West Riding of Yorkshire. With her he received a considerable fortune, for those days, which however did not last long, and seems to have rendered him but little service. He now began to paint altar pieces for country churches and chapels; occasionally he painted signs for public houses; and afterwards he struck into the style of broad humour, which procured him both so much celebrity and remuneration. It was during a pause in this career that he seems to have written his famed literary production "A View of the Lancashire Dialect," many editions of which were quickly disposed of. It took amazingly; like his pictures, it was the first thing of the kind that had ever appeared in these parts; like them also, though marked by uncommon talent, it was so profuse

of imagination that it did not convey a truthful representation of its subject, but left that subordinate to the irrepressible oddity of its author. The beauties of nature, and the true poetry of the hills, dales, woods, and streams around him, appear to have had but few attractions for Collier, who seems to have revelled in forms and phantasies of things as they were not. His Lancashire Dialect was not the spoken dialect of any one district of the county; and his friend Mr. Townley, of Belfield, in writing to a gentleman at Manchester, describes him as taking note of every quaint, odd, out of the way term, or phrase, which he heard during his perambulations in different parts of the country, and incorporating them in his "View of the Lancashire Dialect." At one time he engaged to become book-keeper to a cloth manufacturer of Yorkshire, but the place did not suit his volatile taste and habits; and having induced his employer to cancel the agreement, he returned once more, happy as a freed bird, across the hills, and down to his old school-nook at Milnrow. Here he continued to reside, keeping school, painting pictures, and writing occasional pieces in prose and verse, together with various letters to friends, and here he died, in 1786, and in the 78th year of his age. His wife bore him three sons, namely, John, Charles, and Thomas, and one daughter, who all survived their parents. John became deranged, and was in dress and embellishments a greater oddity

than any which his father had delineated. The daughter also was tainted with the same affliction. Several descendants of the family are living at Milnrow and in the neighbourhood of Rochdale.

The following notice, relative to Tim Bobbin's son John, may be interesting to the reader :—

“John Collier, commonly called Jacky Collier, one of the sons of Tim Bobbin, became insane, and died at Milnrow, near Rochdale, after having been for years an object of much interest and commiseration to all who knew him. His appearance was most striking, as he wore all his clothes inside out, or the wrong side before. He was tall and bony in person, very grave in manner, and reserved in speech; and he generally carried a large stick, so that to persons who did not know him, he was as much an object of alarm as of attention. His coat, buttoned behind, gave him a grotesque appearance, but the scowl of his eye, especially when annoyed, was sufficient to check all disposition to mirth at his expense. He seldom spoke, even in reply to questions; and, being harmless, except when exasperated by being interfered with, he was generally allowed to have his own way, and he led a silent life, wandering about the neighbourhood, entering such houses as he chose, and, when hungry, taking such food as was offered, but never asking for anything. He was an excellent draughtsman, and a good portrait painter; and on such occasions, he would take up a piece of chalk or a pipe, and with a few strokes on the chimney-piece, or the hearth, he would give an admirable likeness of any person, or a sketch of any incident which took his attention. His portrait, painted by himself, and

lately, if not at present, in the possession of his son, is a very singular production, and a most correct likeness. He is represented as wearing a cap, something like the tiara of a Jewish high priest. His face is divided by a gash down his right temple and cheek, whilst his forehead is bound with a strap, buckled; and a bandage, seemingly a hoop, passes across his face and his nose, as if to prevent his head from separating. He wears a kind of loose vest or cloak, with the collar in front, and his eye lowering from beneath his antique cap, has a strange and fearful expression. On the back of the picture appears an inscription, of which the following is a literal copy:—

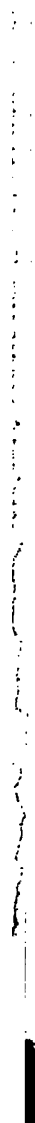
‘John Collier, Esq. Pinx. fi thfe ANNO DOM
1785 ÆT ERR CON 45 REALL ETERNAL
PPPPP UNIV IMMORT ET SupMAG N_Æ. N_Æ.
N_Æ.’—*Walks in South Lancashire, by Samuel
Bamford.*

TAWK O' SEAWTH LANKESHUR,
OR
TIM BOBBIN TUMMUS AN MEARY,
FETTLT AN MADE GREADLY;
WI' HIS RHYMES,
AN A MOOR-WORDED, AN BETTER-SPIELT DIXONAIRY
NOR ONNY BEFORE PRINTUD,
O' WORDS AN SAYINGS,
CHIEFLY UST
BYTH' CUNTRY-LIVIN-FOKE OTH' SPINNIN AN CLOTH
MAKIN PARTS O' SEAWTH LANKESHUR.

BY SAMHUL BEAMFORT.

MANCHISTUR: SOWD BEO BOOKSELLERS.
ENTERT AT STASHUNER HOE, LUNNUN.

1850.



READER,

YER A SPON-NEW CANK BETWEEN TH' EAWTHER AN'
HIS BOOK.

TIM BOBBIN enters by his sell beawt wig; grinnin'
an' scrattin' his nob.

Tim.—Good lorjus days whot wof to times ar' these,
Pot bos ar scant, and dear ar seawl an cheese,
Eawr Gotum guides us seely sheep dun rob,
Oytch public trust is cheyng'd into a job;
Leys, taxes, customs, meyn our plucks to throb.

Yet awm war thrutcht between two arrant
rogues;

For bigger skeawndrills never treedn' brogues
Than Finch an Stuart—strawngers to o' reet,
They rob'n Timmy ee'n ith' oppen leet.

This may's me neaw, to cross these rascots ends,
To send agen to my owd trusty friends:

For truth is truth, tho't savers like a pun;

I'm poor, God wot!—

Book.—Heaw so?

Tim.—My craps o' dun.

Book.—Whoo—who, whoo—who—whoo! Whot,
pleag't with' owd cumpany, rhyme an' poverty agen?
Neaw een th' dule scrat yo—aw thought yodn goo
bank, for yoar sib to thoose Gotum tikes at yo com
plen'n on so, an ar neer satisfy'd.

Tim.—Whoos tat? tee owd friend? aw thought theawd bin jauntin it like hey-go-mad, withoose foster feythurs o' thine, *Stuart*, *Finch*, an' Schofield, o' Middlewich.

Book.—Nay belady no I; awd scorn't tutch sitch powsements with tungs.

Tim.—Whau, boh hastono yerd ot tat creawse tike *Stuart*, an' clummeryeds *Finch* an' *Schofield*, han don'd oytch on 'em a bantlin i'three o'the kest-off jumps, an thinknt' put *Yorshar* o' foke. It's sitch wark as tis at meys met' scrat wheer aw dunna itch; Yersto meh?

Book.—Yigh, yigh awve yerd ont; bo' nick o' ride humstridd'n o' beggin, o' thoose at conno tell a bitter bump fro a gillhooter, say I.

Tim.—Eh lack-a-day! Belike theaw dusno know at thoose at'n steyl win lie; an 'at teyn may no bauks o' tellin foke at teiers is th' reet breed o' bandyhwits; an' to clench it they'n show ther whelps i'th owd petch-wark jump, an' heaw then?

Book.—Nay this is a cutter too-too! a wofo blesin' indeed! Bo' ister no way o'comin meet wi' 'um? 'sflesh, aw'd rhyme onem or summut—ye'r ust 'at yo cud'n ha rhytm.

Tim.—Odds fish! they're partly like carron crows mon; they're no worth meh shot.

Book.—But, hark yo; tell meh one thin; dun yo aim at sendin' meh eawt agen on another tramp?

Tim.—Wuns, eigh; theawrt likt' strowl agen, as sure as a tup's a sheep.

Book.—Odzo then, whether th' ullerts ar worth shot or no' awd hav a push at piggin ivi paid forth' gerthin'; Do yo clap some pleagy rhymes o'th neb o' meh cap, i' plain print hond, at oytch body may see em shus wheer aw coom.

▼

Tim.—Aw did berm op some rhymes o'top o'th sign before Stuart shop i' Wiggin, bo' they're sitch rackless dozenin' gawbies, at aw think a sharp red-whot whotyel wudno' prick a pirate conscience; for theyn noather feelin', shame, nor grace.

Book.—Doo as aw bid yo for wonst, let 't leet heaw 't will.

Tim.—Whau, wi' o' meh heart; bo' howd, lemisee; it's noan so good t' begin o' rhymin' at aw see on;—hum—neaw fort.

Rob-bins a trade that's practis'd by the great,
Our ruling men are only th—es of state.

Book.—Howd, howd, howd, 'th Dickons tak yo. Aw see whot's topmost; yo'n be hong'd or some mischief, an' then o'll be whoo-up wi'yo i'faith.

Tim.—Not i' Goddil belike!—dusto think so?—Sblid, bo' aw hate hongin',—dothee set agate then.

Book.—Whau, aw'll begin o' thisn' then.

It's whiff-waff Stuart,—snifterin' Finch yo' known
Virtue has laft o'—truth is fro' o' flown!

Pirates a name—

Tim.—Whot te dule art woode. Whot't doo wi' this whiffo-whaffo stuff? dust think rhyme mun olis tawk stump Lankeshur?

Book.—Eigh, why not', let 'em speyke greedly as we dun, i' God's-num.

Tim.—Nay, nay, ittleno doo; “tomitch ov owt's good for nowt;” heawe'er, i'ft woud hav 'it' myen someheaw o' thatn, theydn bettert be o' thisn:—

Ah, doughty Stuart! worthy Finch! you know,
Virtue's a bubble,—honesty a show!

Pirate's a name, you'r not asham'd to own,
Though this and footpad, unto Tim's, all one.

Such men as these, for gaining of a groat,
If screen'd by law—would—

Neaw by th' maskins, iv aw binno fast!

Book.—Then yo'r fast wi' a little i'faith, for aw
con loce yo' i' that poynt.

Tim.—Lemmeh see—ho, neaw aw haight; its be,
“Slash their neighbour's coat.”

Book.—Nay byth' lord Harry shall it no, iv aw
mun rule; for its be,

“Cut their neighbour's throat.”

Tim.—Whau, whau, wi' o' meh heart; bo' let
Stuart, Finch an' Schofield, thoose bell weathers, an'
Hitch an' Haws, ther sheepish followers, lay ther
sows together, an' tae which they likn best.

Book.—Well! it's cliverly rhynt o' Tim heawe'er,
let 't be whether it will. Whot an awf wur I t'
pretend to rhyme wi'yo.

Tim.—Well, bo', ween had enough o' this froythy
matter; let's tawk o' summut elze; an' furst tell meh
heaw theaw went on i'the last jaunt?

Book.—Goo on belady! aw cudha gon on weantly,
an bin awhom agen wi' crap i'meh slop in a snift, iv
i'dno met at oytech nook thoose bastertly whelps sent
eawt be *Stuart, Finch* an' Schofield.

Tim.—Pooh!—aw dunno myen heaw foke har-
bortn or cutternt oer'the, bo' whot thoose fawse
Lunnoners sedn abeawtte jump ats, new oer-bodyd.

Book.—Ho, ho, neaw aw haight; yo myen'n thoose
lung seeted foke, at gloorn secont time at books; an'
whooa aw'r fyert woudn reut meh jump to chatters.

Tim.—Reet mon, reet; that's it.

Book.—Why, to tell yo true, awr breed wi' agorse
waggin; bo' they took'n meh i'th reet leet to a hure.

Tim.—Heawr tat i' God's-num?

Book — Why at yoadn don'd meh a this'n, like a meawntebank foo for th' wonst, to mayth rabblement fun.

Tim.—Eh law! he awdid'n the awvish shap, an' the pecklt jump, pan sed'n the?

Book.—Eigh, eigh, primely i'faith!—for the gloortn soor at meh; turnt'n meh reawnd like a tealier when he mezurs foke; chukt meh underth chin, gameh a honey-butter cake, an' sed'n openly, they ne'er saigh an awkert look, a quere shap, an' a pecklt jump, gree better i'ther lyve.

Tim.—Neaween fair-fo 'em, say I; theese wurn th' boggarts at flayd'n the. Bo' awd olis a notion 'at tearn no gonneryeds.

Book.—Gonnoryeds! now, now, nottey marry! Bo' aw carrid mehsel meetly meeverly too, and did as yo bid'n meh.

Tim.—Theaw towdem the tele; an' sed th' rhymes an o' didto?

Book.—Th' tele, an' th' rhymes? s'flesh, aw believe aw did; bo' aw know no moor onem neaw than a seawkin' pig.

Tim.—Od-rottle the, whot sesto? hasto forgetu th' tealier find'in th' urchon? an' th' rhymes?

Book.—Quite! quite! as' I hope to chieve.

Tim.—Neaw, een the dule steawndte say I! whot a fuss mun aw hav to teytchem the agen.

Book.—Come, come, dunno fly op in a frap; a body conno carry eytch mander o'thing i'ther nob.

Tim.—Whau, bomind neaw, theaw gawmblyn' tike, otto con tell th' tele an' sayth' rhymes berote titely.

Book.—Fear meno, sed doton; begin.

Tim.—A tealier i' Crummil time, wur thrunk pooin' turmits in his pingot, an fund an urchon ith' had-loont-ryen; he glendurt at't lung boh cou'd may

nowt on't. He whoavt his whisket oe'rt, ran whoam, an towd his neybours he thowt ot he'd funde a thing at God newer mede eawt; for it had nother yed nor tele, hont nor hough, midst nor eend! Loath t' believe this, hawve a duzz'n on em woud goot see if they couldn mey shift t' gawm it, bo' it capt em; for they newer o one on um ee'r saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n a keawnsil, anth' eend ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm, fawse, owd felly; het an elder, at could tell oytech think, for they looknt on him as th' hammil-scoance, an thowtn he'r fuller o leet than a glow-worm. When theyd'n towd him th' kесе, he stroakt his beyrt, sowght, an ordert' th' wheel-barrow with spon-new trindle t' be foteht. "Twur dun, and they beawlt'nt him away toth' urchon in a crack. He glooart at't a good while; droyd his beyrt deawn, an wawtut th' urchon o'er wi' his crutch. "Wheel meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother side," sed he, "for it sturs, an be that it shou'd be whick." Then he don'd his spectacles, steart at't agen, on sowghing sed: "Breether, its summot: boh Feather Adam nother did, nor cou'd kersun it.—Wheel me whoam ogen."

Book.—I remember it neaw weel enough, bo if theese Viewers couldn gawm it, oytech body cudno'; for I find heaw ot yo comparn me too an urchon, at has noather yed nor tele: 'sflesh is not it like running me deawn, an a bit too bobbersome?

Tim.—Nowe, nowe, naw it, for mony foke woudn gawm th' rimes, but very lite woudn understand th' tealier and his urchon.

Book.—"Th rhymes—hum—le me see—'sblid, I foryeat'n thoose too, aw deawt!

Tim.—Whoo-who whoo! whot a dozening jobber-know art teaw!

Book.—Good lorjus o'me, a body conno doo moor thin the con; con the? Bo if yo'n teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um, een raddle meh hoyd titely, sey I.

Tim.—Mind te hits then.

Some write to shew their wit and parts,
Some shew you *Whig*, some *Tory* hearts,
Some flatter *Knaves*, some *Fops*, some *Fools*,
And some are *M——st——l* tools.

Book.—Eigh marry, oytechbody seys so—and gonoryeds they are for ther labbor.

Tim.—Some few in Virtue's cause do write,
But these alas! get little by't.

Book.—Indeed I con believe yo. Wheel rim't heawe'er—goo on.

Tim.—Some turn out *maggots* from their head,
Which die, before their *Author's* dead.

Book.—Zeawns! o' *Inglanshoyr*'ll think at yoar glenting at toose fratchin, byzen, cradinly tykes, at writ'n sitch papers osth' *Test*; an sitch cawf-teles as *Cornish Peter*, at fund a new ward, snying weh glums an gawries.

Tim.—Some write such sense in *prose* and *rhime*,
Their works will *wrestle hard* with time.

Book.—That will be prime wrostling i'faith,—for I've yerd um sey, time conquers o' things.

Tim.—Some few print *truth*, but many *lies*,
On *spirits*—down to *butterflies*.

Book.—Write abeawt boggarts—an th' tother ward—an'th mon ith' moon, an sitch like geer:—Get eendwey; its prime rhyme i'faith.

Tim.—Some write to *please*, some do't for *spite*,
But want of *money* makes me write.

x.

Book.—By th' miss th'owd story ogen, bo I think
at it's true—ittle doo—yo need'n rhyme no moore,
for it's better in likly—Whewt on Tummus an
Meary.

ENTER TUMMUS AND MEARY,

MEETIN.

Tum. Odds me Meary! whooa the dickons woudha thowt o' leeting o' thee here so soyne this mornin'? Wheer hasto bin? Theaw'rt o' on a swat, aw think; for theaw looks primely.

Mea. Beleemeh Tummus aw welly lost meh wynt; for awve had sitch o'treawnce this mornin' as aw neer had eh meh lyve. For I went to Jone's o Harry's o lung Jone's, for't borrow their thible, to stur th' furmetry wi, an his wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's; so aw skeawert eend-way, an' when eh coom there, hoo'd lent it Kester o'Dick's, and th' brindl'tcarl, hea'd mede it int' shoon pegs! Neaw woudno sitch o moon-shoyne traunce potter any body plucks?

T. Mark whot aw tell the Meary; for I think th' lunger ot fok liv'n an'th' moor mischoances they han.

M. Not olis o Goddil. But whot meys yot sowgh on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell yo I'm fene t' see yo wick an hearty.

T. Wick an hearty too! Oddzo, but I con tell the whot, its moor in th' bargain at im oather wick or hearty, for 'twur seign peawnd t'a tuppunny jannock, I'd bin os dyed as dur nail be this eawer; for th' last oandurth boh one, me measter had lik'tah killt meh: an just neaw, as shure as thee and me ar stonning heer, I'm actilly runnin meh country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter? hanyo foan eawt w ithur measter?

T. Whot! there's bin moort' do in a gonnort drop,

I'll uphowd tey! For whot dust think? bo'th' tother day boh yusterday, uz lads moot'n ha' a bit on a hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumspection onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do some odds-an-eends; an I munt oather bryed mowdywarp-holes or gut' Rachdaw weh a keaw an a why-kawve—neaw, loothe Meary, I'r lither; an had a mind on a jawnt: so I donn'd meh Sundeey jump, o' top o' meh singlet, an woud goa with keaw on th' kawve; and the dule tey o' bad luck for me, for eawer bitch Nip went wim-mey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawm heaw that coud mey ill luck Tummus.

T. Now, nor no mon elze till they known; boh here's a fine droy canking pleck under this thurn, let's keawer us deawn oth yearth a bit, an I'll tell the o' heaw't wur.

M. Weh o' meh heart, for meh Deme's gon fro whoam, on hoo'll no com ogen till baggin-time.

T. Whau, as I'r tellin the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw: so I geet up be skrike o day, an seet eawt; an went ogreath, till i welly coom within two mile oth teawn; when as the dule woud haight, a tit wur stonnin at an eleheawse dur, an meh kawve took th' tit for it mother, an woud need sewk hur: an aw believe th' foolish twod of a tit took th' kawve for hur cowl, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it; boh when hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with hur hough on kilt meh kawve os dyed as a nit!

M. E Lord!—whot o trick wur that!

T. Trick! Odds flesh, sitch o trick wur newer pleyd i' Ingлонshoyr.

M. Why, hark yo Tummus, whot cudn yo doo weet? Yoad be quite brok'n.

T. Doo! what cou'd i do? 'flesh in't had bin kilt

greaddy, twou'd ha bin as good vyel os e'er deed on a thwittle; for meh measter moot ha had seignteen shillin an susepence for't th' yeandurth afore.

M. Yo didna lyev it ith' lone?

T. Ney Meary; I'r naw sitch a gawby os tat coom too noather; for as luck wou'd haight, a butcher wur ith' eleheawse, an he coom eawt when he yerd meh kawve bah: boh estid o being soory, when he saigh it sprawlin oth' yerth, th' fly'ring karron seet up a gurd o leawghin, an cou'd for shawm tell meh he'd berry it meh for a pint o' ale.

M. Whau, that wur pratty chep; for Dicky o' Wills o' Jone's o' Sam's, tow'd meh, at he berrid a chilt tother dey at Ratchdaw, an he paide *Jo. Green* a groat for a greav no bigger nor a phippunny trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be; but I'd naw geet him, for I borrod a shoo, an wou'd berrit meh seln, I'r thrunk shoaving it in, when a thowt coom int' meh noddle, ot th' hoyde cou'd be no wur, so I'd flee it; but th' dule a thwittle wurt' be leet on bo'th' butcher's, on'th spoytfoo tyke wou'dno lyend it meh. Neaw Meary, whot cou'd onny mon doo?

M. Doo! I'st ha gon stark woode.

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny mon elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt i'my kese, so I bargint with th' rascot; he'r to teyth' hoyde grooing toth' carcuss, an gi meh throtteen pence; so I geet th' braas, an went eendwey with keaw.

M. Neaw meh mind misgives meh ot yoar'n gooin a sleeveless arnt: an at felly wudno tak'th' keaw beawt'th kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawses within two tumbles ov a meawse; for it wur lung, an lunger, ofore he wou'd; boh when I tow'd him beawt wur

knockt oth sow, with a tit coak'n as i'coom, and at he moot order wi meh measter obeawt it, he took her ot lung length. Then I went an bowt two peawnd o sawt, an an eawnce of black pepper for eawer foke, an went toart whom agen.

M. With a fearfoo heavy heart I'll uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh—; that's true—boh whottle to say when ot eh tell the, 'th butcher ne'er berrid th' kawve, boh sowd it i' *Owdum* that oandurth, for tuppence haw penny a peawnd!

M. Say! why be meh troth it wur fair chettin: but it's meet like their rascotly tricks, for there's not an honest bwon ith hoyde o' newer a greasy tyke on um o'.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm i'thy mind: for it wur reet rank; boh I think i'meh heart at rascots ith' ward ar as thick as wasps in a hummobe-neest.

M. Its not tell, buh I'st marvil straungely an yo leet'n on a wur kneave nor this.

T. Alack a dey! theaw knows bo little oth matter. Boh theawst yer—I dno gett'n forrud back ogen, aboon a mile or so, afore eh saigh a parcel o lads an hobblety-hoys, as thrunk as Thrap wife; when ot eh geet too um, I coudna gawm what tearn obeawt; for two on um carrid a steeigh o' ther shilders, another had a riddle in his hont, an *Hal o' Nabs* ith' *Midge-lone* had his knockus lapt in his barmskin; awth' rest on um had hoyts, or lung kibboes, like swingin sticks or raddlins.

M. Ith' name o Katty, whot wur'n the for?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw may be sure, if that hawm-poin tyke Hal wur wi'um; Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last shearin-time, when *Jone's o Harry's* geet'n their churn, this same scap-gallows, wur taen i theer pleawmtree, an wur eh sitch a flunter i'

gettin deawn agen, at he feell, on broke th' collar-bown on his leg.

M. A wrang joynt hong him; I know him weel enough, for the last great snow heer for hongin a hare i' some hure gillers, an he throttl't eaw'r poor Teawzer in a clewkin griu.

T. Th varra same——So I asht him whot tearn for? Why, sed he, ween meet neaw seen an eawl fly thro' yon leawp-hoyle into th' leath, an weergooint tay hur, Come Tum (sed he) egad, ifle goo with us, theawst see sitch gam os theaw newer saigh i'the lyve; beside theawst howd th' riddle.—Sed I, I knowno whot to myens be howding th' riddle, boh aw'll goo wi' o' meh heart intle teytch meh; I con show the in a crack sed he. So away we went'n, an begun a crommin o'th leawp-hoyles, an th' slifters ith leath woughs full o' awts; then we reear't'n th' steeigh sofily agen th' wough under th' eawl hoyle. Neaw lads (sed Hal) mind yur hits; I'll lap meh honds i meh barnskin ot hoo canno scrat meh when ot itak ur ith' hoyle; Tum o' William's mun climb th' steeigh, thrutch th' strey eawt oth leawp-hoyle, on howd the riddle cloyse on't. Awth' rest mun be powlerers, an flay hur into't. So away they seetn into th' leath, on toynt dur on I——

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw reyther ha seent in a puppy-show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt so hasty; so I clum th' steeigh in o swift, shoavt th' awts eawt, an smackt me riddle oth' hoyle. I'd no soyner done soon, but I yerd one on um say: "see o, see o, hoos teer!"—"Shu," sed one; "shu," sed another—then they o begun o hallowin an whoopin like hey go-mad. I thowt it wer rear'st spooart ot ewer mortal mon saigh; so I gran, an I thrutcht, till meh arms

wartcht ogen; still they kept'n shuin, an powlerin ith leath; an then I thowt I feld summot nudge th' steeigh—I lookt deawn, on there were an owd soo bizzy scratting hur ribs o one o'th strines. 'Sflesh, thinks it' meh seln, hool ha me deawn eend neaw. Just then I thowt I yerd th' eawl come into the hoyle; an presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro th' riddle.

M. Odds mine! an didney let hur gooa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Nay Meary; an eawl's naw so soyne tean—boh I con hardly tell the, I'm—so waughish—for I'm readyt cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur nont' tay Meary.

M. Whot no eawl?

T. Now, now,—not teear—it wur nowt ith ward o' God, boh arron owd lant ot theyd'n mede war wi puttin durt in't: an that hodge podge coom i' me fase wi sitch a ber, at a sumheaw it made meh meazy, an I feel off th' steeigh; boh moor be choance thin onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' soo, weh sitch o soltch, at aw think i' meh heart ot hoor bwoath wur flay'd an hurt in I wur.

M. Eh Lord! whot a wofoo foe had'n yo?

T. Eigh, foe eigh; for I thowt id brok'n th' crup-per-boocan o' meh rump, boh it wur better in likly; for I'd no hurt boh th' tone theawm stunnisht, an th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirl-boocan o' meh knee, at mede meh t'hawmpo a bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly powsements! I'st ha bin stark-giddy at um, an ha raddlt ther bwons.

T. I'r as woode as teaw cou'd be, or onny mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry mon' is no a witch; heaw-eer I hawmpo't reawnd th' leath fort' snap some oth

bullockin basturts, boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they'r'n o' crop 'n intoth leath, an th' durs as safe as *Beest'n* Castle; boh they mead'n me't yer um ifaith, for thear'n o' wherryin an leawghin, whoopin on sheawtin, like maddlocks at ther new tean eawl, as teh cawd'n meh. Wuns, Meary! in id had foyer I'st ha set th' how leath on a halliblash in id deed for't; boh then th' soo kept sitch o skrikin reckon din, as if hur back wur iteaw i' two spots, at I durst stay no longer for fear o' sumbody commin, an meyin me necessary to hur dyeth; so I scampurt away as hard as I cou'd pinn. An run a mile i' that pickle afore I ga one glent behind meh. Then aw leep o'er a ris'n hedge, an as a rindle o' wetur wur wheem, aw wesht o' meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure, an o' little enoof too; for aw think imeh heart awst stink like a foomart while meh names Tum.

M. Neaw een bimeh troth, aw thowt yo favortn fearfo strung ov a yarb. Boh when o's done Tum mus, this killin oth kawve, and eawl catchin wur none olung o Nip.

T. Odds heart; howdte tung Meary, for I oather angert some he-witch, or the dule threw his club o'er meh that mornin, wheni' geet op; for misfortins coomn on meh as thick as leet.

M. Uddzlud; none through Nip, o Goddil.

T. Through Nip; yigh through Nip; an aw woud hur neck had bin broken i' nine spots when hoor whelpt, for me (God forgi' meh; the deawn cretur's done no hurt noather) for awd no' greadly wesht an fettlet meh, an lipp'n intoth lone agen, boh aw met a fattish dowin felley in a blackish wig, an he stoode an glooart at Nip. Quo he, honist mon, wilt sellthe dhog? Sed I, meh dhog's a bitch, an so's neer a

dhog ith teawn. For bimeh troth Meary, awr as cross as an ex.

M. Odd, boh yourn bobbersome, an onsert him awvishly too.

T. Well, boh dhog or bitch, sed th' felley, iv awd known on hur three days sin, awd ha ganthe twenty shillin for hur, for aw see hoos a reet stawncch Bandyhewit; an thears a gentlemon at wooans abeawt three mile off, at wants one meet neaw.—Neaw, Meary, to tell the true, awd a mind t' chet, (God forgi meh) and sell him meh sheep cur for a Bandyhewit, tho aw no moor knew thin th' mon ith' moon whot a Bandyhewit wur. Whaw, sed I, hoos primely bred, for hur mother coom fro Lunnun, tho' hoor whelpt at meh measter's; an tho hoos as good as ony i' Ingleshoyer, awll sell hur iv meh price come.

M. Well dun Tummus; whot sed he then?

T. Whaw, quo he whot dust ax for hur? Hoos worth a ginney an a hawve o' gowd, sed I, boh a ginney awll ha for hur. Quo he, aw gan a ginney for mine, an awd reyther ha thine bi a creawn; boh ivtle gooa to Justice——Justice——hum —lemmi see —boh aw foyetn heaw he's coad. (boh a greyt matter on him, for aw think he's a piece ov a rascot as weel asth rest,) he'll be fain oth bargain.

M. That wur cliver too; wur itno?

T. Yigh, meeterly —Then I asht him whot way aw munt gooa, an he towd meh. On away aw seet, wimi heart as leet as a bit ov a fleigh, an carrid Nip unther meh arm,—for neaw theaw mun untherstond aw'r fyert o' loysin hur, nere deawtin at aw could be rich enoof t' pay meh measter for the kawve, an ha summut t'spare.

M. Odds fish; boh that wur brave; yorn i'no ill case neww Tummus.

T. Whaw boh theawst yer. It wur a dree way too, toth Justice heawse; heaweer, aw geet theer bi suse o'clock; an afore eh oppnt th' dur, aw covert Nip with' cleawt 'at eh droy meh nose wi', 'tlet th' Justice see heaw aw stoart hur. Then aw oppnt th' dur, and whot dost think? but three little bandyhewits, as aw thought em, coomn weawghin as iv th' little rettns woudha worrid meh, an after that swallow meh wick. Then thur coom a fine fresh cullert woman, at keekt as stiff as if hood swallow a poker, an aw took hur for a hoo Justice, hoor so meety fine.—For aw yerd *Ruchot o' Jacks, o' Yems*, tell meh measter 'at th' hoo justices olis didn mwost oth' wark;—heawere, I axt hur iv Mester Justice wur awhom? Hoo cudno oppn hur meawth t'say aye or nawe, boh simpert, an sed, iss, (th' Dickons iss hurr an him too.) Sed I aw wudidn tell him awd fain spyek to him.

M. Odd, boh yarn bowd. Ist habin timmersome; boh let's know heaw yo wentn on.

T. Whaw, weel enoof; for theaw may Nip an chett, as ill as one o' ther clarks, an theyn no meddle withe; boh theaw munno frump nor tyes um, for they hatn t' beh vext.

M. Boh heaw wentn yo on? Wurth Justice awhom?

T. Eigh, eigh, an coom snap, an axt meh whoti' wantud? "Whaw," sed I, "awve a very fine bandyhewit t'sell, an aw yerd at yo wantud one, sur." "Humph!—sed he,—a bandyhewit—prithe let's look at't." Yigh, sed I, an aw pood th' cleawt off hur, stroakt hur deawn th' back, an sed, hoos as fine a bandyhewit as ever ran afore a tail.

M. Well done Tummus! Yo cudno miend tat, iv yo hadn it t'doo agen. Boh year fit t'goo eawt i'faith.

T. Hoos a fine un indeed, sed th' Justice, an it's a theawsan pities boh awd known on hur yuster-day, for a felley coom, an aw bought one nosso good as this bi hawve a ginney, an awll uphowdtey, theawll ta a ginney for this. An that awll hav ivi cud leet ov a chapmon, sed I. Hoos richly worth it, sed he; an aw think aw con tellthe wheer theaw may part wi hur, iv he binno fittud oreedy.

M. Odds-like! boh that wur a good neyturt Justice; wur he no?

T. Eh Meary, theaw tawks like a seely ninney-hommer; for, tey meh wort fort, nowt ats owt con come ont, when a mon dyels wi rascotly foke. Boh, as awr tellin the, he namt a felley at wooant abeawt three mile off, (boh th' Dule forget him, as aw dun,) so aw munt gooa back agen, through Ratchda. Well, aw geet Nip unther meh arm, made a scroap, wimi hough, an bid th' Justice good neet; wi a heavy heart, theaw maybeh sure; an boh asi thought, i'coud ashelt sell hur i'this tother pleck it woud sartinly ha brokn.

M. Lord bless us; it wur likt trouble yo meetily.

T. Boh theawst yer; awd no gone o'er aboon a feelt or two, when aw coom to a great bruck, wi a feaw. narrow, saplin' brig o'er it. As it had raint th neet afore as iv th' welkin wudha oppent, th' wetur wur bonk-full; though it wur fegger a dyel ith mornin; an o' someheaw, awr abeawt hawve o'er, meh shough slipt, an deawn coom I arsy-varsy, wi Nip imi arm i'th wetur. Nip aw leet fend for hurseln, an a flaskert tilli geet howd ov a sawgh, an so charrd mehsehn, or elze noather thee nor mon elze had ewer seen Tum agen; for by meh troth, awr welly werknt.

M. Good lorjus days! th' like wur never. This had likt ha shad o'th tother; an yet yo coomn far-rantly off marry, for it wur a great marcy yo wurnno dreawnt.

T. Aw knowno whether it wur or naw; boh theaw may be sure aw'r primely boyernt, an as weet as ewer eh cud sye. Beside awd no com to keme meh hure, so at aw lookt likker a dreawnt meawse nor a mon.

M. Beside yoadn be as cawd as iccles.

T. Eigh, theaw may geawse awr none maughn. Boh theawst yer. Awd no gone aboon a stone's thrut afore eh wundret whotte pleague wur th' matter wimmi, for aw begant smart as iv five hunthert pissmotes wurn imeh clooas. Aw loast em deawn, boh cud see nowt at wur wick, and yet aw lookt as rey as a fleed meawse; sflesh! awr readyt' gooa woode, an knewno whot eh ailt, an then I unbethought meh o'th sawt.

M. Eh, waes me! awd fryetn that too. Aw deawt it woud quite mar yo.

T. Nowe, nowe Meary; awr no quite mard. It's true aw went wigglety wagglety for an eawer or so, afore awr ogreath agen; an wheni geet reet, an coomt grope imeh singlit pockit for meh sawt, th' dule a bit o' sawt wurther, for it wur o' run away; an neaw it jump't into meh mind at aw saigh two rotnn pynots (hongem) at tis same brig as icoom.

M. Did ever! That wur a sign o' bad fortin; for I yerd meh gronny say hood as leef ha seen two awd Harries as two pynots.

T. Eigh, so says meh noant Margit an many foke beside. An I know at pynots ar as cunnin eawls as wawkn o' this yearth. Boh, as awr tellin the Meary, whot with smart, an one thin an another, awr so

strackt woode at aw cudha fund imeh heart to punst th' bitch guts eawt; an then I thought agen, "Nip's ino fawt." For bemeh troth awr welly off at side.

M. Indeed Tummus, I believe yo; bo alack a day, punsin th' bitch woudha bin reet rank.

T. That's true; boh theaw knows one conbo dod whot tey con doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didn yo wiyur weet clooas? wurnno yo welly parisht?

T. Yigh bimeh troth; aw dithert till meh teeth hacknt imeh yed agen. Boh that wurno o'; it begant be dark, an awr beawt scoance, in a strawnge country, five or suse mile from whom, so at aw manodert i'th filds aboon two heawers, an cudno gawm wheer iwur, for aw moot as weel ha bin in a con; an iv awd held op meh hont, aw cud no moor ha seent thin icon see a fleigh o'thee neaw; an heer it wur aw geet into a-gate. For aw thought aw yerd summut comin, an iv truth munbeh spokken, awr so fearfully flayd, at meh yure styode on eend, for theaw knows aw noather knew whooa nor whot it moot be.

M. True Tummus; no marvil at yo wurn so fleyd, it wur so fearfo dark.

T. Heaweer I resolvt t'mayth best ont, an up speek I: "Whoos tat?" A lad voyce onsert in a cryin din, "Eh law, dunno tay meh! dunno tay meh!" Nawe, nawe, sed I, awll no' tathe belady; whoos lad arto? Whau, sed he, awm Jone o' Sall, o' Simmy, o' Mariom, o' Dick, o' Nethon, o' Sall, o' Simmy i'th Hooms lad; an awm gooin whom. Odd, thinks I t'mehseln thews a dreer name thin me; an here Meary I cudno boh think whot lung names sum on us han; for thine an mine are meet-erly, boh this lad name wur so mitch dree-er at aw thought it dockt mine th' tone hawve.

M. Preeyo neaw, tell meh heaw theese lung names leestn?

T. Um—um—um; lemeh see—aw conno tell the greadly; boh aw think they'r to tell foke by.

M. Well, an heaw didnyo goo on wi th' lad?

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkertly) I'd ax him for th' wonst whot uncuths he'd yerd sturrin? I yerd noan, sed he, but at Jack o' Neds tow'd meh at Sam o' Jacks o' Yeds, Marler, has wed Mall o' Nans, o' Salls o' Pegs, at gwos obeawt beggin churn-milk, with pitcher with lid on. Then I asht him wheer Jack o' Neds wooant? Sed he, he's prentice wi Isaac o' Tims o' Nicks, o'th Hough-lone; an he'd bin at Jammy o' Georges o' Peters, i'th Dingle, for hawve a peawn o' treacle t' seawsn a beest puddin wi'; an his feyther an moother wooant at Rossenda, boh his gronny wur alyve, an wooant wi' his noant Margit, i'Grinfilt, at pleck wheer his nown moother coom fro, Good lad, sed I, boh heaw far's Little brough off? for I aimt see it toneet iv i'con hit it. Sed t'lad, its obeawt a mile, and yo mun keep streight forrud o' yur lift hont, an yoan happen do. So a thatn we partud, boh aw mawkint an lost meh gate agen snap; an aw powlert o'er yates and steels, hedges an doytches tilli coom to this Littlebrough; an heer, awr ill breed agen, for aw thought awd seen a boggort, it proovt to be a mon wi a piece woo, restin him on a stoop i'th lone. As soon as eh caud spyek for whackerin I asht him wheer ther wur an aleheawse? an he showd meh. I went in, an fund at two fat throddey foke wurn teer, an some o'th warst fratchin cumpany at eer eh saigh, for theyrn warryin, bannin, an coe-in one another leawsy eawls as thick os leet. Heaweer aw pood a cricket an keawert meh deawn i'th nook at side o'th hob. Awd no soyner dun so,

boh a feaw seawr lookt felly wi a wythen kibbo at he had in his hont, slapt a swort ov a wither-mezzilt faest mon sitch a thwang o'th seawp at o' varra reecht agen, an deawn he coom o'th harstone, wi his yed i'th esshole. His scrunt wig feel off, an a hontle o' wot corks feel intot, an brunt an frizzlt it so, at when he awst to don it on it slipt o'er his sow, an leet like a hawmbark on his shilders. Aw glendurt like a stickt tup for fear ov a dust mehseln, an crope fur intoth chimley. Oytch body thowt at mezzil faes woud may a flittin ont, an dee in a crack, so sum on um crydn eawt, "a doctor, a doctor," while others maydn th' lonlort go saddl th' tit to fotch one. While this wur idoo in sum onem hadn leet ov a kin ov a doctor at wooant a bit off, an they showdn him at th' mon o'th harstone. He laid howd ov his arm, to feel his pulse, aw geawse, an pood as iv he'd seen dyeth pooin at th' tother arm, an wur resolvt to oerpoo him. After lookin doekinly wise a bit he geet on his whirly bwons an sed to um o' "while his heart byets, an his blood carclates there's hope, boh when that stops, its whoo-up wi him i'faith." Mezzil faes yerrin summut abeawt whoo-up, started to his feet, flote noan, boh gran like a foomart dhog, an seet at black swarfy tyke wi bwoth naves, an wawtut him o'er intoth galker full o' new drink at wur wurchin. He began a possin an peylin him int' so, at o' wur blendud together snap. Sflesh, Meary, theawd ha blesst the to ha seen heaw th' gobbin wur awtert when they poodn him eawt agen, an whot a hob-thurst he lookt wi o' that berm obeawt him. He kept droyin his een, boh he met as wheel ha seawd um op till th' lonlady had made an heawers labbor on him at th' pump. When he coom in agen he glooart awwishly at Mezzil faes, an Mezzil faes glendurt as wrytherly

at him agen, boh noather on um warrit nor thrapt. So they seetn um deawn, an then th' lonlady coom in, an woud may umt' pay for th' lumber at teydn dun hur. "Meh drinks wur beh a creawn," sed hoo; beside, theer's two tumblers, three quiftin pots, four pipes masht, an a how papper o' bacco shed." This mayd umt' glendur at tone-tother agen; boh black tyke passion wur coolt at th' pump, an th' wythen kibbo had quietnt tother, so at te cammd little or noan, boh agreed pay o' meeon; then seetn um deawn an wurn friends in a snift.

M. This wur mad gaumblin wark, an welly as ill as tayin th' eawl.

T. Nay, no' quite noather Meary, for berms a howsome smell. Heaweer, when o' wur sattlt, aw crope nar th' foyer agen; for aw wantud a warm fearfully, for awr bwoth coud an weet, as weel as hongry an droy.

M. Beleemy Tummus yo mootn weel be; boh yoarn i'good kele too at yodn money i'yor pockit.

T. Eigh, aw thowt awd money enoof, boh theawst yer moor o'that in neaw. So aw coad for summut teat, an a pint o' ale; an hoo browt meh some hog-muttn an special turmits, an as prime vyel an pestil as need beh tutcht. I creemt Nip neaw an then a lunshun, boh Tum took care o'th tother, steawp an reawp: for I eet like a Yorshor-mon, an cleert th' stoo.

M. Well dun Tummus; yoadn sure need no ree-supper; for yo shadn wrynot, an slanst th' charges frowt aw yer.

T. True, so aw seet an restud meh, and drank meh pint o' ale, boh as awr no greedly sleckt, aw coed for another, an bezzilt tat too, for awr as droy as soot, an as twur tolate to goo ony wither wi meh

bitch I axt th' lonlady iv icud stay o' neet? Hoo towd mey aw moot iv iwoud. Sed I, awll goo neaw iv in goo wimeh? I goo wi the, quo hoo? Whot arto fyert o boggarts, or theawrt no' weant yet an conno sleep beawt a pap? Sflesh, sed I, whot aryo tawkin obeawt? Aw want gut bed. Ho-ho, iv that be o', sed hoo, Margits show the. So Margit leet a candle, an showd meh a woisty reawm, an a bed wi curtners forsooth. Aw thought Margit pottert an fettlt lung i'th choamber afore hoo laft it, an aw mistrust at hoor meawlt for a bit o' tusslin and teawin, boh o' someheaw awr so toyart an yealo at awr ino fettle for catterweawin; so aw sed nowt too hur, boh aw afterthought sin, for hoor no daggletail aw'll uphowdte, boh as snug a lass as Sarah o' Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry, kem-eawt! like enoof, why not? Is Sarah o' Rutchots so honsum?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly; heaweer when Margit wur gone aw doft meh donk shoon an hoyse, an meh doge clooas, an geet int bed; an i'truth Meary I newer lee i'sitch a bed sin i'wur kersunt.

M. Eh deer, Tummus. Aw cud ha likt ha one oth same mack, I warrant yoadn sleep seawndly?

T. Nay, aw conno say at aw did, for awr meetily trublt a beawt meh kawve. Beside awr fyert o' eawer foke seechin meh, an meh measter bastin meh when igeet whom. It's true meh carcuss wur pratty yezzy, boh meh mind met as weel ha line in a pissmote hoyle, or in a rook o' hollins or gorses, for it wur one o'clock afore icud toyne meh een.

M. Well, an heaw wentn yo on i'th mornin, when yo wacknt?

T. Whau, as awr donnin meh thwoanish clooas, aw thaught awll know heaw meh shot stons afore aw

wear moor o' meh brass o' brekfust; so when aw went deawn th' lonlady coom an kest it op to throtteen pence. "So," thought I t'mehseln, "a weawndud dyel! Whot strushon hav aw made heer! aw cudha fund mehseln a how week wi us for that money; awst no hav one boadlt' spare o' meh hoyde-brass." An neaw awr in as ill a kele as meet-shad; wur ino?

M. Nowe marry, no' yo; iv Iddn made strushon an bezzilt away moor brass nor yo hadn yo metn ha tawkt.

T. Aw find teaw con tell true to a hure into will Meary; for, by th' miss, when ati coomt grope imeh slop t'pay hur, awr weawndudly gloppnt, for th' dule a hawpenny hadi; an whetheri lost it i'th bruck, or wi scrawmin o'er th' doytch-backs, aw no moor know nor th' mon i'th moon. Buh gone it wur; aw steart like a wil-cat; au wur welly gawmliss; an at last aw towd hur awd lost meh money. Sed hoo, "Whot dun yo myen mon? Yoastno' put Yorshur o' me. That tale winno fit me; so year likt pay o' sum heaw." Sed I, "boh it's true, an yomay grope imeh clooas an yo win" "Theawrt sum mismannert jackanapes, awll uphowdte," sed hoo. "Nay, nay, awst no' grope i'the clooas, not I." "Whau," sed I, "year likt ha nowt then, beawt yoan ta meh woollin mittins an meh sawt cleawt." Thosn no doo, sed hoo, theyr no' bwoth worth aboon two groats. I nowt elze, sed I, beawt yoan hameh sneeze urn, an awm loath't part weet, becose Seroh o' Rutchots gaight meh th' last Kessmuss. Let's see um, sed hoo; for theawrt sum arron rascot I'll uphowdte. So aw gan um hur; an still th' broddlin fussuck lookt as feaw as Tunor, when id done.

M. Good-lorjus-o'-me! I think yodn th' warst luck at ewer kersunt soul had.

T. Theaw'll say so in neaw. Well, awr toyart o' that pleck, an crope away beawt oather bit, or sawp, or cup o' sneeze; for aw gawmbt an leet tat gooa too. I soyne, heaweer, sperd that gentlemon's hoe eawt, an wheni geet theer, aw gan a glent intoth shippn, an seed a mon stonnin i'th groop. Sed I, is yur measter awhom prayyo? Eigh, sed he; I woud I'dn fain speyk at him, sed I. Yigh, sed he, that awll doo. So heer so soyner gwon boh a fine fattish throddy gentlemon coom in a trice, an axt meh whoti wantud? Sed I, aw understond at yo wantn a good bandyhewit sur, an ov a fine un t'sell heer. Let's see th' shap on hur, sed he. So aw stroakt hur deawn th' back, an cobbd huro'th greawnd. Hoos th' finst at ewer isaigh, sed he; boh I deawt at thingsn leet unlucky forthe, for aw geet two this last week, an they mayn op meh ceawnt. Unneaw, Meary, I'r reddy't cruttle deawn, for theaw mootha knockt meh o'er wi a pea. Boh whotste price? sed he. Aw conno thwoal hur t'meh nown broother under a ginney, sed 'I. Hoos chep at tat, sed he; an no deawt boh theaw may sell hur.

M. Odds-like. Yoarn lung i'findin a chapmon. Oytch body'r olis fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut eigh; for they nedn noan, no moor nor aw need wetur imeh shoon, not tey. Then sed he, thurs an owd cratchinly gentlemon, at wooans at yon heawse amung yon trees, meet anent us, at aw believe'll githe the price; iv not, justice sitch a one's a likly chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, awr theer th' last oandurth, an heed leet o' one th' yeandurth afore. That leet feawly for thee, sed he. Eigh, sed I, so it een did, for aw mayd a peawer o' labbor oheawt itawm sure. Well, boh this owd gentlemon's liklyst ov onny at I know, sed he; so aw mayd

him meh manners, an seet eawt for this tother pleck.

M. I hope idn ha better luck i' God's num.

T. Whau, aw thought icud too; for neaw it popt int' meh mind at Nip didno howd hur tail hee enoof, an at foke wudno buoy hur becose o' that. Ivto hasno fryetn aw bowt two eawnces o' pepper when id meh sawt, an tho twur as thodd'n as a tharcake awd rub hur rump we'et, for awd seen Oamfrey o' Matho's play that tutch by his creaw tailt mare that day at Yeb o'th Redbonk coomt buoy hur. So meet afore eh geet to th' heawse, I took Nip an rubd hur primely i' faith, een till hoo yeawlt agen. Awr at th' place in a crack, an leet o'th awd mon ossint' get o' tit back. Sed I too him, is yoar name Mester Scar? Sed he, theawrt "oather gryev, or gryev-by," but aw gex awm him at-to myens; whot wantsto wimeh? Awm informt, sed I, at yo wantn a bandyhewit, an awve a tip top un imeh arms heer, as onny i' Inglonshoyer. That's a great breed, sed he; but prithe lets hondle hur abit, for ivi tutch hur aw con tell whether hoos reet bred or no'.

M. Odd, boh that wur a meety fawse owd felly too.

T. Sflesh Meary, aw think imeh heart at heer th' biggist rascot on um o'. Boh I leet him hondle hur, an heer so seely, and his honds wackert so desprately at he cudno stick to hur, an hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort, thought I; Nip cock the tail an show thesel; boh istid o' that, hoo seet op a yeawl, clapt th' tail between hur legs, an crope into a hoyle i'th horse-stone.

M. Fye on hur; awst habin as mad at hur as a pottert wasp.

T. Whau, awr as mad as teaw cudbe, at hood

shawms hursel so wofully; heawe'er aw sed to th' owd mon, munni tak hur agen? for yoan find hoos no foo-goad ov a bitch? Nowe, nowe, sed he; aw feel hoos as fat as a snig, an as smoot as a mowde-warp; an aw find hoos as plain as a pike staff; an beh hur lennock yers at hoos reet bred: an awd had hur in hood cost meh a moidor, but at a frend has sent meh one eawt o' Yorshor, an aw need no moor, boh awl swap withe into will? Nowe, sed I, awl swap none; for awl oather hav a ginney for hur or hoost never gooa while meh yed stons o' meh shilders. Then aw con chaffer noan withe, sed he. Boh hasto bin at yon fine biggin anent us? Eigh, sed I, boh hees enoo on um. Well, boh they'r as scant neaw as ewer they wurn i'this ward, sed he, an theer's one Muslin, i' Ratchda ats a meety lover on um. Whau, sed I, awst go see. An neaw, Meary, aw begunt mistrust at tearn mayin a foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak um; buh tey neer wurn belike.

T. Whau, boh hawd te tung abit an theawst yer, for aw thowt awd try this tother felly, an iv heer gettn fittud too, awd try no moor, for then it wud be as plain as Blacksunedge at tearn mayin an arron gawby on meh. So aw went to Ratchda, an sperrd tis mon eawt, I fund him at back oth shopbwort, wi a little dhog at side on him. Thowt I, to mehsehn, I wud teawr choakt; this felly'l beh fittut too. Well, sed he, honist mon, whot dunyo plyest hav? I want nowt ot yo han, sed I, for awm comnt' sell yo a bandyhewit. Neaw, Meary, this rascot, as weel as th' rest, roost meh bitch to th' varra welkin, but at tat time, he didno want one.

M. Eh, dear me Tummus! aw deawt tearn mayin a parfit neatril on yo.

T. A neatril? eigh, th' big'st at ewer wur made sin Cain kilt Abel. An new aw'r so strackt woode, I'r arronly moydert an cudha fund imeh heart to jowd o'ther sows together. Awr no soyner areawt boh a thryev o' rabblement wur watchin' on meh at dur. One on um sed, this is him; another, hees heer; an one bastertly gullion asht meh iv id sowd meh bandyhewit. By th' miss Meary, awr so angert at tat, at aw up wi' meh gripp'n nave, an hit him a good wherrit oth yer, an then, wi meh hough, punst him into th' riggot, an ill grimt an deet th' lad wur forshure. Then they o' seet agen meh, an afore id gone a rood th' lad mother coom an crope sawfly be-ind meh, an' geet meh byth' hure, an deawn coom Nip an me ith gutter, an hoo at top on us. While th' tussle lastud hur lad (an th' basturts at took'n his part) keptn grin'n an deetin meh wi sink durt, at aw thought meh een wudn newer ha dun goodagen, for aw moot as weel habin o'er th' yed in a middin's pruce, or at tayin o'two eawls.

M. Eh, well a day! Whot abundanze o' misfortiuns yo hadn.

T. Eigh, for iv owd Nick had owt meh a spite, he paid meh whom, wi use: for while th' skirmidge lastud, o'th teawn wur cluttert abeawt us; aw shawmt as iv awd stown summut, an scampurt away wi a fleigh imeh yeer, an op th' broo intoth' chura yort. Theer awd a mind t'see iv onny boddy follu meh, an whot te dule dust think, bon awd lost Nip.

M. Whot senneth?

T. Its true, Meary; so aw code, an aw whewtud boh no Nip wurt beh fund hee nor lowe, an for o' aw knew meh measter seet sitch store on hur becose o' fotechin' th' byess an sheep, aw durst as tite ha taen a bear by th' tooth as to awst seech hur ith' teawn.

So aw took eendway, for it wur welly neet, an awd had noather bit nor sope, nor cup o'sneeze ov o' that day.

M. Why yoadn beh as gaunt as a grewant, an welly famish't.

T. Aw tell the Meary, awr welly moydart: then aw thowt meh heart wud ha sunk'n int' meh shoon, for it feld as heavy as a mustert bo, an aw stank so, it mayd meh as waugish as owt, an awd two or three wetur-tawns: beside o' this, meh bally wartcht, an i'this fettle aw munt daddle whom an faze meh measter.

M. Eh deer! Whot on a kynd ov a beawt hadn yo wi him?

T. Whau awst tell the moor o'that in neaw, boh th' fost theaw mun know at awr gooin toart whom as deawn-hearted an mallancholy as a methody at thinks hes in-pig o' owd Harry, a mon oertook meh, at wur ridin' o' tit-back, an lyedin another. Thinks awt' mehsel, this is some Yorshur hawse-jockey, aw wud heed lemmi ride; for theaw mun know awr wofo weak an waugish. This thought had hardly glented through meh nob before at th' felley sed, "come honisty, theaw looks as ivto wur ill toyart, theawst ride a bit ivto will." That's whot eh want, sed I, iv yo plyesn, for awm welly done. So loothe Meary, aw geet on, an aw thought aw neer rid yezzier sin eh cud get humpstridden o' tit-back.

M. A good deed Tummus: that wur no ill felley; yoadn ha no ill luck at tis beawt, i Goddil.

T. Eh, Meary! theaws een gext rank monnoy an monney a time, an neaw theaw misses th' bow agen; for aw woud awd riddn eawr Billy hobby hawse a how day t'gether istid o gettin o' this tit; for hark the meh, we hadno riddn aboon five rood but th' felley

asht meh heaw far awr gooin' that way? Ses I, abeawt a mile an a hoave; that's reet, sed he, theers an aleheawse, just theerabeawt, aw'll ride afore, an theaw mun come sawfly afther, an aw'll stey forthe theer. So he seet off like hey-go-inad, boh aw kept a foot pace, for meh tit swat, an seemt as toyart as aw wur. Neaw, loothe Meary, afther this I hadno ridd'n mitch aboon hawve o'mile boh aw yerd some foke comin afther meh o' gallop o' gallop as iv the dule had a halloday. They'dn hardly o'erta'en meh boh one on um sweer by th' mass, "this is my tit," an awll haight too, iv owd Nick stons i'th gap. Wi that a lusty whether tyke pood eawt a thing like a piece on a bazzoon, an slappin meh oth shilders weet sed, friend, awm a cunstable, an theawrt my pris'ner.

The dule ta yur friendship an yur cunstableship too, sed I, whot dun yo myen mon? whot mun I be a pris'ner for? Theaws stown that tit sed he, an theawst goo back wimmy afore a justice. Aw stown none ont, sed I, for aw boh meet neaw gett'n on't, an a mon ats gallopt afore, whooa aw took furth' o'ner gameh lyev, so whot bizniz han oather yo or th' justice wi me? Stuff, stuff, meer bolderdash sed th' cunstable. Wi that aw leep off, in a great hig, an sed, "int be yoars tak't o' to the dule, for aw know nowt on't nor yo noather, not I."

M. Well acted Tummus, that wur monfully sed, an done too, think I.

T. Boh husht, Meary, an theawst yer, fur come "come sed th' cunstable, that whiffo whaffo stuff winno doo for me, for gooa theaw bwoth mun un shall, oather be hook or crook," an wi that he pood eawt some eyern trinkums, at rickt like a parcel o' chens. Weawnds! thinks I t'mehsel, whot ar theese? Iv they bin shackels awm in a rare scroap indeed, awm

wor off neaw thin e'er eh wur, awst be hong'd, or some devilment, at tis very time. For bē meh troth Meary, I hated th' jinglin o' his thingumbobs as ill as iv theaw or ony mon elze had bin ringin meh passin bell.

M. Good lorjus days! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happen.

T. Heawe'er aw mustert up meh curridge an sed, "hark yo measter cunstable, put up thoose things at rick'n so, an ivi mun gooa, aw will gooa, an quietly too."

M. Whoo—who—whoo—who—whoo! Why, Tummus, its meet neaw buzz'd into meh yed, at this same hawse-jockey had stown th' tit, an for fyert o' bein o'erta'en, geet yo t'ride it, t' save his own beakn, an so put Yorshar on yo o' that'n.

T. Why aw think theaw gexes tooa yure, for he slipt th' rope fro abeawt his own neck, an don'd it o' mine, that's sartin. It made pittifo wark indeed, to be gardud beh two men an a cunstable back agen through Ratchda, wheer awd so lately lost meh bitch, an bin so mawkinly rowld i'th' riggot, heawe'er theese cunstable foke wurn meety meeverly an modist too, an as mute an modist as mowdywarps, for weh geetn through th' teawn wi very little gloorin, an less pumpin an wur at th' justices heawse in a crack.

M. Eh deer Tummus, didno a hawter run strawngly iyer yed? for summut runs imine as itwur full o' ropes an pulley beawls.

T. Why, loothe Meary, aw thought so plaugy hard, at aw cud sattl o' nothiu' at o'; for sethe meh aw'r fyertnt o' macks o' ways. Still awd one cumfurt at olis popt op imeh yed, for thinks I t'mehsel, aw stown no hawse, not I; an theaw knaws at truth

an honisty gooin hont ihont, howdn one another backs primely, an ston'n as stiff as a gablock.

M. True Tummus, theyr prime props at a pinch, that's sartin. Boh aw yammer t'yer heaw things turntn eawt at th' end ovo.

T. Theaws no peshunce Meary; boh howdte tung, an theawst yer in a snift; for theaw mun know at tis same cunstable wur as preawd at he'd taen poor Tum prisner as iv theawd taen a hare, an had hur i'the appurn meet neaw. Boh th' gobbin nere consithert at hangin wudno be coed good spwort by onybody i'ther senses, an wur enoof fort edge a finer mon's teeth thin mine. Heawere, he knockt as bowdly at the justice dur as iv he'd ha dungen it deawn. This focht a preawd groof felly eawt, whooa put us int' a pleck wi as mony books an pappers as a cart wud howd. To this mon, (whooa aw soon fund eawt wur th' clark) th' cunstable towd meh case; an i'truth Meary, awr as gawmliss as a goose, an began o' wackerin as iv awd stown a how draight o' hawses. Then this felly went eawt abit, an wi him coom th' justice, whooa aw glendurt at soor, an thought he favort owd Jone o' Dobs at theaw knows olis wears a breawnish white wig, at hong's o' his shilders like ceaw tails.

Well Mester Cunstable, sed th' Justite, whot hanyo brought meh neaw?

Why pyles yur worship, ween meet neaw ta'en a hawse steyler at wur mayin off with' tit as hard as he cud.

Odd! thought I t'mehsel, neaw or never Tum, spyek for thesel, or theawrt throtlet at tis very beawt. So aw speek op, an sed, "That's no true Mr. Justice, for awr boh gooin foots pace."

Umph! sed th' Justice, there's no' mitch difference

as to that poynt. Heaweer, howdtee the tung yung mon, an speake when theawrt spokken too. Well! theaw mon i'th breawn cwot theaw, sed th' Justice, whot has theaw to say agen this felley? Is this tit thy tit, sesto?

It is, Ser.

Heer clark, bring that book an let's swear him.

Th' clark brought th' book, an th' Justice sed a nomony to th' felley; an towd him he munt tey care o' whot he sed or he moot as helt be forsworn, or hong that yeawth theer.

Well, an theaw ses at tis tit's thy tit, is it?

It is, plyes yur worship.

An wheer had theaw him sesto?

Aw bred him, Sur.

I' whot country?

Cown-edge, Sur.

An when wur he stown sesto?

Th' last day boh yusterday, abeawt three o'clock i'th oandurth, for eawr Yem saigh him abeawt two, an we mistnt him abeawt four o'clock.

An fro Cown-edge theaw ses?

Yus, Sur.

Then th' Justice turnt him to me an sed, Is o' this true at this mon ses, yerstomeh?

It is, sed I, th' part ont, an th' part ont isno; for aw didno steal this tit; nor ist aboon two heawrs sin th' furst time at aw brad meh een on him.

Heaw coom theawt' beh ridin away wi' him then, iv theaw didno steal him?

Why i'good deed, sur, as aw'r gooin toart whom to-day a felley wi a little reawnd hat, an a scrunt wig, th' cullur o' yoars welly, boh shorter, o'ertook meh: he'er ridin o' one tit an lad another; an seein mayhap at aw'r toyart, becose aw went wigglety wag-

glety i'th lone, he offert meh his lad-tit to ride on. Aw'r fain o'th proffer, beleemy, an geet on, boh he rode off whip an spur, tho' he cud hardly mey his tit ceawnter, an he sed heed stop for meh at an ale-heawse i'th road side. Neaw, Measter Justice, awd no gone three quarters ov a mile boh theese foke o'ertaen meh; towdn meh awd stown th' tit, an neaw han brought meh hither as iv aw'r a Yorshur horse-stealer. And this is o' true, Mester Justice, or may I ne'er goot t' an ill pleck wheni dee.

M. Primely spokken i'faith, Tummus. Yo meet shadn wrynot, i'tellin that tale, think I; boh whot sed th' justice then?

T. Whau, he sed, yerstomehagen, theaw yungster. Tell meh wheer theaw wur yesterday, specially i'th oandurth, wilty?

Whau, sedi, aw seet eawt fro whom soon i'th yeandurth wia keaw ana kawve for Ratchda: meh kawve wur killt i'th lone wia tit coack'n as eh coom; an i'th oandurth aw'r o' up an deawn i'this neyburhood, dooin meh best t'sell meh bitch at foke coadn a bandyhewit, t'see ivi cud may th' kawve money op for meh measter; boh waes me, e'ery body wur gett'n fittud wi em; so aw'r kest i'th dark an fworst to stop at Littleboro' o' neet.

An weer hasto bin to-day? sed th' justice.

Whau, sedi, aw maundert op an deawn heerabeawt agen o'th same sleeveless arnt; an as aw's gooin whom aw leet o' this felley at aw took for a horse-jockey, an so wur tean op be theese foke for a tit steyley.

Boh hark themeh, theaw pris'ner, sed th' justice, wurno theaw heer yusterday withe dhog prithe?

Aw wur, Sur, boh yodn no' buoy hur, for yor'n fittud too.

Whot time o'th day moot it be thinksto?

Between three an four o'clock, sed I.

Beleemy mon, aw think theawrt oather "gryev or gryev-by," sed he; heer yo mester cunstable follow me.

Neaw, Meary, wot dust think? boh while theese two wurn eawt abit, that teastril; that tyke ov a clark coad meh aside, an proffert bring meh clear off for hawve a ginney. Sed I, mon iv aw knew at a hawter munt may meh neck as lung as a gonner-neck tomorn, aw cudno raise hawve a ginney; for hongd or nohongd I hanno one huwpenny t'save meh neck wi. Boh, sed he, wilt gi'the note fort? Awll gi no notes not I, for awd as good t'beh hongd for this job as steyle, an be hongd for that: an aw no other way to raise it boh steysin, at I know on.

M. Good Lord o' marcy! moor rogues an moor! Neaw, aught-opo o' sitch teastrils, for ever an a day longer, say I.

T. Husht! husht! Meary! for neaw th' justice an th' cunstable coomn in.

M. Eh law! aw'll be hongd mehseln iv eh dunna dither for fear. Boh goo forrud Tummus.

T. Whau, th' justice, after rubbin his broo, an droyin his face deawn, sed, here yo measter constable, an yo felley at owns tis tit, aw mun tell yo at yore bwoth i'th wrang box, an han gettn th' wrang soo byth' ear; for this yungster heer cudno steyle this tit th' last oandurth, for between three an four o'clock yusterday aw seed him heer mehsel; an yo sen this tit wur stown off Cown-edge abeawt that time. Neaw he cudno be i' two plecks at one time yo known; so yersto meh yung mon, aw mun quit thee asto this job, so gothe way whom, an be honist.

Aw will, sed I, an thanks Mester Justice, for yoan pood truth eawt ov a durty pleck at lung-length. So

aw made him a low bow, an a great scroap wi meh shoogh, an coom meh way.

M. Bravely comn off 'lum; aye, an merrily tob, aw'll uphouldte. Neaw een God bless aw homist justices, say I.

T. Aye, aye, an so say I too; for awd good luck at th' heel-ovo, or Tum hadno bin heer to ha tow'dte this tale. Boh yet, Meary, aw think imeh heart at teers meawse neezes amung sum on um, as weel as amung other foke, or why shud tis same clark o' his, when he thought aw'r innocent, proffert' bring meh off for hawve a ginney? Hadno that a strung savor o' fair chettin, nay deawn reet nippin' o' poor foks? An dus teaw think at tees justices dunno' know when thoose tikes playn a hundert wur tricks than this in a yer? Beside, Meary, aw yerd that fawse felley, *Dick* o' Yems, o' owd Harry's, say at he knew some on em at wentn snips wi thees catterpillars, theer clarks; an iv so, shudnno they beh hugg'd o'th same back, and scutcht with same rod as ther clarks? Yerstomeh?

M. Nawe, nawe, not tey marry! for iv sitch things munt beh done greedly, an aste oughtn to beh dnm, th' bigger rascot shudha th' bigger smacks an moor onem yo known Tummus. Beh great foke oft dam whottewin wi littleuns, reet or rank; whot care they. So let's lyev sitch to mend when they can hit ont; an neaw tell meh heaw ye wenta on wi yer mester.

T. Eigh by the miss, Meary; I'd fryetn that. Why theaw mun know, isitch o' case as tat awd no skuse to may; so aw tow'd him heaw th' kawve wur kilt i'th lone, an at awd sowd th' hoyde for throtteem pence; an then aw cud tell him no moor, for he nipt op th' deashon at stood o'th harstone, an whist it at

meh; boh istid o' hittin meh, it hit th' ryem mug at stooede o'th hob, an keyvt o' ryem intoth foyer. Then th' batrtil coom, an whether it lawmt th' barn at wur i'th keythur I knaw no' for aw laft it roorin an bellin; an as awr scamperin away eawer Seroh asht meh wheer i'wud gooa? aw towd hur at Nicko o'th farmer great leath wurth next, an awd goo thither.

M. Ov o' spots i'th ward theer woudno I ha cumn far a yepsintle o' ginnies.

T. Aw geawse theaw myens becose foke sen boggarts olis hauntud it; boh theaw knows, awr wickitly knoct op, an fworse is medsn for a mad dhog, as aw towdte afore.

M. It matters no; it wud never ha sunkn into me t' harbort theer.

T. Well boh aw went, an just as awr gettn toth' leath dur, whooa shudeh meet boh Yed, their new mon.

M. That leet weel; for Yed's as greedly a lad as needs t'kneep th' hem ov a cake.

T. True; so aw towd him meh case, i'short, an soory he lookt too. Aw wish idurst let-te lie winneh sed he, boh as aw boh coom to wun heer this day sennit, aw darno venter. But awll show the a prime mough o' hay, an theaw may doo meeterly frowt aw know. Thattile doo, sed I, show it meh, for awm stark an ill dun. So while heer showin it meh wi a scoance, he sed aw summut tell the Tum, boh awm loath. Theaw myens abeawt th' boggarts sed I, boh awm likt' venter. Theaws meet hit it, sed he; an aw con tell the, aw cud like meh pleek primely boh for that. Heaweer as th' tits mun eawt very arly, aw mun provom um abeawt one o'clock, an awll coe t'see heaw theaw gwos on. Sblid, sed I, if theaw mun eawt so arly, awll fother an provon th' tits

forthe, an theaw may sleep iftle lay th' provon reddy. 'That awll doo, an thank the too, sed Yed. Then he showd meh heaw th' mough wur cut wia bay-knife th' hawve way deawn, like a great step; an at aw moot come off yezzily o' that side; so weh biddn th' tone tother good neet. Awr boh meet sattlt, when iyerd summut i'th leath. Good lorgus, Meary! meh flesh crept o'meh bwons, an meh yers cracknt agen wi' harknin. Presently aw yerd sumbody coe sawfly, "Tummus! Tummus!" Aw knew th' voyce, an sed, whoos-tat! tee Seroh? Eigh, sed hoo, an aw stown a loyte wetur porritch, an sum thrutchins, an a treacle butter-cake iv yo con eyght um. Fear meh not, sed I, for awm as hongry as a rotn. Whau, mitch goodeet o' wi um, sed ho, an yo may come an begin, for they needn no keelin. Neaw awr isitch a flunter igettin toth' meat, at awd fryetn th' spot at Yed towd meh on; so aw feel deawn off th' heest side o'th mough, an sitch a floose o'hay follud meh, at it drove meh shoyer deawn, an Seroh, with' meat in hur hont a top o' meh, an quite hilled us bwoth.

M. Cots fish! that wur a nice trick, o'th bukth ont.

T. Eigh, sot wur; boh it leet weel at th' porritch wurmo scoadin; for when wedn made shift to heyve an creep fro unther, sum o'th porritch aw fund had dawbt op tone o'meh neen; th' thrutchins wur shed o'th waist bant o'meh breeches, an th' treacle butter cake stickt to Seroh brat. Heaweer, wi scrawmin abeawt, weh geetn op whot weh cudn, an aw eet it snap; for, beleeme Meary, awr so keen bitn, aw made no bawks at a hay seed. So while awr bizzy cadgin meh wheme, ho towd meh hoo lippnt hur feythur wur turnt stacklin, an iv aw went whom ogen awst beh i'dawnger o' bein breant; at meh dame wud

he meht run, for aw shudbeh loce at Feersun-eeen, an it mattern no mitch. Aw thought this wur good ceawnsil, so aw axt Seroh t' fotch meh meh tother sark; hoo did so, an aw thankt hur; bid hur fareweell, an so we parted. Aw soon sattlt mehseln i'th mough unther a floose o' hay, an slept so weel, at wheni wacknt, awr fyert at i'd oerslept mehseln, an cudno provon th' tits itime.

M. It wur weel for yo at yo cudn sleep at o', for awst neer ha laid meh een together awm shure.

T. Whau, boh aw startud op to goo toth' tits, an slurr'd deawn th' lower part o'th mough, an bi-the maskins, whot dusto think, boh aw leet humpstriddn summut at feld meety hurry; an it startud op wimeh on it back; deawnth th' lower part o'th hay-mough it jumpt, crosst th' leath, eawt o'th dur wimeh it took, an intoth' weaterin poo, as iv th' verra dule had driven it; an theer it threw meh in, or elze aw feel off, aw conno tell whether for th' life on meh.

M. Whoo—o; whoo—o; whco; whot i'th name o' marcy winyo say?

T. Say? Why aw say true as th' Gospil; awr so fryetnt, aw'r war set to get eawt (if possible) thin iwur when Nip an me feln off th' bridge.

M. Aw never yerd sitch tales sin meh name wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I.

T. Tales!—Odds bud; tak um o'tgether, an theydn welly may a mont' ston o'th wrang eend.

M. Well boh, wur it owd Nick? thinkn yo, or it wurno?

T. Aw hate tawk obeawt it; wilt howd te tung; iv it wurno owd Nick, he wur th' ortherer ont, to beh shure.

M. Why, Tummus, preyo, whot wur it?

T. Bless meh, Meary, theawrt so yearnstful, at

teawll nolet meh tell meh tale. Why aw didno know mehsel whot it wur ov an heawer afther ; iv iknow yet.

M. Well boh heaw wentn yo on then ?

T. Whau, wi mitch powlerin aw geet eawt o'th poo, an behmeh troth, lieve meh asto list, aw cudno tell whether awr in a sleawm or wakn till eh gropt at meh een. An as awr resolvt to goo no moor intoth' leath aw crope under a wough, an stooede like a gawmblyn or a parfit neatril till welly day, an just then, Ned coom.

M. That wur passin weel consitherin th' case at yoarn in.

T. True lass ; for aw think awr never fairer t'see nobody sin awr kersunt.

M. Whot sed Yed ?

T. Whau, he heeve op his honds ; an he blest ; an he prayd ; an made sitch marlooks, at iv I'd no bin i'that wofo pickle awst ha brosen wi leawin. Then he asht meh heaw aw coomt beh so weet ? an why istoode teer ? an sitch like. Aw towd him aw cud gi no acceawnt o' mehsel boh at awr carrid eawt o'th leath beh owd Nick, as aw thought.

M. Awd olis a notion whot it wud proof i'th heel ov o'.

T. Prithe howd te tung a bit—theaw puts meh eawt. Aw towd him aw thought it wur owd Nick, for it wur vast strung, very hurry, an meety swift.

M. Eh, whot a great marcy it is, at yoar wheer yo ar Tummus.

T. Eigh Meary, so 'tis ; for it's moor nor I expectud ; boh theawst yer. Yed wur so flayd with bit at aw towd him, at he geet meh bith' hont, an sed, come Tummus, let's flit fro this pleck ; for my part awll no stay one minnit lenger. Sed I, intle fotch meh sark eawt o'th leath awll goo withe. Nay,

sed he, that awll never doo while my name's Yed. Whau, sid I, then awm liket gooa beawt it. Dunno trubble the nob obeawt tat; aw two a'whom, an awll githe th' tone; come, let's beh off, sed he. So weern marchin away, boh afore weedn gone five rood, aw seed summut, an seet op a greyt reeok (for aw thought awd seen owd Nick agen.) Lord bless us, says Yed, what arto breed wi neaw, Tummus? Aw poyntud th' finger, an sed, isno tat te dule? Which, sed he? That under the hedge, sed I? Nawe, nawe, no it; that's eawer yung cowl at lies heawt, sed Yed. Th' dickons it is, sed I; boh aw think imeh heart at tat carrid eawt o'th leath. Then Yed axt meh iv th' dur wur oppn? Aw towd him aw thought it wur. Boh awm shure aw toynt it, sed Yed. That moot be sed I, for afther theaw laft meh eawer Seroh browt meh meh supper, an hoo moot lyev it oppn. By th' miss, sed Yed, iv so Tum, this very cowl'll proof th' boggart; let's intoth' leath an see, for it's no so dark ast wur. Wi o' meh heart, sed I, boh let's stick toth' tone tother hont then. A thisn wee wentn intoth' leath, an bimeh truth, Meary, aw knowno' whot think; thur wur a yepsintle o' cowl dung opoth lower part o'th hay-mough, an th' pleck whear it had line, as plain as a pike staff. Boh still, iv twur it at carrid meh, aw marvil heaw aw cud stick on so lung, it wur isitch a hurry to get away.

M. Whot te flirups it signrifies nowt, for whether yo sticknt on or feln off, aw find at eawer owd Nick wur th' cowl at lies reawt,

T. Whau, aw conno say a dyel abeawt it; it looks likely as teaw says. Boh iv this worno a boggart aw think thur never wur noan, iv teydn bin reetly siftud intoo.

M. Marry, awm mitch iyoare mind neaw. Boh hark yo! didn yo leet oyur sark?

T. Eigh, eigh; I haight imeh pockit sithe; for it's boh meet neaw ot itook meh lyev o' Yed, an neaw theaw sees awm runnin' meh cuntry.

M. An whot dunyo thinkt' doo?

T. Aw think awst be an osler, for aw con mexn, keem, an fettle tits as weel as onny one on um o'; tho theaw may think awm gawstrin.

M. Nay, aw con believe o'. Boh, eh law! whot a cank han wee had! aw munna eemt' stay onny lunger. God be wi yo! for aw mun away.

T. Howd—nay Meary—lemmi ha one smeawtch at partin, for theawrt noan sitch afeaw mean noather.

M. Nay—heaw—so—Tummus; goo theaw an smeawtch Seroh o' Rutchot's iv yo bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw—heaw spitefo theaw art. Whot iv a body doo like Seroh; theers nobody boh the likn sumbody.

M. Eigh, true Tummus; boh then sumbody likes sumbody elze.

T. Aw geawse whot-te myens; for theawrt glentin at tat flopper-meawtth gob-slotch, Bill o' owd Katty's, becose at foke sen Seroh hankers afther him; aw marvil whot-te dule hoo con see ihm; awm mad at hur.

M. Like enoof; for its a feaw life to luv thoose at luvn other foke. Boh year a ninnyhommer t'heed hur; for theers noan sitch farrantly tawk obeawt hur.

T. Why whot dun the say?

M. Aw menne tell,—beside yoadn haply tay't noan so weel iv a body shud.

T. Whau, au conno beh angurt at-tee chuz whot-toses, as lung asto boh harms afther other foke.

M. Why then they sen at hoos a mawkinly, dagg'd-skirtud, wanton wean—an—an—

T. An whot Meary? speyk eawt.

M. Why, to be plain wi yo, they sen at hur moother catcht Bill o' owd Katty's an Seroh together th' last Sunday mornin'.

T. Eh, the div—(good Lord bless us) is tat true.

M. True? heaw shud it be other-ways? for hur mother wur cryin an soughin to meh dame th' last Munday yeandurth obeawt it.

T. Sflesh, Meary! aw fit cruttle deawn intoth' yerth; awd leefer ha taen forty eawls.

M. Why lookit neaw; awm een soory fort; Lord help it; will it topple o'er? Munni howd it yed, while heart brasts a bit?

T. Eh, Meary! theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches meh plucks; for iv t'did, theaw no may a hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw, imeh good troth, aw con hardly howd meh unlaight, t'see heaw fast yo ar i'luv's clutches. Boh aw thought awd try yo.

T. Meary! whot dusto myen.

M. Why, aw tow'd a parcil o' thumpin lies o' purpus t' pump o'.

T. The dickons taythe, Meary!—Whot an awkert wean art-teaw! Whot th' pleague didt flay meh a thishn for? Theawrt a weant lass—awd leefer ha gon an arnt forty mile.

M. Eigh, a huntert, reyther thin ha had it ha bin true; boh aw thought awd try yo.

T. Well! an iv aw dunno try thee, titter or latter, ittle be a marvil.

M. It's a greyt marcy yo conno doo it neaw for cruttlin deawn. Boh aw mun away, for iv meh dame be comn whom ther'll be rickin'. Well! think on at yoads reyther ha taen forty eawls.

T. Awst think on at teaw looks a bit whiskey. chuz whot Seroh o' Rutchot's dus.

M. Aw yerd um say at gexins akin to lyin ; an at proof o'th puddin's i'th eatin. So fare the weel, Tummus.

T. Meary. Farethe weel heartily ; an gimeh luv to Seroh, let leet heawt will.

M. Winyo forgimeh then ?

T. By th' miss willi, Meary, froth bottom o' meh crop.

THE
BLACK-BIRD :
A POEM.

THE DEDICATION.

To the most High, and Mighty,

STERN-VISAG'D PLUTO,

PRINCE of STYGIAN DARKNESS, *chief* ENGINEER
of NOCTURNAL THUNDER, and GENERALISSIMO of
all the departed GHOSTS in the *infernal Regions*,
&c. &c. &c.

SULPHUREOUS and *dread* PRINCE !

I am very sensible 'tis the highest presumption in me imaginable to address the following poem to your grisly Majesty, but I humbly conceive I have not done it without strong inducements ; for where could the *Whiffing Ouzel* have found an asylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her austere and implacable enemy) but in your swarthy dominions ? tho' at the same time she flies to you for protection, she's possess'd with an ominous fear, and when her adversary makes his exit out of these terrestrial regions, you'll immediately degrade *Æacus*, advance him to the bench, and assign to his profound and equitable

care all the European provinces ; or at least constitute him itinerant judge in your shady jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profound wisdom, I must presume to tell you, most awful Monarch ! that 'tis my humble opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my advocate since 'tis the D—l of a poem, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure style, and therefore none so proper for its patron paramont, as your gloomy Majesty.

Another reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient or modern higliers in rhyme ever dedicated any of their productions to your dusky godship : tho' they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous name, extol your supreme power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the cosmography of your ample dominions.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny gods and goddesses of mere terrestrial lump ; and the press has given us a modern proof of a thresher, who has thrown down his unwieldy flail, and taken up the pliant nimble pen, to make one, who has lately pass'd thro' your sooty territories, as powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the Goddess CYBLE was to the ancients.

Since the clumsy flail has presum'd to address a Terrene Queen, accept, great Prince of Darkness ! of the first fruits of the swift-paced shuttle ; which was a scion that blossom'd, and whose fruit came to Maturity this keen benumbing storm, when looms were more terrible to cringing thin-belly'd weavers than ever the pillory was to those obsequious and loyal subjects of yours, *Pryn* and *Bastick*.

Aud now methinks I have almost beaten that

modish, and much-frequented path of dedication enough; tho' I neither have, nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile flattery which is so redundant in addresses of this kind: and I hope you'll not reject the patronage; if I could have found a more powerful protector than your great self, you had never heard of the *Whistling-Ouzel*. Neither would I have you think that I have play'd the timid Indian, and offer'd the *Black-Bird*, to your Gastliness as a propitiation for some enormous crime committed against your Majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty, which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-Bird*, on her well balanc'd table pinions, to your sootytness for protection: the which I hope you'll grant her; and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch, and nestle about your awful throne. If your dreadful Majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *i. e.* go Whistle.

I am,

Tremendous Sir,

Now,

And ever will be,

TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,
Jan. 15th, 1739.

THE BLACK-BIRD: A POEM.

THE INVOCATION.

Thou who with ale or vile liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vicars,
And force them, tho' it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars to write;
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

HVD.

When bright Apollo's flaming car had run
The southern course, and in our climes begun
To perfect blossoms, and the budding flow'rs
To paint the fields, and form the shady bow'rs,
The distant prospects all around were seen,
To wear a curious eye-delighting green;
And school-boys stood, while Sloth put on the reins,
And with cramm'd satchels sauntered in the lanes;
The younger sort wou'd stroll about to get
The *daisy*, *primrose*, and the *violet*;
While *Tom* and *Will*, with eager eyes wou'd view
Each bush, and tree, from whence a *linnet* flew,
And every hedge did pry into, to find
The downy structure of the feather'd kind.

Such were the days when MINOS would be drest
 To look more awful on a Day of Rest ;
 His sapient head he deckt in perriwig
 Of three-tails dangling, to look *quorum* big ;
 His beaver cock'd, plain-dealing-wife, he pull'd
 So low, his forehead in it seem'd involv'd,
 But this was done, his visage more to grace,
 And coup'd a third part from his pouting face :
 Being cloak'd and booted, they who knew him not
 Thought HUDIBRAS o'er gloomy *Styx* had got ;
 And as that Knight, so he'd a squire to wait,
 Whene'er he sally'd forth thro' creaking gate.
 This for his outward man ; but I must strain
 For to dissect his wonder-working brain ;
 Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning muse,
 To bathe my skull in crowning laurel-juice ;
 But since I've ventur'd the out-side to scan,
 I'll slightly touch upon his inward-man.
 (But know, my angry Muse reflects not on
 This tinkling cymbal for it's jarring tone,
 But for affecting those celestial airs,
 By which the organ charms the list'ning ears.)

If speech be the true index of the mind,
 And doth denote with what the head is lin'd,
 We may conclude, that since his speech is clipp'd,
 His moving garret is but half-equipp'd :
 But lest a pun won't please the *would-be-wisc*,
 His wits want ballast, and his judgment eyes ;
 For Nature made him without care, or art,
 And left unfinished much the better part ;
 Or else in forming, tir'd with too much pain,
 She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his brain.

If any wonder why as Judge he's plac'd,
 Or how the Bench comes with his Worship grac'd
 That thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we

Are sway'd by fools, much greater knaves than he
 We grant, he seems a genuine chip of those
Convention-wits, who lead us by the nose ;
 'Tis true, we go like *BRUN* to the stake,
 Who knows his task, and fain his bonds wou'd break,
 But forced on, he shakes his shaggy fur,
 And looks with fury on each bridl'd cur ;
 **Craftsman*, the bearward doth promulgate law,
 And threatens wounds from deep Panonian-jaw ;
 Asserting ne'er a collar'd-whelp doth play
 The game that's fair, but runs a thievish way ;
 And thinks with justice, in this dire contest,
 Each cur shou'd run with fawning-tail the first,
 Or, if you please, smooth-chins shou'd rule the roast,
 And hairy-ruffins kick'd from ev'ry post.
 Which scheme, before all others, I prefer,
 If my old grannum may be Treasurer,
 For I'm her only fav'rite, and must taste with her. }

But lest some critic thinks my *Ouzil's* flown,
 And from a *Black-Bird*, 'tis a *Bearbait* grown,
 I'll to his Worship once again repair,
 That's going now to snuff the country air,
 After a turn or two, within the room,
 A hem breaks forth—and then he calls his groom.
Here Jack, where's Jack ? I'm here his man replies ;
Bring out my horse, and straightway *John* complies.
 He being gone, the Knight must see the glass,
 To fix some upright airs in oblong face ;
 His hand adorn'd with ruffl'd shirt he drew,
 Unto his head, and set his wig askew ;
 Then gently strok'd his manly beard, and then,
 Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again ;
 The bob before he'd often toss behind,

* *Vide Gent. Mag. for Jan. 1740. Page 20.*

As pleas'd his curious self admiring mind ;
 He lower'd his eye-brows, made a furrow'd brow,
 Pull'd in his chin, more majesty to show :
 Pleas'd with the sight, and fist aside the man
 Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began :
 " I'll say't thou'rt graceful ;—very graceful—and
 Thy very look will reverence command !
 Thy dress is handsome,—very genteel : —still
 Not the least foppish if I've any skill :
 Besides, 'tis known this head can penetrate
 Into dark things, and solve each hard debate,
 Or, as the proverb says, can see as far
 Into a milstone"—here the gate did jar ;
 For John had done according to command
 And waiting stood, with nag, and cap in hand.

The steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,
 And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's beast ;
 Nor ever was DON QUIXOTE's dapple fit,
 For speed, and beauty, to be nam'd with it ;
 So this, you'll say, was fit to bear a pack
 Of precious ware, as they, upon his back !
 And all agree his worship's teeming full
 Of just such wit, as they bore in the skull,
 This bonny nag Sir MINOS did bestride,
 And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride ;
 About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before
 The knight, and 'squire, of silence broke the door,
 And then it was the Justice came t'himself,
 From contemplating on his wit, and pelf ;
 With lisping accent, and emphatic voice
 (While pate, and bum, on thigh kept equal poise,)
 He puts these queries to his cunning 'squire,
 And then sly John to knight rode something nigher.
 Jack, thou must tell me true what now I ask,
 Since 'tis no wicked or ungodly task ;

Sir, there's no doubt, (says John), then tell me pray
 What says the world that now I bear such sway?
 Why, sir! they speak exceeding well of you,
 As wise, and good, to king and country true.
 Thou answer'st well, and glad I am to know,
 The world such thoughts so justly do bestow.
 Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,
 As he came on; but hark thee, Jack:—tell true;
 When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake?
 Yes, that they do; and like an aspin shake.
 What do they think, when I'm upon the bench?
 You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench.
 Whose judgment is't a knotty matter clears?
 Sir, yours alone sinks twice as deep as their's.
 Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on,
 'Thy words are good,—I'll mend thy wages, John.
 I thank you, Sir;—I'm much oblig'd to you;
 Now th' Ouzle whistles, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u,
 And so went on like a shrill flute, to play
 That gleesome tune, the twenty-ninth of May.
 Hold Jack, stand still, I hear a whistling noise
 Within that house: 'tis sure some atheist's voice;
 Tho' Catholics, I've heard my father say,
 Wou'd whistle, dance, and sing o'th' Sabbath-day,
 But who can this be? says John, I cannot tell,
 But man, or maid, it whistles very well.
 Some Papist! Jack;—In that I 'gree to you;
 Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u.
 Both list'ned, while the tune was whistling o'er,
 The knight, more vex'd than e'er he was before,
 Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious mood,
 Said, I'll commit him,—he's the serpent's brood,
 He sees me stand, and yet he whistles on
 This Sabbath-day; was such a thing e'er known?
 'Tis Papist-like to whistle against me,

Or, what's the same, against his Majesty ;
 No doubt he knows I represent the king,
 And that we both are but the self-same thing.
 Sir, says the 'squire, this thing I know t'be true,
 Now comes the flourish, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u,
 And so proceeds with the old tune again ;
 The knight cries out, O monst'rous and prophane !
 Was ever antichristian impudence
 So base, to give both God and man offence !
 'Tis most seditious !— Jack, light off thy horse,
 And bring the rascal, else use all thy force :
 For I this moment will commit him safe,
 Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh.
 Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made
 Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.
 But he repeats, the whistling man must go
 Before a Justice, for he'd have it so.
 The man replies, " the whistler's good and true,
 " And serves me well ; but what's all this to you ?
 " He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat,
 " Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat ;
 " He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
 " Nor meddles with mysterious state affairs ;
 " He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand
 " Within the room, and slight his stern command."
 Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat ;
 Howe'er he goes, and tells the justice flat,
 The whistler wou'd not come ; he fear'd no law,
 Or king, or justice valu'd of a straw.
 But when the knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,
 And sev'ral times thus by ASTREA swore,
 I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
 An everlasting monument of ill,
 A sad example seditious tools,
 Of Pagan knaves, and antichristian fools.

And with these words he nimbly quit his horse,
 Raging with passion; never fury worse;
 And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch
 That slights the law? whom I myself must fetch;
 Where is this whistling Turk? this stinking he-jew.
 And now the bird sings, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u,
 And then the twenty-ninth of May begun;
 What (quoth the knight) was such a thinge'er known
 And puppit-like, he whisks himself about,
 To see if he cou'd find the whistler out.
 The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amaz'd,
 Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd;
 But still this whistler was not to be seen,
 Which fill'd the justice with tempestuous spleen;
 He stamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
 As tho' he call'd on the thunder-ruling Jove;
 And then burst out in this emphatic strain,
 Ungodly! wicked! heath'nish, and prophane!
 To break the sabbath! whistle against heav'n!
 The king and me! 'twill never be forgiven:
 A disaffected tune too, shameless man;
 Notorious rogue, he's of the Jesuits clan;
 And then once more tow'rds heaven his eyes he sent
 And saw the Black-bird in a wire cage pent,
 Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain,
 Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightning slain.
 He motionless as old Lot's wife did stand,
 And still stretch'd out his sense directing hand
 But at the last, he wheels himself about,
 His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out:
 Is this the whistler? nay, I scarce believe,
 But both my eyes, and ears, do me deceive;
 I'll say't 'tis strange! surpassing strange! a bird
 To whistle tunes!—the like was never heard;
 I thought it was not possible for art

To teach birds musick!—not the easiest part ;
 Sure this is some Italian Ouzil brought
 O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught :
 Why poz*, I ne'er was so deceiv'd in all
 My life before, and with a thing so small !
 I'll say't, I took it for some Jacobite
 That whistled thus, but who is always right ?
 A SOLOMON may play some foolish tricks,
 And British CAROT† err in politicks.
 Then beck'ning finger, makes the man draw near
 And in soft tone, thus whispers in his ear,
 Here honest man, I'll give thee half a crown,
 To promise me this thing must not be known,
 For shou'd the wicked ever hear this thing,
 'Twou'd shame both me and our most gracious king.
 The fellow took the piece, and made a bow ;
 But, wiseman-like, in promising was slow.
 And knight perceiving that the bird was put
 In close confinement, and in limbo shut :
 Old Oliverian and phanatick zeal
 Grew cold, and did to crusted ice congeal ;
 And, calm as midnight, took his leave, but said,
 Be sure this thing be never publick made.
 Thus MINOS left the Black-bird closely pent,
 And, mounting steed, on new adventures went.

* A favourite word of the knight's for positively.

† Walpole.

THE GOOSE: A POEM.

TO J—— B——, Esq.

SIR,

As I have the honour to be a member of the ancient and venerable Order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the laws of the great *Chin Quaw-Ki-Po*, Emperor of China, to read yearly some part of the ancient records of that country.

I was performing my annual task when the extraordinary piece of justice in the following poem fell under my perusal: the original is in prose; but more reasons than one determined me to translate it into verse.

Your worship is too well known in these parts for any one to imagine I could long hesitate in the choice of a patron.

The stupidity, peevishness, passion, and vanity of the Chinese justice, will undoubtedly serve as foils to set off and illustrate your consummate wisdom and prodigious virtues.

You may believe, Sir, 'twas with this regard I dedicated the poem to you; every true Britain, who hears of your justice, candour, and humanity, (especially to strangers) must be charm'd with your conduct; for had all Britain such justices as your worship, we might sing, or say, with one accord, *our country is finely govern'd!*

But tho' I give you your just praises, I am afraid
I offend your modesty.

I am sensible that harsh sounds cannot escape the animadversions of critical ears: and for that reason have been often on the point of changing the title of my poem from *the Goose* to *the Gander*. But reflecting that the geese, who gave warning of the enemy's approach, were called *Servatores Romæ* I chose to retain my former title in honour of them, and such like industrious patriots.

To you then, Sir, the *Goose* waddles for protection, and begs leave to assure you that the present *Poet Laureat** shall never want a quill to celebrate your immortal praises.

May your worship live as long here as you are an ornament to the high station you are placed in: and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferr'd to the Chair in the other, before *Æacus*, *Minos*, or *Rhadamanthus*, which is the sincere wish of

Sir, &c.

* Cilly Cibber.

THE GOOSE.

WEARY with homely food, and toils of life,
With crying children, and a scolding wife,
A weaver is resolved to banish sorrow,
And live to-day, let what will come to-morrow :
For who the tiresome loom can always bear,
And not regale his stomach with good cheer ?

With this intent he from his looms doth start,
And asks his pockets if they'll take his part ?
And fortune favours, for they answer—Yes :
Which makes him skip, and thank his stars for this.
Then Sunday-coat he o'er his singlet* puts,
And in high spirits to the market struts ;
Where geese and ducks, and chickens feast his eyes,
But only one fat goose poor Shuttle buys.

And now he thinks the happy moment come,
To triumph, thro' the streets, and bear the trophy home.

But who can guard against the turns of fate ?
The wench he bought the goose of cries—a cheat !
From hence ensues a noisy doubtful strife,
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and wife ;
The gaping crowd around in parties stand !
But, lo ! old *Granidoodle* just at hand :
When now their anger boils to such a pitch,
That there was whore, and rogue, and dog, and bitch ;

* A woollen waistcoat undy'd.

But words like these a poem may debase,
 And only suit the hero of the case.
 His Worship hearing, could no longer bear,
 But cries aloud—"What noythe, what noythe,
 iththere?"

Ith for nought that I, the mighty I,
 Do repretent high Chinethe Majethty?
 Or that in vain I wear the towhrd and thield?
 My name ith, wath and will be——"

Both trembled at his voice—but first the man,
 Made a respectful bow, and thus began:
 "May't please your worship's honour and your glory
 I will exactly tell you all the story;
 This goose I bought for twelve pence, and paid down
 In good and lawful money, half a crown:
 But now a saucy slut my change refuses,
 Demands more coin, and gives me gross abuses."
 "What thay you woman; ith thith fulth or true,
 Thith fellow doth athert contharning you?"
 "May't please your sov'reign lord, the king's great
 justice,

In whom for goose or money, all my trust is;
 I wish I ne'er may see my spouse, or house,
 If ever I receiv'd of him a souse."

"But will you thwear thith ith the cathe? if tho,
 He shall to Bridewell for correctheon go."

"For God's sake hear me. Sir, the weaver cries,
 I'll swear to every thing which she denies:
 If I han't given her half a crown, than never
 Let warp and weft be firmly join'd together.

"Wheat! huther, thirrah! he thwear, you thwear too:
 If Tholomon wath here what cou'd he do?
 The matter ith tho nith upon my troth;
 My mind inclineth me to confine you both:
 But hold——

I'll toth a piecth of money up, thath fair.
 Whitch thall decide the person that muth thwear :
 But mark me well, the woman ith to choothe,
 Or head, or tail, like chanthe to win or loothe."

No sooner said than done—both parties willing,
 The Justice twirls aloft a splendid shilling ;
 While she (ah ! Nature, Nature !) calls for tail,
 And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she shou'd fail !
 But chance decrees—up turn great *Chin-Quaw Ki-Po*,
 Whose very name my belly sore doth gripe—oh—
 His worship view'd with joy the royal head,
 And thus in broken lisping accents said :

" By thith event we very plainly find
 That juthtith will take plaith, tho' thumtimeh blind :
 And had not I by providenth been here,
 You two had fought it out, like dog and bear ;
 Here, fellow—take the book—for chanth decreethe
 You take the oath :—but pay me firht my feethe .
 From peril of the law you'll then be loothe ;
 Huththe, give him the chanth, and eke the goothe ;
 And thuttle, for the future, let me tell ye,
 You must not pamper your ungodly belly ;
 Geeth, duckth, and caponth, are for huth thage
 catothe,

Be you content with thjannock and pottatothe."

His work thus finish'd, passing thro' the streets,
 He tells the wond'rous tale to all he meets ;
 And hugs himself for this rare action done,
 Whilst all men stare, some laugh ; still he goes on

" Plain ith a pike-thstaff 'tith, that I in pow'r,
 Do king and country thervice ev'ry hour :
 And to my utmoht do good orderth keep,
 Both when I am awake, and when I thleep,
 O two, three, four, nay, five, timth happy nation,
 When Magithrath have touth a penerathion !

No trangreth now for bread thall dare to roam,
 But with their wiveth and children ethay at home :
 Ath for philosopherth, I'll make them thqeeek,
 In spite of all their Latin, and their Greek.
 Newton himself thould here find no protecthion :
 And all biith pupilth thall receive correcthion :
 They're Papilth all, in different mathks, and we
 'Thou'd watch, like Arguth, dangerth to forethee,
 The nathionth right on juthtieeth depend,
 And tith our duty roguth to apprehend.

Thus withe men alwayth act, and I thith day,
 Have churchth and thstate pretherv'd, by quelling
 thith thad fray."

A C O D I C I L

To the Last Will and Testament of

JAMES CLEGG, CONJUROR.

BE it known unto all men by these presents, THAT I *James Clegg*, of *Broad-lane* within *Castleton*, in the Parish of *Rochdale*, and County of *Lancaster*, Conjuror; having made my Last Will and Testament, bearing date the 18th of *February*, 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and rectify my said Will; and if I die a natural death, *i. e.* elude the gallows, and within two miles of *Shaw-Chapel*, then I will that my Executors, *John Collier* and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my house the day following, and with the advice and assistance of *James Worrall*, order my funeral, as follows:

I. I will that they invite to my funeral sixty of my friends, or best acquaintance, and also five fiddlers; to be there exactly at two o'clock.

II. That no woman be invited; no man that wears a white cap, or apron, that no tobacco or snuff be there, to prevent my sneezing.

III. That they provide sixty-two spic'd cakes, value ten shillings, and twenty shillings worth of the best ale that is within two miles; allowing the best ruby-nosepresent, *Roger Taylor* and *John Booth*, to be judges.

IV. That if my next relations think a wooden-jump too chargeable, then I will that my executors cause me to be drest in my roast-meat-cloths, lay me on a bier, stangs, or the like; give all present a sprig of rosemary, hollies, or gorses, and a cake: that no tears be shed, but be merry for two hours.

V. Then all shall drink a gill-bumper, and the fiddlers play *Britons Strike Home*, whilst they are bringing me out, and covering me. This shall be about five minutes before the cavalcade begins; which shall move in the high road to Shaw-Chapel in the following order, viz. The best fidler of the five shall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two, playing *The Conjuror goes Home*, in the aforesaid tune. Then the bier and attendants, none riding on horseback but as *Hudibras* did to the stockes, i. e. face to tail, except Mr. *George Stansfield*, of *Sowerby*, (which privilege I allow him for reasons best known to myself.) 'Then the *Curate* of Shaw-Chapel shall bring up the rear, dress'd in his pontificalibus, and riding on an ass, the which, if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual office, then my Executors shall *nem con.* pay him twenty-one shillings.

VI. If the singers of Shaw meet me fifty yards from the Chapel, and sing the anthem beginning *O Clap your Hands, &c.*, pay them five shillings.

VII. Next, I will that I be laid near the huge ruins of *James Woolfenden*, late landlord of Shaw-Chapel; which done, pay the Sexton half a crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the alehouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the shot amounts to thirty shillings; the fiddlers playing *The Conjuror's gone Home*, with other tunes at discretion,

to which I leave them: and then pay the fidders two shillings and sixpence each.

IX. If my next relations think it worth their cost and pains to lay a stone over me, then I will that *John Collier*, of *Milnrow*, cut the following epitaph on it.

Here Conjurer CLEGG beneath this stone,
By his best friends was laid ;
Weep, O ye fidders, now he's gone,
Who lov'd the tweetling-trade !
Mourn all ye brewers of good ale,
Sellers of books and news ;
But smile ye jolly priests, he's pale,
Who grudg'd your pow'r, and dues.

FURTHER, As I have some qualities and worldly goods not disposed of by my said last will, I do give and devise as follows, that is to say, I give unto the *Rochdale*-parish Methodists all my religion and books of freethinking, as believing they'll be useful and very necessary emollients.

ITEM, I give unto any one of that whimsical sect, who is sure the Devil is in him, my slice of the liver of *Tobit's* fish, which my ancestors have kept pickled up above two thousand years; being certain that a small slice fry'd will drive *Belzebub* himself, either upwards or downwards, out of the closest made Methodist in his Majesty's dominions.

ITEM, I give unto any three of the aforesaid Methodists, who are positive that they have a church in their bellies, my small set of squirrel-bells to hang in the steeple, being apprehensive that a set of the size of *Great Tom* of *Lincoln* would prove detrimen-

tal to a fabrick of such an airy and tottering foundation.

ITEM, I give my forty-five minute sand-glass (on which is painted Old Time sleeping) unto that clergyman living within three miles of my house, who is most noted for preaching long-winded, tautologizing sermons : provided he never turn it twice at one heat.

ITEM, I leave all my spring-traps, flying nets, and all my other valuable utensils whatsoever, belonging to that new invented and ingenious art of cuckow catching, unto my generous, honest, and open-hearted friend, Mr. *Benjamin Bunghole*, late of Rochdale, being thoroughly satisfy'd of his good inclination, and great capacity for the proper use of them.

ITEM, I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, where-soever he may be found, a pamphlet entitled *A View of the Lancashire Dialect* ; being fully persuaded few others capable of reading or making any sense of it.

ITEM, I give all my humility, good nature, benevolence, and hospitality, with all my other good qualities whatsoever, not before dispos'd of, unto that person in the parish of *Rochdale* who can eat the most *raw onions* without crying.

LASTLY, I will that this Codicil be, and be adjudged to be, part of my said Last Will and Testament, as fully as if the same had been there inserted.

In witness whereof I have hereunto fix'd my hand and seal, this 24th day of May, in the year 1751.

Witness,

JAMES CLEGG.

ROBERT LEES.

JOSHUA WARREN.

LETTERS IN PROSE.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CASE BETWEEN THE QUEEN AT
THE BOOTH, AND THE AUTHOR.

TO T. P. Esq.

Jan. 30th, 1752.

By your favour of the 20th cur. I perceive you have heard of the furious rupture that is lately broke out betwixt me and a certain lady, who is sometimes called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others the *Yorkshire Lawyeress*; and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my family and interest, I thank you for your tender care; but, cheer up, Sir, I'm not afraid of the law; for I have a particular friend that will screen me from long and costly suits—I mean Poverty.

You desire me to send you a full account of what has past between us. I shall oblige you in this, tho' it will be both intricate and prolix; and as truth has always something of the agreeable attending it, I must own that I was the first aggressor: for it arose from that strong tincture of Quixotism that you know reigns predominant in me; though if I was inclin'd to phanaticism, I should give it another name, and call it the spirit of reformation.

The first time I saw her was at *Dean Chapel*, in the parish of *Huthersfield*, where she immediately

took my eye, and rais'd my curiosity to know who and what she was: being (if I may so speak) the very gallimaufry of a woman. She was dress'd as gay and airy as a girl of sixteen; the Old Age stared full at me thro' every wrinkle. In short, her out of the way figure and behaviour spoiled my devotion, and rais'd my choler to that pitch that I could not be at rest till I had given her a reprimand.

Service being over, I stepp'd into a little alehouse near the chapel, and enquir'd of the landlord who the Bedlamite was, who was so old and so very airy? He answer'd with a sigh, she's my own aunt, but you know I cannot help her dressing so awkwardly. Very true, says I, but will she come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he reply'd, but very likely she may. So I sat down a few minutes, but Madam not appearing, I went back into the chapel-yard amongst the croud; but she had given me the slip, and so escap'd my resentment at that time. However, I left strict orders with her nephew (who promis'd me to tell her) to dress and behave more agreeable to her age; or otherwise, if she persisted, she should hear from me in a more disagreeable manner.

This past on about a month, when I chanced to see her again at *Ripponden*; and perceiving her ladyship was in no humour for reforming, but rather more janty than ever: I took a resolution (Quixote-like) to write a letter to her under a feigned name; and which, tho' I kept to matter of fact, she pleases to call a libel; and by one means or other she is become positive I am the author: but this opinion might chiefly arise from my leaving the pragmatical order with her nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain that the Tuesday following she saddled her nag, and rode to Justice

R—— for a warrant, to bring me to an account for that to which I was determined to plead *Not Guilty*.

On her arrival there, and laying her complaint before the Justice, he demanded whether she would swear the letter on me? N—o, but 'tis nobody else. Have you any evidence that will swear to this man's writing it? N—o, but he was at the *Black-Lion*, in *Ripponden*, where the letter was first found, and the very night before I received it. In short, she could not swear positively, and consequently no warrant was granted.

Things past on about a fortnight, when she received intelligence that I was going immediately to leave Yorkshire. So she resolv'd to pay me a visit at Mr. *Hill's* before my departure. I happen'd to have the first glent of her ladyship as she came up the court, with the bridle of her strong rosinante on her arm, and a young woman (Phebe Dawson) attending her.

On rapping at the door, the old gentleman went out, and after the usual salutations, she begun—. I'm come to see, Sir, if you'll suffer any of your servants to abuse me? No mistress, that I wou'd not do: pray, have I any that does do so? Why have not you a servant they call *Collier*? No, that I have not, reply'd the old gentleman. But have you not some such a man about your house? Yes; he's in the house; and I believe there is some little connection between my son R. and him: but I have nothing to do with him. Very well, Sir, then I've been wrong inform'd, and I will take it kindly if you'll tell him I'd fain speak with him. Yes mistress, that I will do. On his telling me that a lady desired to speak with me, I appear'd surpriz'd, tho' I guess'd what she was about well enough: however I went to

the door, and made her a complaisant bow, which her irritated stomach scorn'd to return.

As to her dress, &c. I shall refer to the notes on Hoantung's letter: only observe that a blue riding-habit, hoop'd with silver lace, a jockey's cap, and a pretty large black-silk patch on each side of her mouth, made her cut a most grotesque figure.

After a full stare at each other, she ask'd me if my name was *Collier*? Yes, Madam, said I, what's your pleasure with me? Why, I want to know if you'll stand to what you've done? O yes, to be sure Madam, said I; what is't? Why about this libel. Libel! said I, I don't know what a libel is. I suppose you do; and I want to know if you'll stand to it or not, for you writ it to be sure. Indeed, Madam, your speech is all ridicule to me. But as I'm very busy at present, if you'll go down to Ripponden, I'll follow as soon as I can, and there get an explanation. That's what I want, she reply'd, but pray tell me what house I must go to? To Carpenter's to be sure, said I. And you'll follow me, says she? O don't doubt it; Madam. So away she goes, and her witness along with her: but I kept my distance, as wanting both time and inclination to follow her.

Messrs. Hills laughed at me for being honour'd with this unexpected visit from the *Queen of the Booth*, and thought I had met with more than my match: all the gentry round being afraid to provoke or contradict her: and wondered that I should have any thing to do with her, as she would undoubtedly ruin me, tho' I was worth thousands. I told them innocence did not know what fear was, and that I was not apprehensive of any danger.

This affair happen'd on Friday; and the Sunday following I left the Kebroyde pretty early for my

journey into Lancashire : and on going up to *Soyland* to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the road, behind an ash-tree, six papers, written all alike in a large print hand, a copy of which follows ;—

ADVERTISEMENT.

ON Friday last from *Rushworth* stray'd,
Or was by *Satan's* Imps convey'd,
A chesnut mare, with prick-up ears,
Bad eyes, teeth lost, advanc'd in years.
Had two light-colour'd feet before,
Her mouth was patch'd, and very sore.
A right whisk tail, and grissel mane,
A heavy head, and body plain ;
A filly trotting by her side,
And both good blood as e'er was try'd.
Who e'er can them to *Pluto* bring
Their owner, that grim sooty king :
Shall for their pains in this good job
Receive Ten Pounds, of

TIMMY BOB.

You cannot imagine, Sir, but that I must see the purport of these papers, and what they were intended for : so I took care to have them put up at *Ripponden*, *Ealand*, *Halifax*, &c. on that day before noon ; and they causing much staring, and various surmisings in the country ; some pick-thank or other conveyed a copy of one of them to her ladyship : who, on perusing it, readily father'd the brat upon me ; and said to the messenger, you have done me very great service ; for now, I never doubt, but I can catch the fox in his craftiness, and then I'll make

him clear all accounts, and pay you handsomely for your trouble.

What follows is chiefly from information, and I was told for fact that that evening she kill'd the fatted calf, as it were, and feasted some of her privy council, rejoicing that she had so fine a prospect of gratifying her spleen, and attaining the summit of her wishes; and the next morning she mounted her gelding, and, with the young filly, set off for the Justice.

On her arrival she found his Worship had company; however, being well acquainted with her, he came into the room where she was, (which had a table standing in the middle) and several gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the copy of the advertisement, and threw it on the table: on which his Worship said, well Madam what's to do now? Why, Sir, said she, you would not grant me a warrant before for this rascal, and now I have suffered a fresh abuse from him, as that paper will prove, if you'll please to read it.

He takes the paper up (the gentlemen all staring at the queer dress and behaviour of her ladyship) and reads:

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

On *Friday* last from *Rushworth* stray'd,
Or was by *Satan's* Imps convey'd,
A chesnut mare,————

Why Madam have you lost a mare? N—o, n—o,
please to read on:—It means me, Sir.

A chesnut mare, with prick-up ears,
Bad eyes, teeth lost, advanc'd in years.
Had two light-coloured feet before,

This cannot have any reference to you,—sure you have not four feet !

I ask your pardon for that, Sir, and beg you'll go on, for you'll find it means me and nobody else. Here the gentlemen broke out into a laugh, which being over the Justice went on.

Had two light-colour'd feet before,
Her mouth was patch'd, and very sore.

Here she hastily interrupting him, said, that's true ; and is a very good proof that he means me ; for at that very time I had a tetter-worm on each side my mouth, covered with black silk ; and he names the day too, Sir, which was Friday. What stronger evidence can be either given or desired ? Here the Justice join'd the gentlemen in another merry fit ; and then his Worship ask'd her, And who writ and posted these advertisements up do you say ?

Why this rascal—this *Collier*—to be sure—

To be sure will not do, Madam.—But did you or any other person see him write or put them up ? Or will you swear this is his hand ?

N—o, n—o,—that is not his hand, for I have evidence here that they were either printed or writ like print ; and I can also prove that he writes that hand better than any in the country ; and that's another proof that he writ and put them up, or ordered others to do it, which is all one you know, Sir, in law.

But will you make oath that he writ or put them up ?

I durst swear he did ; but, alas ! I did not see him.

Well, Madam, I perceive this man will slip us again; for without a positive oath I cannot grant a warrant.

Here her ladyship, (with a heavy sigh) said, If justice, law will not do, I must see council (which I am told she actually did.) But I'm so very uneasy that I cannot sleep, and I think this grand villain will be the end of me.

When that happens, said one of the gentlemen, if you'll come hither again, we'll try him for his life for committing murder; and to make him pay the piper with a witness.

Ah! Sir, but this is no jesting matter,—for all's gone when I am gone, and that I fear will not be long—for I hear this same ruiner of my good name has actually got that same letter printed which I brought to you—and if so, it is so scandalous, that taking all together, it will break my heart; and you know, Sir, the dark side of a good character is not quite spotless.

Very true, said his Worship, but I can see no remedy for you in this case without good proof.

That's what I fear I must never have, said the old lady, who turn'd her backside without any compliment, left the rhymes on the table, and budg'd off; the whole being a pretty scene of diversion for those she left behind.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavour'd to satisfy your curiosity, hoping you'll excuse the length of the narrative; and now I have only to tell you that the letter she mention'd to the Justice is actually printed (a copy of which I here enclose you) and which I sell for a friend. Her ladyship has sent for several, and always by persons she thinks most capable of

pumping me. I always oblige her by sending them, but still keep innocent, and quite ignorant of its production, otherwise you might say—Good Lord have mercy upon

Sir,

Your most oblig'd humble Servant,

T. B.

HOANTUNG'S LETTER (a)

TO THE

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE (WITH EXPLANATORY
NOTES) BY LYCHANG THE MANDARIN.

THE ARGUMENT.

To scourge a publick pest, the wise of old
Thought meritorious, tho' a bawd or scold;
I own this mungrel Owl-and-Crow is not
Half worth my powder or one grain of shot,
Yet as no person e'er could probe her heart,
No admonitions make her conscience start,
Let this true mirror shew her putrid mind,
And how her fame's to every sin inclin'd;
If she reform, 'tis well,—if not, I'm right;
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!

(a) The original was left about Michaelmas, 1751, at a public-house in Ripponden, by a tall swarthy person, in a long surtout, turban, and whiskers: a broad scimeter hanging on a button, and his whole air and countenance so fierce, that none durst say, from whence comes thou? so he walk'd off undiscover'd.

WE Hoantung the Great, Emperor of all the Emperors of the East, to our most dazzling and serene Sister, the Princess Eleeza, Empress of all Russia, send greeting.

WHEREAS our wisdom, like the beams of the great luminary of the day, pierces into the remotest regions, and as all things transacted between the Poles are under our immediate cognisance, by which our Empire is become universal, and consequently checks the actions of Sovereign Princes: We do now, by our aforesaid power, require that you, on receipt hereof, forthwith retire to your sofa, and there contemplate how, and by what means, you attain'd the palace of your residence (b) and the Empire (c) which you so haughtily govern? Why the *Czar*, (d) your first husband, was so suddenly sent over the Archerontic-lake, and by whom? How the present *Cazar*, your lawful spouse, came to be banished (e)? What fury could induce you to trouble

(b) The estate on which she resides.

(c) This by the soundest critics is always taken for the Township of Rushworth, in the parish of Halifax.

(d) In a letter from the dusky regions, 'twas hinted, she push'd him into old CHABON's boat, to whom she paid double fare to waft him over.

(e) Her present husband, whom she banish'd by mere dint of dagger, for one morning, after a hot dispute about the mushroom sect the Methodists, he found that weapon on a chair by her bed side; and after several expostulations (she not being able to satisfy him as to the use of it) he very prudently fled.

your neighbouring kingdoms and states, (f) with one continued scene of war, rapine and disorder ?

We say, reflect on these things, and consider with what indulgence we have suffered you to rule with an high hand, ever since you seized the imperial throne (g); which usurpation we have wiuk'd at with impunity for the space of three hundred moons; not doubting but time, the offspring of eternity, and father of wisdom, would have mitigated the severity of your reign: that the *Czar* would have been recalled and restored to the sovereignty; that all your subjects, from the boyar to the plebtan, might have reposed under their citron and pomegranate-trees, eaten their autumnal fruits, and enjoyed the rights and privileges with which the God FOHE, and his handmaid Nature, hath endowed them. But seeing that time works not the expected effects, but that you still drive the car of government with an outstretched arm, we are (as it were) constrain'd to send this our awful and imperial injunction; requiring and commanding, and we do hereby enjoin and command you, without the least hesitation, to recall the *Czar* from banishment, and restore him to the seat of empire; to the Boyars and Waywoods (h) their respective powers and jurisdictions; and all your other subjects and vassals to their liberties and privileges. That you consider the unconstrained

(f) Some distant as well as neighbouring townships, which she continually vexes with litigious suits, about filiations, settlements, &c.

(g) The government of the township; she being a kind of perpetual constable, overseer of the poor, highways, &c.

(h) The officers of the township aforesaid.

freedoms and well-known pleasures of your youth (i), nay even since time fix'd his plough-share in your forehead; and be not too curious with your piercing optics, and officious hands, in prying into the sprightly pastimes and rustic amours of the softer sex within your dominions (k).

Further, We will that when you approach the mosques of the Gods, particularly that of *Worotin* (l), that your posture be decent, that you observe the religious ceremonies, and in all respects demean yourself as a true worshipper of the God FOHE and his prophet Confucius: that your deportment be grave as becomes the evening of life: that your dress

(i) Here is a large field for reflection! but I hope the reader will excuse it, if the curtain be drawn over this part of her character, which may be unfolded on some other occasion, if after seeing herself in this glass she prove incorrigable.

(k) This alludes to her well-known practice of groping the bobbies, bellies, &c. of young girls within her territories, when 'tis whisper'd A MAIDENHEAD IS LOST. After close examination, if she finds the unfortunate pregnant, she forces her to discover her paramour; on whom her Highness seizes (under the sanction of a warrant) with as much fierceness as the eagle her prey.

(l) The chapel of Ripponden; where when she comes to shew her hunting dress, baubles, and Bedlamitish attire, she stands waining in the isle, scorning to come in a pew, because she was not suffered to have her lang-settle, or old form in its place, when, on rebuilding the chapel, it was seated after a uniform and beautiful manner; and even attempted to force an audience of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Gloucester, to give this as a sufficient reason why the chapel ought not to be consecrated.

(especially the attire of your head and neck) (m) be modest and free from those youthful airs you seem to delight in, and are always the unerring index of a contaminated mind: that you appear no more in publick with your locket, ear-rings, and other juvenile trinkets, as you and all the world know them to be the wages of carnal and youthful pleasures, and can never make you more agreeable than a spruce baboon.

Lastly, It is our royal will and pleasure, that you make a full and general restitution; allow your vassals and slaves all due and accustomed measures(n); encourage honesty, and not study to pervert truth and justice(o); heal all intestine divisions, extirpate

(m) In this she affects the most girlish airs: tho' her mouse-colour'd grissel hair scorns to bend, or lie in ringlets, but keeps its most ancient posture, which is that of a—
sow's tail.

(n) This our learned Mandarin confesses to be very obscure, and may have several constructions, but inclines to believe it hints at a certain antique pot, or cup, with a piece two inches deep out of its top; having been long and too well known to poor taylors, and other labouring persons.

(o) Being ever ready and studying to torment her husband (as well as others) she this year sent her emissary to the labour of her own niece, to persuade her to father her bastard child on him; following immediately herself, and finding her persuasions ineffectual, she herself first used smooth and flattering terms, then beich'd out deep imprecations to gain the point; but finding the girl resolved to father it right, she sent for the constable to force, or intimidate her to do it; but Mother Midnight being a woman of sense and spirit, told him he was out of his elements, and if he entered within

perjury, banish false witnesses (p), eradicate strife, cultivate peace, and let the dead sleep in their graves (q). Thus we take our leave, expecting all due obedience to this our royal and sacred mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation.—For such our will and pleasure.

Given at our seraglio, in our imperial city of *Twang Chew*, this 14th day of the 999th moon of our happy exaltation.

Sign'd, HOANTUNG.

her jurisdictions, she would try whether his scull or the tange were harder metal; so he wisely desisted.

(p) As an old lioness is attended by her jackal, so her shrivell'd Grimness has always in her train one Phebe Dawson or some other, who can swear the truth, the whole truth, and——more.

(q) She charged her husband with being false to her bed before marriage; and would needs have a young woman taken out of her grave, who had been buried upwards of three months; pretending a suspicion she was with child by him; and actually got the Coroner and jury to the place for this purpose; but in this article she was prudently over-rul'd.

HER EPITAPH.

Reader stop here——behold what death can do,
He's torn the gew-gaws from Queen Bess's brow;
And made one stone her Majesty suffice,
Who living did from many pairs arise.

PRICK-SHAW WITCH BLOWN UP :

OR

THE CONJUROR OUT-CONJUR'D.

TO T. P., Esq.

Sir,

It was a little before the last Easter that a mixture of malice and envy between a brace of booksellers, produced two auctions at the same time at Rochdale ; where one of the evenings I, with other bookish fellows of my acquaintance, resolved to stay for a little refreshment after the shew was over.

It happen'd that among others, there drew in his chair, an ancient man with one eye, a slonch'd hat, and very meagre countenance. Some of the company (as usual) on coming out of the auction room, complained of the coldness of the weather. Single-peeper answer'd, "Coud it is, an ittle naw awter theese six days." I ask'd him how he could tell that? "Ho, weel enough (said he) becose ot moon's oth' cusp oth' thrid heawse to neet at ten o'clock." Humph, said I, you understand astrology, I perceive. "Eigh, (reply'd Blinkard) Ive studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd." Why then you can calculate nati-vities, tell fortunes, and find lost or stolen goods? "Eigh, eigh, (said he) ive practic'd thoose things oboon forty yor, on winnow turn my back o nobody."

I seeing his self-sufficiency, and that he was a kind of a mungrel between fool and knave, star'd at him with open mouth, as in great surprise and admiration. Ah Lord! (said I) I've often heard of such folk, but never saw any before; why, then you're a sort of a conjuror? Here he smil'd, and answer'd, "Eigh, I'm cft cow'd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-Witch."

Prickshaw-Witch! good Lord bless us! said I, trembling—I've a little girl of about six months old, whose fortune I would gladly know, but for the sin of applying to such persons about it, "Sin! now, now, its no sin at aw; its naw like logic, or th' black art, but as harmless as any art ith ward. Very well, (quoth I,) if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my girl's nativity? "Ho—I con doot at ony price, between one shilling and twenty." Nay, if that be the case, I'll have the best, tho' it cost me five pounds.

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the Tuesday following, and the party that did not appear was to forfeit a dozen of ale. Then, after a short fit of studying and staring on the ground, he requested that what I would have known concerning my daughter might be given him in writing; and, in particular, the exact time of her birth; and I being a little on the slack-rope, resolv'd to humour him, and immediately trump'd up the following rhymes;

October th' tenth my girl was born,
Ten minutes after four i'th' morn;
Brown hair, and eyes of fair complexion,
And all her limbs of good connexion.
I want to know her term of life?
If competency, without strife?

Her husband, whether good or bad ?
 Her first child, whether lass or lad ?
 These things are wanted to be known,
 And you'll be paid whene'er they're shown.

I gave him the paper, and, after perusing it, he said, "I con mey rhymes, bo' now thus fast." So, after a while, the shot was paid and we parted.

When the day of our meeting was come I had forgot my engagement, and consequently neglected to meet the Conjuror. So the Friday following he came to my house (when I happen'd to be in Yorkshire) and without knocking, or speaking one word, burst open the door, runs to my wife, takes the child out of her arms, and at the window examines its eyes, hair, &c. the better to peep into futurity. So that my wife, who knew nothing of the matter, took him for a madman. Then he ask'd her for a pen, ink, and paper, and left me some worse than namby-pamby rhymes of the little child, and a strict order to meet him the Tuesday following, otherwise it would be to my cost, *i. e.* he would all-to-be-conjure me. This so rais'd my spirits, that it put me on contriving a way to be reveng'd on him, and fir'd me with a resolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

Accordingly, I went to Rochdale a day before the time appointed, to find a proper room, and a partner or two to assist me in the plot which I had laid to countermine this modern *Faustus*.

Having light of a ground-room, and a couple of comrades to my mind, I bought a pound of gunpowder, and try'd how much would blow up a chair, the better to guess what quantity would lift a Conjuror. Then we took up a piece of board from the

chamber-floor, and under the hole placed a shelf, where a large quantity of well-mix'd t—d and p—ss might stand, to be pour'd on his head, just when the gunpowder took fire, to prevent his burning: and spent the evening merrily enough, in hopes of paying old *Mertin* well for his study and pains the day following.

The time being come, my worship was the first that appear'd at the place of rendezvous. I found the landlord had discover'd the whole plot to his wife, and that she would not allow of the stinking compound, (because the tragi-comedy was to be acted in her bed-room) but as much water as we pleased. So I was forced to be content with a double quantity of water, which was plac'd on the shelf over the Conjuror's chair, and the powder under it, with a train running from thence to the fire end, where I plac'd a man as if drunk and asleep, with a stick in his hand, ready to put fire to the train; and the landlord above, as ready to empty the pale on his head when he saw the gunpowder take fire; the word of command being, "O the wonderful art of astrology!"

All things being ready, I sat about an hour very impatiently, and began to suspect the Conjuror had smelt a rat; when, to my great satisfaction, old *Faustus* appear'd. I rose up with joy in my face, asked his pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the room.

As I had order'd all the chairs out of the room but two, I, *sans ceremonie*, sat down in one, and the other of consequence fell to the Conjuror's share, with a table betwixt us. Then I enquired if he had fulfilled my desire about my daughter's nativity? He answer'd in the affirmative, and immediately

produc'd a paper-book of sixteen pages, writ closely, containing the passages of my girl's future life, a table of the twelve houses, and a speculum tolerably drawn. I took hold of it with as much seeming veneration as if it had been a Sibyllian oracle, and began to peruse it : sometimes stopping as tho' I was overwhelm'd with thought and deep admiration ; and sometimes groaning in the spirit, like a full-blown Quaker, which I saw tickled the Conjuror's vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound ingenuity.

After I had perus'd about one half of it, I rose up, and, with the book in my hand, walk'd soberly towards the door (having a particular antipathy to gunpowder) and cry'd out, " O the wonderful, &c.," at which the sleepy man tickled the train, and run out, which immediately fir'd the grand magazine ; this was met in the nick of time by the water, which I heard, but neither could see that or the Conjuror, all the rooms in the house being full of smoak in a moment.

When old *Spyrophel* came out of the compound cloud of fire, smoak, and water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as if frightened out of my wits, and in a violent passion ; I pretended to strike him with my hasle-stick, but hit the wall ; gave him a curse or two for putting the conjuration-tricks upon me, and then made off with the old knave's notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, Sir, at our mirth, that the plot had met with the desired success.

After a while I enquir'd of the landlady what was become of the fortune-teller ? She answer'd, he walk'd half a dozen times across the floor, brushing

his coat, and then ask'd for me? She answer'd, that I went off in a great passion, but had not seen me since. "Well (said he) bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woode ot teyn obus'd me o thiss'n : and then was for marching off. Hold, hold, says the landlady, as you have frightened all my guests away, I'm resolv'd you shall pay the shot, "Od, but that's hard too too; bo I neer deawt *Mr. Collier*—'ll pay'th shot." I'll neither trust Collier, tinker, nor cobbler; pay me for my ale. So he was obliged to satisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budg'd his way.

Since that time I neither saw nor heard from him before the last Friday, when I received the following letter :—

SIR,

This comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your daughter's nativity, I will make use of the law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had time sufficient to pay me already the small sum of five shillings.

Note. If you neglect to pay me, I will send the Catchpoles in a few days, all from

Your abused Servant,

Smalshaw, die
Nov. 15, 1752.

GEO. CLREE.

The day following the receipt of the above, a whim came into my head to answer it in rhyme, directed.

To Mr. GEORGE CLEGG, Conjuror-General would be,
of the County Palantine of Lancaster, at his
nocturnal Study at Smalshaw.

From you, *George Clegg*, or *Prickshaw-Witch*,
Or Doctor *Faustus*, choose you which :
It matters not :—but I've a note
By one of you three lately wrote,
Which intimates, that 'tis a crime
With Conjurors to pass the time.

Besides, it makes this queer demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English money straight,
Or Catchpoles soon must on me wait.

But hold, friend George, not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste ;
I promis'd payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's fortune ;
But that 'tis done, I fiat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lye.
Nor was it sterling coin I meant,
That being far from my intent,
But such as you received have,
And should be paid to ev'ry knave,
Who roguishly wou'd thus dispense
With reason, and all common sense,
And whilst their own they do not know—,
Pretend another's fate to shew ;
Which was the case, or I'm deceiv'd,
When you 'twixt fire and water liv'd.

Again, consider, it's not hard,
After my wig and cloaths were marr'd
With fire and smoak, then as you conjur'd,
That I must pay for being injur'd.

Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,
 For raising up old Belzebub,
 Who every one did almost choak
 With stinking brimstone, fire, and smoak ;
 Which threw us into such a fright,
 'Two p—ss'd, and three or four did sh—e.

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,
 How comes five shillings thus your due ?
 Was it for coming to my dwelling,
 To cheat me with your fortune-telling ?

As you've done many honest spouses,
 By selling them your starry-houses,
 Your oppositions, quartiles, trines,
 Your fiery and aquatic signs ;
 Your speculums, and nodes i'th' skies,
 Cusps, aspects, and ten thousand lies.
 And don't you in your conscience think,
 Instead of fingering my chink,
 That you deserve, in high degree,
 To mount on Rochdale's pillory ?
 Which is the only place that cools
 That heat of astrologic fools ;
 And turns sometimes a cheat like you,
 Into a liege-man, good and true ;
 But now, because I've shewn you mercy,
 You fall upon me arsy-versy ?

No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,
 My tooth as soon as coin for you :
 And hope that this, my flat denial,
 Will quickly bring it to a trial ;
 When I don't doubt to make you pay
 For all your rogu'ries in this way :
 A cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,
 And pillories, are for such folks ;
 And sure there are some laws i'th nation

In force against your conjuration :
 Or, what deserves more ample scourging,
 Your cheating folk, with lies and forging.
 So if you squeak but in the gizzard,
 You're try'd by th' name of *Prickshaw-Wizard*.

From your affronted Master,

PILGARLIC THE GREAT.

This, Sir, is the truth of the story, to the date hereof; and should he play the madman to that degree as to make a Quarter Sessions job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and stand my friend : but I rather think he intends the common law, as I hear of a certainty that he has been to an attorney of my acquaintance, who had sense enough to laugh at his simplicity, and honesty enough to decline being employed against me in this case. What the issue will be I know not; but if the Bedlamite be as determined to sue as I am to defend, there will be smoaking between the conjurer and

Sir,

Your most, &c.

T. B.

TO MR. JOHN SEPHTON,

BREWSTER-GENERAL, IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

Milnrow, Jan. 11th, 1760.

As most of the roast-beef, goose, and minc'd-pies, tarts and custards are devour'd in my neighbourhood? I have now time to reflect on, and perform the promise I made you, of sending you some *Lancashire Dialect*, and a few of *Hoantung's* Letters to the Empress of Russia, all of which (could I have my wish) should not be thrown by for some two or three years on some useless shelf, a corner, or hole in a garret, hid from the sight of mortals by curtains of cobwebs, but turn'd into cash in a few months, to be ready against the next time I come to Liverpool. In short, vouchsafe to think on these two lines,

Some write for pleasure, some for spite,
But want of money makes me write.

Which, tho' they are but Heathen rhymes are as true as the Gospel. But now I think on it, I ought to ask pardon for this useless hint to one whose good-nature has been so conspicuous in this way; for in the few days I was with you in Liverpool I sold fifty-two Bandyhewits, for which I thank you, Mr. *Eyes*, and a few more of my friends.

When I reflect on, and compare the humours I observ'd in your populous town, with a few others I have lately been in, I cannot but think that all cities and towns are subject to youth and old age; have their constitutions, dispositions, beauties, failings,

whims, and fancies, like us two-legg'd mortals; for instance:

The City of *York* seems to think as well of itself as a true-born Welchman; or, if you please, the House of Austria, (who each of them can deduce their origin from the time of Numa Pompilious) and at present walks like a plain drest nobleman of a royal house, and very extensive revenues: who lives splendidly and in affluence, without desiring to increase, or so imprudent to diminish, his paternal estate.

Leeds is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving farmer. Its merchants hunt worldly wealth as eager as dogs pursue the hare; they have, in general, the pride and haughtiness of Spanish Dons, mix'd with the meanness of Dutch spirits; the strong desire they have of yellow dirt, transforms them into galley-slaves, and their servants are doubly so; the first being fastened with golden, but the latter with iron chains.

Halifax is a mongrel, begot by a Leeds merchant and a Lancashire woman, and nursed by a Dutch frow. They are eager in pursuing gain, but not so assiduous as to forget pleasure: and every day at noon think it no scandal to lay aside business to eat beef and pudding.

Rochdale is like a growing haberdasher or master hatter, black and greasy with getting a little pelf: whose inhabitants (like Leeds and Halifax) are great lovers of wooll and butter: not immediately to eat, but to fatten them in prospect. They don't study to oppress their dependents, as knowing it to be impossible; for their servants sometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being resolv'd to be independent) play when they please.

Manchester is like a—a—I don't know what :—hold ;—why, 'tis like a lucky London merchant, who by the assiduous care and pains of himself, and his servants round him, has made his fortune, purchas'd a large estate in the country, keeps his coach and six, enjoys more affluence, ease, and pleasure, than ever his forefathers dream'd of; which is demonstrated by his healthful constitution, his prominent belly, his rosy cheeks, and blooming countenance, and has ambition enough to aim at being the monarch (and perhaps deservedly) of the whole county. But as your town and *Manchester* appear to me to be as like one another as two King-George-halfpennies, or a Wa—lpole and a Pu—ltney ; and as one cap will fit both their heads, I'll refer its further character till I come to your favourite town, *Liverpool*.

Warrington within this thirty years has grown a busy tradesman ; who by a lucky hit or two, in tow and copper, has got new life and vigour, and with an equal quantity of hope and resolution, dreams of being a great man.

Chester seems to resemble an ancient Lord, of an old but mongrel descent, got between a naked Briton and an encroaching Sasson (or Saxon) ; has so much of the antique blood in his veins, that he's resolv'd his servants shall still be one-third Welch and two-thirds English. He's proud of, and boasts his pedigree from the old Aborigines. Lives in great magnificence ; scorns to make any alterations, or additions, in his Great Great-Grandfather's leather breeches, his trusty armour, or his old mansion-house ; but is quite content with the old fashions, and his large and ancient patrimony.

As for *Liverpool*, I'm at a loss for an hieroglyphic, or a comparison for it. Hold,——let me consider

—ho, 'tis like a healthful bee hive, in a hot summer's day, where all the community (except a few humming drones) mind each their proper business.

—No—this will not do;—for bees fly from bitter ale, and the fumes of tobacco. Then 'tis like a broad-ars'd Mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and selling, is resolved to get money in this world, tho' he goes plump to the bottom of the sea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No,—this last part does not tally neither.—Well, then, 'tis like a gamester, who is resolv'd to be a knight, or a knitter of caps. This is the best draught of the three, but a little unlike the original still. And now, I own, I am quite gravelled, and am forced to be a little serious; for Liverpool, and its twin-brother, Manchester, are certainly agreeable, merry, and brisk towns. The people, in general, appear to be actuated by sensible, generous, and good-natured spirits: yet for all this, I could as well live in Mount Strombulo when in a fit of the ague, or in a passion, as in such slow-moving clouds of tobacco smoke, as are puffed out in the public rooms in Liverpool and Manchester.

Two days ago I put on my old black coat, which I lately wore with you eight or ten days, but I soon whipp'd it off again, for it is more strongly fumigated, and stinks worse, than an over-smoak'd red herring: and I believe I must either send it to the fulling mill (as our folks do p—ss'd and sh—n blankets) or pickle it a few months in mint and lavender water, before it will be in any tolerable season. But tho' it is so disagreeable to me, yet smoke to a true Liverpoolian seems a fifth element, and that he could no more live out of it than a frog out of ditch-water in a warm April.

By the time you have got thus far, 'tis very pro-

bable you'll think two things : first, that this epistle is too prolix ; and that I write like nobody else. I plead guilty to both indictments ; and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude, with assuring you,

I am, &c.

T. B.

TO T. P., Esq. :
WITH HOWELL'S LETTERS.

SIR,

I here send you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have sent the last week : but being in the middle of their perusal, and its guts is as full as any fat landlady's in the parish. And as to the bellows, I have just now contrived a way to make them puff and blow of themselves, as easily and naturally as a phthisical pair of lungs in going up the church steps in a frosty morning. So much for my advertisement.

These proposals of mine, I presume, you'll think very advantageous to our parish, and I hope others will think so too ; for which reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little monarchs, who rule with a high hand, nay even with a stroke down the face, a nod, or a look ; and always are thrifty, in proportion to the smallness of their families, and largeness of their bags and estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

Sir, Your most, &c.

TIM. BOBBIN.

LETTERS IN RHYME.

TO RICHARD TOWNLEY, Esq.

SIR,

'Twas Thursday last, when I, *John Goosequill*
Went for some odds-and-ends to Rochdale,
With charge to buy some beef and mutton,
But these, alas! were quite forgotten :
For lighting on some friends, I sat
An hour (my wife says two) too late.
However, chance threw in my way
Some Dutton-cockles, fresh as May,
Which well I knew would please wife's palate
Better than any lamb and sallet.

Quite free from care, I spent the hours,
Till Time bawl'd out, to horse, to horse ;
'Twas then the wallet press'd my shoulder,
And on I march'd, no Hussar bolder.

When I got home (I hate to tell it)
I fell to emptying of my wallet
Of candles, soap, and such like stuff,
Of which wed folks have ne'er enough ;
But left the cockles still at bottom,
(Bought to keep quietness when I got home) ;
Then pour'd some water out of jug,
Mix'd with some salt, into a mug,
And turn'd the end of wallet up,
For fish (like other folks) would sup.

'Tis true, their crackling, empty sound,
 Chim'd ill with cockles full and round :
 But, far from smelling any rat,
 I took up this and look'd at that,
 But all were empty—then I curst
Bill Porky, as of knaves the worst,
 For selling nuts but ne'er a kernel,
 And wish'd him with the D—l infernal.

Now searching on quite to the bottom,
 I found some stones ;—thought I, ah, rot 'em !
 Poor *Bill Porky's* honester
 Than th' best of my companions are ;
 Unless the fish could, all at once,
 Slip from their shells, and turn to stones.

A while I stood considering
 The plaguy oddness of the thing ;
 Grop'd at my eyes, lest it should prove
 A dream—but felt my eye-lids move :
 I studied how I might come off,
 Without Moll's frowning, or her laugh ;
 Thought I, my Rib will think I joke her,
 And brought home shells just to provoke her ;
 Or frowning tell me some mad tale,
 Of minding nothing but good ale.
 Then, sighing, rais'd my maudlin-head,
 Reel'd up the stairs—and went to bed.

No sooner up, but there's a query,
 Put by my loving wife : *hight, Mary,*
 What meat I'd bought ?—Why—nothing else
 But pebble stones—and cockle-shells.

TO MR. COWPER,
WINE-MERCHANT, IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

Dec. 24th, 1761.

A dizzy head, and thoughts o' th' ramble,
 Makes me to write without preamble,
 And bold as any trooper;
 To let my friend at distance know,
 The plague and trouble I go through,
 Because of Mr. Cowper.
 For my *Crook'd Rib*, each now and then,
 Doth frowning ask me, Pray, Sir, when
 May I expect my mountain?
 I shrug my shoulders—why—e'er long,
 'Twill be at Rochdale, good and strong,
 And clear as any fountain.
 But as the clock strikes at the heels
 Of the last hour—so *Timmy* feels
 His ears stunn'd with this question,
 When will my wine and brandy come?
 I clear my weasand,—answer—mum—
 Tho' I've your word to rest on.
 Perhaps your pictures you expect,
 Before I feel the warm effect,
 Of your care-killing liquor!
 But hark you, Sir, the days are dark,
 And cold: *On then I hete aw wark*,
 As ill as any Vicar.
 But in a month, or two, at least,
 Except the sun wheel back to th' east,
 You may expect your beauties;

But in the mean time must I fast ?
 Or guzzle Ale, not to my taste ?
 Nay, hang me on some yew-trees.
 I from my cot, this *Christmas-Eve*,
 Write with a troubled mind,——believe,
 And wife in doleful dumps :
 For who can merry be, that's wise,
 While what he wants in *Lerpo* lies,
 And vex'd with jeers and frumps ?
 Pray send a line, that I may say,
 To my *Crook'd-Rib*, on such a day,
 Your gossips' nose shall job in
 A tankard made of Mountain-Wine,
 Sweet water, nutmeg, sugar fine,
 And set at rest

TIM. BOBBIN.

THE CUCKOW AND OWL :

A FABLE.

A Cuckow many years had rang'd
 Amongst the feathered kind,
 To see if he a mate could meet,
 Would fix his roving mind.
 He tried all ; he loves but few,
 For some too high did soar :
 Some were too little, some too big,
 And some too ragg'd and poor.
 At last he would a courting go,
 To broad fac'd Mistress Owl,
 Believing her the prettiest bird
 Of all the winged fowl.

Transported with this odd conceit,
 Away the Cuckow flew,
 And in a very am'rous strain,
 He thus begins to woo.
 Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been,
 Long captive to your charms,
 Nor can it have a moment's rest,
 Till your soft down it warms.
 This said, the Cuckow would have bill'd,
 The Owl she turn'd her face ;
 As knowing coyness whets an edge,
 And gives a better grace.
 Sir Cuckow would not be deny'd,
 But struggl'd for a kiss ;
 Which having gain'd, the Cuckow cry'd,
 What melting joy is this !
 Thus thirteen moons the Cuckow woo'd
 Her ladyship, the Owl,
 Who thought her sweetheart lov'd her more
 Than Miller loves his toll :
 Because he talk'd of Hymen's noose,
 And needs would have her go
 To have it ty'd about their Necks,
 By help of parson Crow.
 But as it chanc'd, the Owl was deep
 With Rev'rend Crow in love ;
 And hoping still to make him her's,
 The thing did not approve.
 But lest she should not gain the Crow,
 She would not flat deny
 The roving Cuckow's queer request,
 Lest she alone should lie.
 The Cuckow smelt the cunning jilt,
 Too wise to be a tool ;
 And carries on the farce awhile,

To countermine the Owl.
 For long he'd lov'd and was esteem'd
 By the solitary Jay ;
 To whom he flying, weds, and leaves
 The Owl to time a prey.
 For she not pleasing parson Crow,
 Wish'd she'd the Cuckow then :
 But 'twas too late, the time was gone,
 And would not come again.
 Her ruddy face, so gay before,
 Is turn'd a tarnish white ;
 Her sprightly mind and brilliant thoughts,
 Are like the cloudy night.
 So now she haunts the lonely woods,
 And hoots in barns by night ;
 Complaining of her fine spun wit
 And hates to see the light.

THE MORAL.

The virgin thus in all the bloom of life,
 Is lov'd, and courted for a happy wife ;
 But she denies——expecting nobler game,
 Till forty comes and she's no more the same .
 For time is gone ;——then wishes vainly rise,
 She curses av'rice, and a maid she dies .

THE GARDINER AND THE ASS :

A FABLE.*

PART I.

An Ass with poverty long strove,
And pastur'd in the lanes,
Till, hunger bit, he thus to *Jove*,
In rueful tone complains :
Ah ! hadst thou made me any beast,
That laden by doth pass,
Then had my paunch been fill'd (at least)
With straw if not with grass !
Jove hears his plaint and soon doth send
A fox, with this advice,
Chear up, and look more brisk my friend,
Hunger should make thee wise :
Behold how gay the fool and knave
Do stiffly strut along :
The rat is sleek, I fat and brave,
With murder, theft, and wrong.
Look thro' that fence, where spinage sweet,
And coleworts green do grow,

* There is something like a *Moral* at the end of this tale ; but as *Timothy* cou'd not, wou'd not, or durst not, deduce it naturally, from the general scope of the Fable, as it ought to be ; he has left it (like a skain of ruffled silk) for hyperpolitical critics to unravel.

The lettice and the juy beet ;
 Then who'd be hungry now ?
 The ass pricks up his slouching ears,
 And into the garden peeps :
 He longs the more, the more he stares,
 Then thro' the hedge he creeps.
Balaam promiscuously doth brouze
 On herbs, and choicest flow'rs,
 Till Tom the gard'ner doth him rouse,
 And all his sweetness sours.
 For lo ! a heavy club cries thwang
 Upon the ass's side ;
 He starts at this unwelcome bang,
 And o'er the beds doth stride.
 The fine glass bells and pots are broke,
 Carnations fully blown,
 Alike are ruin'd at a stroke,
 And wholly overthrown !
 The gardiner distracted, sees
 The havock which he makes,
 He flatters much,—desires a peace ;
 And thus the ass bespakes :
 So, honest *Balaam* ; so, my lad ;
 Stand still.—I pr'ythee stand ;
 The club is lost which late I had,
 As witness now my hand.
 Thus, fawning, he with cautious strides,
 Lays hold on *Balaam's* ears.
 And out of Paradise him guides,
 To pay for all repairs.
 For 'tis resolv'd old *Hob* must pay
 And *Balaam* stoop to th' yoke,
 By fetching pots and glass next day,
 Instead of those he broke.

II.

The morning scarcely peeps, when Tom
 Between the crates is got,
 And busy thrashing Balaam's bum,
 For blunders past, God wot !
 The ass bewails his dismal case,
 And groans for freedom lost ;
 And longs his rider to displace,
 From his triumphing post ;
 When, lo ! he sees behind a ditch,
 Two thorny bushes, where
 He straight runs thro', as if bewitch'd,
 And quits his rider clear.
 The crates and Tom are left behind,
 He sprawling in the mud.
 His face is scratch'd, his peepers blind
 With mixed mire and blood.
 Thus crates and saddle which, of late,
 Tom dauntless did bestride,
 Mount in their turn—thus mighty Fate
 Doth humble human pride !
 He scrap'd his clothes, he wash'd his face,
 And then far *Balaam* stares,
 And saw him nibbling at the grass,
 Discharg'd of worldly cares.
 Tom swore by Jove, reveng'd I'll be
 On thee, by hook or crook ;
 So with some pains and flattery.
 Again he *Balaam* took.
 The ass is saddled once again,
 And Tom again him mounts ;
 Resolv'd to ride with careful rein,
 And make him clear accounts.

He then bang'd on about a mile,
 Where he'd a bridge to pass,
 And Balaam's ready with a wife,
 As any other ass :
 For he was dry, or did pretend,
 At least, for to be so ;
 Tom thinking he'd no other end,
 So lets the bridle go.
 The ass puts down his shaggy pate,
 Then tosses up his rump,
 And tumbles Tom from off his seat,
 Who lights i'th' water——plump.
 Balaam now thought he'd freedom gain'd,
 But as he march'd away,
 He found his head was still restrain'd,
 Tho' Tom i'th' water lay.
 For he'd the bridle in his hand,
 By which the ass did draw
 Him bravely sous'd unto the land,
 Ill chagrin'd in his maw.
 Tom had no sooner found his feet,
 But banged at the ass,
 As if on purpose to be beat,
 As iron is, or brass ;
 But now his cudgel waxeth short,
 And cooler grows his ire :
 Yet mounting steed is not his sport,
 Or trotting his desire.
 For hanging bridle on his arm,
 He walks before the ass,
 As fearing that some greater harm
 Might quickly come to pass.
 So time, who sees the end of things,
 Doth half his journey see,
 Where Tom his pots and glasses rings,
 Poor Balaam's load to be.

III.

Now Tom his brittle ware doth pack
 In straw well mix'd, with care,
 And lays them on the ass's back,
 Which made him grunt and stare.
 Howe'er, with patience Balaam went,
 Until he came unto
 The placè where will, or accident,
 So late his master threw.
 Nature, or man's contrivance, made
 A high and lower way;
 The one for such as love to wade,
 One o'er a wood-bridge lay.
 The ass by chance, or choice, had got
 Upon the higher road,
 When Tom began to dread the lot
 Of his precarious load.
 No further durst he drive the ass,
 Nor could he bring him back;
 And Tom in such dilemma was,
 As put his mind o'th' rack.
 Fear and vexation fiercely mov'd
 Like light'ning thro' his breast,
 Until his fury master prov'd,
 And then he smote his beast.
 The blow on Balaam's nose did light,
 Which drove his head askew;
 A foot behind slips off for spight,
 And all the rest o'erthrew.
 Now, topsy-turvy, bell and pot
 Do jingling tumble down;
 And Balaam lies with four feet up,
 Quite dead!—or in a swoon!
 The gard'ner, with uplifted hands,

Extends his mouth and eyes,
 And like a marble statue stands,
 In terrible surprize.
 A neighbouring tinker by doth come,
 And shakes him by the nose ;
 Tom answers with a haw and hum,
 As people in a dose,
 Then index finger he doth stretch,
 And points at all his woe ;
 For look, said he, that clumsy wretch,
 Is tumbled down below.
 Well, tho' 'tis so, the tinker says,
 An ass is but an ass :
 Tom quick replies, that's not the case,
 He's broke my pots and glass !
 The tinker owns the story bad,
 But says—Thy standing here
 Will never mend it—come, my lad,
 Let's view thy broken geer.
 Tom and the tinker now agree,
 And soon unloose the ass ;
 Then roll him off the crates, but he
 Seem'd deadly stiff, alas !
 Then both of them began to throw
 Away the broken ware ;
 But those they found in *statu quo*,
 Are pack'd again with care.
 This done, the tinker takes one crate
 And saddle on his back,
 Tom lifts the other on his pate,
 And homeward both do pack.
 As on the road they jogging went,
 Tom told the story o'er ;
 The tinker did his case lament :
 But still he roundly swore,

Tom was fool in grain, to think
 Of coping with an ass ;
 Since more we stir, the more we stink,
 In every dirty case.
 The ass now left— contention sore
 Arose between these two ;
 Tom thought him dead—the tinker swore
 “ No more than I, or you.”
 All authors since do vary here,
 In this mysterious case,
 Some write “ he broke his neck,” some swear
 “ He out-liv'd this disgrace.”
 Be this as't will, we'll leave him here,
 'Twixt doubtful life and death ;
 Expecting time will make it clear,
 If he still live and breathe.

THE MORAL.

So have I seen a Ministry bestride,
 A Common-Wealth, in all the pomp of pride :
 Who for the public good ne'er laid a scheme,
 But dear self-interest was her only aim ;
 And nestl'd in the umbrage of a Crown,
 Rode Jehu-like, nor dream'd of tumbling down.
 Brib'd S—n—rs, sold votes, to make us pay,
 Three fifths to those, who squander'd all away ;
 But now such taxes ne'er before were known,
 Yet knaves cry up the times, when freedom's flown.
 O glorious times ! when candles, and the sun,
 Must yield them thousands, or all's dark at noon !
 The red-streak apple golden juice must yield,
 Like bits of paper, or the steril field :

We feel the yoke, and fatal ruin see,
 Yet dare not struggle for lost I——y.
 But tho' at present all things smoothly pass,
 Take care ye jockies, lest ye ride an ASS.

THE THREE CONCEITED BEAUTIES.

A FABLE.

- 1st. Three country bumpkins chanc'd to meet,
 Whose phizzes look'd like vizards :
 The first, the second thus doth greet :
 Thy face is like some wizards !
 The ugliest of the ugliest sort,
 Thou art, or I'm mistaken :
 Sure nature made thee all for sport,
 Or sight has me forsaken.
- 2d. But thou'rt all beauty in thy looks,
 And ev'ry feature's pleasing !
 This I wou'd swear on twenty books,
 But for my sin encreasing.
 For sure thy nose, thy mouth, thy eye,
 Wou'd suit no other mortal ;
 Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
 On entering grim Death's portal.
- 3d. The third, and ugliest of the three,
 Said, Lord ! how you'r conceited !
 I cannot stand a mute, and see,
 Two neighb'ring friends thus cheated.
 I wonder why such mortals shou'd,
 About their beauty fall out :
 Were I as ugly, I ne'er wou'd
 From my poor cott'age crawl-out,

For with an ax, and owler-tree,
 I'd make two men as handsome :
 Or live a slave in Tripoly
 And never sue for ransome.

THE MORAL.

This is an emblem of all human kind ;
 We every one to our own faults are blind :
 Nay, tho' they're blazing, them we cannot see ;
 They're beauties all, or pass from censure free.

LANCASHIRE HOB, AND THE QUACK DOCTOR.

A T A L E. 1762.

A thrifty carl was tir'd of lonely cot,
 Because the tooth-ach he so often got :
 Six teeth were all he had to chew his food ;
 All gave him pain, but none could do him good.
Hob hearing Rochdale town did then contain
 A famous quack, that drew teeth without pain.
 To him he flies, and, in a voice as loud
 As *Stentor's*, thus bespoke him thro' the crowd :
 " Ho—onist mon whot munneh gi' ye to drea
 A tush ot pleagues me awmust neet on dea ?"
 Six-pence the quack replies.—*Hob* spoke again,
 " On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawt mich pein !"
 Ho, well enough.—Quoth *Hob*, " Suppose I two,
 Yoan do for neenpunce ?" That I will not do.
 " How monny then for twelvepunce winneh poo ?"
 All that thou hast.—Quoth *Hob*, " They're just enoo."

The doctor took this for a country joke,
 'Till he saw Hob hard pressing thro' the folk,
 And mount the stage.—Quack now some mirth
 intends,

And slily for a pair of pincers sends;
 Thinking he'd met one of those puny fools
 Would run away from such inhuman tools.
 Hob takes the pincers, "Vara weel," said he
 "If they'n fit yo, I'm shure they win fit me."

Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,
 With open mouth, in which the Quack did stare;
 Who laughing said, You have but six, I find,
 And they're so loose, they'll wag with ev'ry wind.
 "Better for yo, yo known; do yo yer job."
 Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest Hob;
 Hold up your head—"Oh"—here is one you see;
 Come, hold again—here's two—would you have three?
 "I think ot mon's a foo; we bargint plene,
 Poo these aw eawt, or set thoose in ogen."
 If that be th' case, hold up again, my friend,
 Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end.

Hob now extends his spacious jaws so wide,
 There's room for pincers, and good light beside.
 Cries Quack, here's three, here's four, Hob bawls
 out "Oh,"

Hold, hold, says Quack, there's something more to do;
 Come, gape again;—here's five—here's six—and th'
 last,

And now I'm sure thy tooth-ach pains are past.
 "That's reet, quoth Hob, gi' me meh teeth, on then
 I'll pey os freely os some roycher men."

The Quack complies, and Hob his twelve pence paid,
 Then, in dismounting, to the mob thus said,
 "They're arron foos ot six-pence pein for one,
 While for o shilling I ha six jobs done.

But still they're bigger foos that live e pein,
 When good seawnd teeth mey choance to come ogen."
 The doctor stares—and hastily replies
 'They come again ! not till the dead shall rise,
 One single tooth no more thy jaws shall boast,
 I hold a crown thou ev'ry tooth hast lost.
 " 'Tis done," quoth Hob : and stakes a Charles's crown,
 The Quack as nimbly throws five shillings down.
 Hob takes up all and in a neighbour's hand
 Secures the total : then makes his demand.
 " Measter yo know eawr bet is, that I've lost
 My teeth ; and that I have not none to boast."
 The Quack replies 'tis true ; and what by that ?
 " Why, see I've six neaw o eh meh owd scull-hat.
 Ne sur, if yoan geaw wimmy whom, I'll shew
 Yo e'ry tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo."
 The Quack ill-vex'd he such a bite shou'd meet
 Turn'd on his heel, while Hob said, ' Sur—good neet.'

THE PLURALIST AND OLD SOLDIER.

A soldier maim'd, and in the beggar's list.
 Did thus address a well-fed Pluralist.

Sor.. At *Gundalupe* my leg and thigh I lost,
 No pension have I, tho' its right I boast ;
 Your reverence please some charity bestow,
 Heav'n will pay double—when you're there—
 you know.

Plu. Heaven pay me double ! vagrant—know that I
 Ne'er give to strollers, they're so apt to lye ;
 Your parish, and some work, would you become,
 So haste away—or constable's your doom.

SOL. May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and then,

You'll say I'm poorer than the most of men :
When *Malbro* sieged *Lisle*, I first drew breath,
And there my father met untimely death ;
My mother follow'd, of a broken heart,
So I've no friend, or parish, for my part.

PLU. I say, begone :—with that he loudly knocks,
And timber-toe began to smell the stocks ;
Away he stumps—but in a rood, or two,
He clear'd his weasand, and his thoughts broke thro'.

SOL. This 'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach
Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach ;
But their disguise, to common sense, is thin ;
A pocket button'd ;—hypocrite within.
Send me, kind heav'n, the well-tann'd captain's face
Who gives me twelve-pence, and a curse, with grace,
But let me not, in house, or lane, or street,
These treble-pension'd-parsons ever meet ;
And when I die, may I still number'd be
With the rough soldier, to eternity.

JOHN OF GAUNT'S LEASES IMITATED.

APRIL, 1759.

By this, R——d T——y, of B——d, doth grant
To *John Clegg*, the dyer, three things he doth want,
The dye-house, as he many years hath it held,
With leave for two tenters to stand i'th greave-field ;

Which tenters do fence near the north and east sides;
 One likewise the field into two now divides:
 The brow, or the lower part, of the said field,
 Together with all above mention'd, I yield
 Unto the said dyer, for his life and mine,
 Or whether lives longer: but then I confine
 Him duly to pay me and mine, ev'ry year,
 Three pounds of good money, and I'll taxes bear.
 One half he at *Whitsuntide* strictly shall pay,
 The other as duly each *Martinmass* Day.
 To shew that the dyer this lease did not steal,
 Behold, here I fix both my hand, and my seal.
 Sign'd and Seal'd this Day, before
 Two sober Mortals, and no more.

A N O T H E R.

I R——d T——y, of B——d, the Younger,
 Do grant to *John Collier*, for whether lives longer,
 The *Wheat Field*, and th' *Bylings*, the rent four
 pounds ten,
 Which payment neglected, are both mine again:
 That my Heirs may take notice, know all that this
 came
 From my hearty good will, so I here write my name,
 Sign'd this Day, *sans fraud*, or guiles
 Before JAMES HASLAM,
 and
 Dec. 10, } J. FILDES.
 1758. }

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND LAY-MISER'S SPECULUM.

A BYMING SERMON, ON THE DECEASE OF DR. FORSTER,
THE PLURALIST,

From James, Chap. v. Ver. 1, 2, 3.

Go to, ye Rich Men, weep and howl, ye know
Your garments moth-eat : riches canker'd grow :
The rust shall eat your flesh, like fires that glow.

Hear this, ye gripes—ye blind infatite crew,
Whose hoards abound—whose heirs and friends are
few.

And your own fate in *Forster's* glass here view.

What's now become of all his griping schemes,
Of hoarding wealth, which foster'd silken dreams?
The flash is vanish'd like our northern gleams ! (a)

The sweetest consolations riches yield (b)
Fly quick, and whither, like a flower o'th' field (c)
You trust a broken reed—a crazy shield ! (d)

Woe to your misers—you that live at ease,
Who swallow up the poor, your wealth to increase,
Your mis'ries come : but tell me when they'll cease. (e)

Can racking tenants, and your treasur'd wealth
Give calm content, or purchase balmy health ?
Or bribe grim Death from creeping on by stealth ?

No,—here you're feeble !—tho' this gloomy thought
Torments the mind, that time will not be bought,
Tho' bags, and chests, with mighty gold are fraught.

(a) Prov. xxiii. 5. (b) Luke xii. 20. (c) Luke vi. 23.
(d) James i. 1, 11. (e) James v. 1.

Consider, now, if sordid pelf will gain
A seat in bliss, or ease one dying pain?
If not, from squeezing of the poor refrain.

**Expand your narrow minds—your bags untie ;
Nor tremble when you give a groat, for why ?
Your God will slip you, when you come to die. (f)**

Relieve the wants, and cherish the sad heart
Of your poor neighbours, who endure the smart
Of meagre want, that pierces like a dart. (g)

But *Forster's* gone, whose life we thought was
wrong,
And tho' the Devil at the Court be throng,
He'll fetch—who starts?—another e'er't be long.

FROM A SCOTCH GENTLEMAN, AT GLAS-
GOW, TO HIS FRIEND IN MANCHESTER.

SIR,

I mind your kindness, care, and pains
To shaw yer city, streets, and laues :
Yer stately faubrics, on yer toors
Mognificent, bet net lik ours :
Then te yer Kirk conducted me,
The waa o worship there to see,
Wher auld bog-whistles sooned high,
And quiristers did joyn the cry :
But dills the soond to grate the ear
Of a North-British Presbyter.

(f) Prov. xxiii. 5. (g) Eccles. xi. 1, 2.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

Thau you hawfe-brether Scoat de ken
 My peins to shaw awr toon, whot then,
 Ye sleetght aur fawbricks, streets an toors
 As net so stately queet as yours :
 Yet know, an auld aux-chest may hoold
 Mare wealth, than screwtore gelt with goold :
 And in aur streets mare baubees pass to
 Yen another, than a Glasgow.

But yet I've something to say mare man,
 Ye de net leek awr awld-kirk organ;
 Bet thinks a gude bog-peep soonds sweeter
 Thon that at Rawme play'd in St. Peter :
 Bet where's the marvel of aw this ?
 Trampets flay pigs, and ools, and geese.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER, FROM A WELCH
 CONSTABLE TO A COUNTRY INN
 KEEPER.

To ETWART TAVIS.

I was have it Warrant from too Shustices Pace,
 which make Orter upon me, to make Orter upon
 you, to make your Peer, at Mrs. Worrall of Ret-lion
 FAUR, upon the 17th tay of Shuly ness, to give cose
 why you was not take it te Licensse for sell Ale like
 unto oter Peoples—Ay—ant to give it a very
 goot cose too ; why te Shustice which poth all too,
 is very goot mans, will not give it his warrant upon

you to levy upon your Goots and Kattles—So te Worts of the Warrant is.

Ay—ant inteet, I to tell unto you, it is a very pig shame why you was not take it like all te Popolls in te *Comtozeth*. For what purpose our goot Prenin make it so goot Law, ant you was not mint hur? Hit was as goot for the Prenin, cot pless hur, make it no Law, as make Law, was no poty keep hur.

Ay—and you make te too pig fool upon our too Shustice ant tat is very true inteet—for they poth all too was sent to you two times, ant make spoke to you very fronteoll put you was very pig agry, ant passuant, ant say, cot tam our goot Prenin! Shustises! Parlamen! constapls an all!—Put now I will tell unto you, pi cot—the Shustices poth all took very much agar at you: ay ant inteet it will pe petter for you to come without making a pig troost: ay, ant a pig costis upon yourself ant will hurt your Fameel.—I do devise you to take my conger, or it will be worse for you: for you to know I was upon my swear to my Smyth: And pi cot hur will to hur.

Tis is a very gut notice from me to you: ant I was summon hur upon te twenty tays of Shune, 1758.

John Jones of Goskisa Cunstap—for the Wrexhom Regi—una Sheer—Timpy—ant John Skefton is my Prother Cunstap, and was upon the same Thinks with me—in poth—pith I was say ant to Farewell to you

A LANCASHIRE LETTER,

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

DIRECTED TO MR. JOHN SCOLFIELD, IN CHURCH LANE,
ROCHDALE.

Desamber 10

1723.

Frاند *John Sofeld* I hafe sand you a Barle of Osters by *John Tester* and I dasire you to sand me word ou you Lick tham fo I bock the baste I could in oll *London* ; and the man said he wold hophould them to kep a fornet. But I would hafe you to youes tham oscoun as yo can ConfeneLy and I desire you to sand me worde whear you wel hafe a hole Barel or hafe one the nackes Gorenne But if ther be ane outhor sorte that you thank you can like Better nor tham that I hafe sand you, I desire you to lat me no, and I will do Bast I can for you in any respeck, the ousters cost 3 shelen and I had writ to you forenou Bout I hafe had no time to do nothing at all for whe hafe had a sad mesforton at ouer house for whe hafe had ouer house Brocke and whe hafe about 40 or 50 poundesworth of plate stole out of side Bourde, and afers Bede sad thaat sarfens most Be gelte of et, and I was nefer in so much troubel about nothing in all my Life: But my mesters and I whant to *Johnten whild* thef Cakcher in the *ould Bale* & he toulds hou the got in house, my mistres sade she was glad that har sarfeens was clare and there was another hous Bronk thes Last nite in our stret Bout got 20 shelens in hapens in a grocers shope and the wack satham and the ranawase and I bought a congel crouke for *Henry Bamfoad*, and et came douns in a

bockes to mrs. *stott* and I horderd tham to Lefard to you, and I resafed 2 shilen torder, and et et cost hafe a croune, and I desire you to tl hem that tha ma grencke the 6 penes amonche them in the shope Mr. *Scofeld* I desire you to gife my sarfes to hefere body that hackes hafter me. sonomore bot your most homble sarvant

ROBERT SHORE,

ANOTHER FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Hollkom Fery 26 1752

Robert Ashworth you must order that Pes that I Leveret you to this Pateran and you must Goo to witit her, and tak 1 pes of *Allecksonder Weikater*. It Is Rert op to chemlepes In Grates It is a finewon that you most Get et A doboll bllu and dou your in Dever for me as I Lii o gret wee of for I want them In my Shop. Put Som Sop to them and I will pee you.

A YORKSHIRE LETTER

TO AN ATTORNEY FOR HIS ADVICE.

SUR

Ganging dreely odt' Lopn anent t' Brigg weest cout adt' ton Hond, an o Poke o' Masfledin on him, an a bran Spau New Skeelee it tuther, ot i'd gust gean yan on Eleimpence for: grievly Illfav'r'd Key o *Jonny Lunds* lawpt fru amangst Whinns, Or I thout theyd baith a gaen full burr ower me: sa I punctht Dout to gar him gan odt toan side, an he bein Skaddle ga file a Lawp ok if war sore flay'd

wod a swithurt ma intuit Dyke. Sa I war fain to lig
t'Skeele ot Grund an click hawd odt Poke, an while
I war doin tat, yan odt Kye whimled ower it, trade
ent, on dang it to tatters. Query Sur, Woont *Jonny
Lund* be like to make Satisfackshon ?

E P I T A P H S.

ON JO. GREEN, LATE SEXTON AT ROCHDALE.

Here lies *Jo. Green*, who arch has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful Death, 'till, out of breath,
He threw away his Spade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning Knave,
Came, soft as wind, poor *Jo.* behind,
And push'd him int' his grave.
Reader, one tear, if thou hast one in store,
Since *Jo. Green's* tongue and chin can wag no more

ON MR. JOHN HAMER, MATHEMATICIAN, LATE OF
ROCHDALE.

Ho, Passenger! see who lies here;
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing;
'Tis *Hamer*, the Philosopher,
Whose bellows have done blowing,
An arch and jovial wight he was,
And skill'd in Newton's notions;
He could demonstrate by his glass,
The twirl o'th' heavenly motions.
Copernicus's system he
Prov'd true, by quart and candle;
And harvest-moons, familiarly,
Like full punch-bowls did handle.

Ah me! what pity 'tis he's gone!
 Say, Mortals, how it could be,
 That he was cramm'd beneath this stone,
 Where fools and misers should be.

ON DR. FORSTER, LATE VICAR OF ROCHDALE.

Full three feet deep beneath this stone
 Lies our late Vicar *Forster*,
 Who clipp'd his sheep to th' very bone,
 But said no Pater Noster.
 By ev'ry squeezing way, 'tis said,
 Eight hundred he rais'd yearly:
 Yet not a six-pence of this paid
 To th' Curate——this looks queerly!
 His tenants all now praise the Lord
 With hands lift up, and clapping,
 And thank grim death, with one accord,
 That he has ta'en him napping.
 To *Lambeth's* Lord now let us pray,
 No *Pluralist* he'll send us;
 But should he do't, what must we say
 Why——Lord above defend us!

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

A yard beneath this heavy stone,
 Lies Jack of-all-Trades, good at none,
 A Weaver first, and then School Master;
 A Scrivener next: then Poetaster,
 A Painter, Graver, and a Fluter,
 And Fame doth whisper, a C——r;
 An Author, Carver, and Hedge Clark:
 E' Whoo-who-who, whot whofoo wark!
 He's laft um aw, to lie ith dark!

THE
BATTLE OF THE FLYING DRAGON
AND THE
MAN OF HEATON.

Spectatum admissirum teneatis ?

HOR. AGR. POET. VER. 5.

TO THE READER.

I have very little to say to thee, O my Friend ;
only, I hope by the following short Poem
thou wilt see, that I wish Englishmen would
be content to be Englishmen, both in dress
and politicks.

FAREWELL.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Lancashire Beau being at London fell in love
with the large pig-tails and ear-locks, and conse-
quently brought the French toys with him to Lan-
caster ; business calling him to Sunderland, on that
coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he
mounts his courser, dress'd in the pig-tail, ear-locks,
&c. a la mode de Fra. The toy roll'd on his shoulders

till the blasts blew away both that, and the ear-locks, they being fastened to the tail with black ribbons.

A country man coming that way, and seeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a Flying-Dragon, and, after mature deliberation, resolved to kill it. This produced three battles ; at the latter end of which (the wind ceasing, and the pig tail lying still) he thought he had manfully perform'd. Elated with the exploit, he twists his stick in the ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as boys commonly do adders ; till meeting the Rector of Heysham, he was, with much ado, convinced ; and then in great confusion sneak'd away, leaving his Reverence in possession of the monster ; who still keeps it at Heysham, and often shews it with much diversion to his friends

THE FLYING DRAGON AND THE MAN OF HEATON.

What man alive tho' e'er so wise,
With spaniel's nose, and eagle's eyes,
Can tell this hour, what th' next will fling us,
Or whether joy or sorrow bring us ;
That no dispute there needs of this,
The Man of Heaton witness is ;
A man he was, and very stout,
But whether quite so wise, some doubt,
And as my muse dare not decide,
The foll'wing facts must be our guide.
So leaving him in doubtful mood,
Let's hint at one more understood.

Our other hero, for we've two,
Hight Mijnheer Skyppo Vanderloo,
Was late arriv'd from that fam'd city,
Half French, half English—ah, what pity !
Where courtiers, pensioners, and place-men,
By frequent in's, and outs, disgrace men :
Where doughty Squires to Knights are vamp'd ;
Where half-thick Lords to Earls are stamp'd
Where all the arts of jockey-ship
Are us'd, as at the Turf and Whip ;
Where one throws out his dearest brother,
And Statesmen jostle one another ;
Who lay their megrim brains together
To make our feet find their own leather.

Our eyes must see, sans sun or candle,
 And in the day mope—dingle dangle;
 Where bribery's the chiefest trade,
 And laws against our interest made;
 Where Britain's fate is—hum—decided,
 And all 'mongst w—s and r——s divided!
 But stay! shou'd I their actions paint
 Our heads wou'd ach; our hearts wou'd faint;
 So leaving them and their grand squabble,
 My muse of better things shall babble.

This man I say was just come down,
 From that French-pig-tail foppish town,
 As gay as daw, in borrowed plumes,
 And all the airs of fop assumes.

His Ramille secundum artem,
 Was toss'd up,—bless me,—ah—ad fa-t-m!
 His earlocks too—! near eyebrows plac'd
 His countenance genteelly grac'd,
 A pig-tail dangling to his ———,
 (O Truth, 'tis thou that shames my verse,)
 Be'ing tagg'd with curious shining hair,
 In various colours did appear,
 With powder dusted; smooth'd by Tonsure,
 He look'd as grand as Monkey Monsure!

His nag high mettl'd shin'd like raven,
 Both sire and dam, of blood in Craven:
 He mounted, hem'd—fill'd cheeks with wind;
 Spur'd nag—(who answer'd from behind)
 Awaw he flew.—Now boisterous Boreas,
 Vex'd to see man so vainly glorious,
 Resolv'd this champion's pride to humble,
 And make his furious courser stumble,

But finding soon this scheme to fail,
 He aimed his force at the pig-tail,
 And whisk'd it round both back and shoulder,
 Still he rode on—and still look'd bolder!
 Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,
 At ear-locks blew, with might and main,
 Not dreaming of their b'ing ally'd,
 And to the tail so closely ty'd.
 All Skyppe's head attire so gay,
 The blast had nearly blown away,
 When Fortune raising ruffl'd hand,
 Kept wig and beaver on their stand;
 But pig-tail with the ear-locks new,
 Away with Boreas waving flew,
 Our hero spruce ne'er miss'd the toy,
 But rode for Sunderland with joy;
 Thinking to shew the fashion new,
 Which sight wou'd make one laugh—or spew.

PART II.

But who comes next—! The Man of Heaton,
 Whose very name old time hath eaten:
 For authors in this point do vary;
 Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry*,
 But I incline for private reason
 To call him *Oamfrey*, at this season;
 And sometimes *Noamp*, perhaps may fit,
 As suits my rhyme, or helps my wit.
 But on he comes;—and Fame rehearses
 His nose, two feet before his —— is;
 A trusty knob-stick fill'd his hand,
 And thought no power cou'd him withstand
 When lo—! his lifted eyes assail

A long, black, thing ; with wings and tail !
 The wings quick moving with the wind :
 The tail in curls, turn'd up behind :
 So *Oamfrey* stops his sauntering course,
 And unto musing had resourse.
 Then stamp'd his knob-stick on the ground,
 And crying in amaze profound,
 I'th neme o'Jesus, say—whot' art ;
 'That two black tungs fro meawth con dart ?
 Whoos twisted body's like the hurn
 O'that fem'd beecost the Unicorn !
 I say, whot art ? Ith' neme o'God—!
 My stick shall—howd—I've heard a rod
 Of willow, will demolish soon
 The direst snake below the moon.

With that stout *Noamp* his thwittle drew,
 And on the edge three times he blew ;
 Then from the hedge, he in a crack,
 Brings a tough willow with him back ;
 But whilst the leaves he from it strips,
 Across the lane the Dragon skips !
 Quoth he—I see theaw'rt marching off,
 Boh howd o bit ;—this willow tough
 Shall, if strength fail not, stop thy flight ;
 So strikes the pig-tail with his might,
 And cry's out boh— ! then quick returns ;
 Then gives a stroke—then backward runs,
 The monstrous animal up flew,
 And *Oamfrey* starting, quick withdrew :
 His eyes oth' stare ; his face grew pale ;
 With open mouth he view'd the tail,
 Which briskly wanton'd in the wind ;
 Then swore—It's of the dragon-kind !

On deep reflection he grew tardy,
 And thought it sin to be fool-hardy.
 If I con seve meh sell, quoth he,
 Whot's Flying-Dragon's unto me?
 There con no wisdom be I trow,
 In feighting things we dunnaw know;
 For should it chonce fly e meh fece
 I'm deeo'd os tripe—witheawt God's grece;
 So Oamfrey he the wand threw down,
 Took up his stick, and march'd for town.

 PART III.

Two roods he had not gone before,
 A blast of wind the monster bore,
 Within two yards of Oamfrey's stick,
 Which vex'd our hero to the quick.
 Quo Noamp, be this I plenely see
 It mun be oather thee or me:
 And sin 'tis so, I'll never run,
 Boh kill or dee before eh done.

Then in a passion from his hand
 He threw his stick, and fetch'd the wand;
 And poor pig-tail with courage fresh,
 And all his might began to thresh;
 But still the Dragon kept the field,
 Cock'd up his tail, and scorn'd to yield.

This furious combat by report,
 Did last till Oamfrey's stick grew short,
 And a cessation, as fame reckons,
 Continued, till he got fresh weapons.
 But Oamfrey having luck to find
 A weapon to his murdering mind,

Says softly thus unto himself,
 Theaw feights for honour, not for pelf;
 And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
 Thy feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out,

Then hemming twice—spits on his hand.
 And snatches up the magic wand,
 Resolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
 So strikes with all his might the Dragon :
 And thus the battle was renew'd,
 And both sides to their tackle stood.

Again fierce Oamfrey's stick did dwindle
 Into the length of common spindle;
 But thinking now the battle gain'd,
 Because he with no blood was stain'd ;
 Resolv'd to fetch another switch,
 To kill outright this Dragon-witch.

Now while this third great duel lasted,
 Fierce Oamfrey's strength was almost wasted.
 The Dragon too, now wanting breath,
 Had syptoms of approaching death ;
 And ev'ry member seem'd to fail :
 He hardly stirring wing or tail;
 For Boreas likewise tir'd at length
 Had quite exhausted all his strength,
 And all was hush—so Fortune gave
 The field and battle to the brave !
 And pig-tail lies as still as stone,
 As tho' to live it ne'er had known ;
 And thus the Dragon here was slain,
 Whilst Oamfrey lives to fight again.

PART IV.

Our hero's courage none can doubt;
 Nor love of fame was he without,
 For when this glorious feat was done
 And such a victory fairly won,
 Ambitious Oamfrey in a crack,
 Put kersey coat on sweating back;
 And then with cautious stare he view'd
 The Dragon; which he'd hack'd and hew'd;
 But still it prov'd above his ken,
 And as it might do, to wiser men.

Here Oamfrey musters up his senses,
 And pride threw down all meek pretences;
 So he resolv'd he'd boldly bear,
 In triumph, all the spoils of war.
 With this intent his ample foot
 Held down the pig tail, whilst he put
 His stick within the frizzl'd hair,
 And thus before him did it bear.

Ten furlongs he'd triumphing past,
 But met no mortal man or beast:
 When lo—! he met with heart full gleesome,
 The Rev'rend Rector, stil'd of Heysham.
 The parson star'd, whilst Oamfrey held
 The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd:
 And after clearing up his weasand,
 He query'd thus, to know the reason.

Why Oamfrey man! what have you got
 Upon your stick? That I know not.

Where did you find the tawdry thing?
 Tawdry—! quo Noamp—! why, 't has a sting.
 A sting man—! nay, no more than you:
 Byth' mass, good parson, that's naw true:
 Look at its tungs—; its sting's ith tele,
 Or else I'm sure my senses fail.
 True—; quoth his Rev'rence, that may be,
 And in that point we both agree:
 But if my eyes, like thine, don't fail
 It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail.
 A pigtele, pars'n! that's good fun:
 No moor thin bacco pipe's a gun;
 Why, 'twas alive ten minutes since,
 An that I'll swear, be King or Prince;
 Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,
 And that no swine-tele, or his sneawt
 Cou'd ever doo, sin Noah's flood:
 An this I will maintene for good.

The Rector laugh'd, and Noamp look'd sour,
 For to convince he wanted pow'r:
 Nor cou'd Nòamp to his thoughts give vent,
 As anger cork'd up argument.

His Rev'rence then began again
 To reason thus: Why, look ye man:
 This is black silk: and this is hair;
 Feel—and believe—you need not stare.
 Not stare? Why pars'n did naw you
 Affirm just neaw, o thing naw true;
 Did naw yo sey it wur a pig-tele,
 Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a snig-tele;
 Why man! but so they call the thing;
 You see't has neither head nor sting:

These ribbands are to tye it on,
As you shall see, I'll do anon.

His Rev'rence then his wig took off,
And Noamp began to hem and cough;
His doubts he found to disappear,
And that he'd got wrong sow by th' ear:
For as the parson was adjusting,
Things grew the more, and more disgusting.
But when he put o'er all his wig;
"The D—I ta' yer tele o' pig!—
"What sense is there e tele so black,
"That's teed toth' heed, an rows o'th back:
"If they'd ha things weh netur jump,
"The tele shou'd awlus ston o'th rump;
"That fok moot know oytech foolish brat
"For munkey greyt, or meawntin cat.
"Boh gawbies neaw gin kers'n nemes
"To things, naw hardly fit for flames."
So Oamfrey grumbling budg'n away,
But neither bad good night, or day.

The Rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again,
At Oamfrey's notions thro' the scene;
And took the pig-tail with him home,
For sport to friends in time to come;
And keeps it to this very day
At Heysham, as many authors say.

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A GLOSSARY
OF
WORDS AND PHRASES
CHIEFLY USED AND
UNDERSTOOD IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS
OF SOUTH-LANCASHIRE;
BEING THE
GLOSSARY OF TIM BOBBIN,
REVISED, CORRECTED, AND CONSIDERABLY
ENLARGED.

1850.

A GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS AND PHRASES.

NOTE.

Obs. for obsolete; rm. for rhyme; pl. for plural.

Ab , abby, Abraham.	A'fterins , the latter milk from a cow.
Abé , alone, quiet. "Let meh abe." Dont interfere with me.	Agáit , in the performance of a thing.
A'bbo , aye but. "Abbo aw conno"—aye but I cannot.	Agén , again.
Abóon , above, more.	Agóg , desirous, earnest.
Accéawnt , account.	Aighs , an adze.
Acorn , acorn.	Ail , to be ill; Ailment , illness.
A'ctilly , actually.	Aint , aunt; Ainty , aunty.
Ackersprit , a potato with roots at both ends.	Alley , a white marble to play with.
Acwórd , accord; Acwordin , according.	An , and, also if.
Addle , to earn; Addlt , earned; Addlin , earning	Ancliv , ancle.
Adóo , labour, pains-taking. "They maydn mitch adoo on him."	Annént , opposite to.
Adzóoks , Adzouks , exclamations.	A'ppern , apron, a part of dress.
	Appo , an apple.
	Ar , are.
	Ark , a large chest.
	Arnt , errand.
	Arr , a mark, a scar.

Arran, arrant, downright,
notorious.

Arsewood } backward, un-
Arsud } willing.

Arsey-varsy, heels over
head.

A'rto, art thou? Artono,
art thou not?

Ax, ask; Ast, asked;

Axin, asking.

Asker, a newt.

Ashe, ask; Ashin, asking;
Asht, asked; Ashn,
plural of ask.

Ashelt, likely, probable.

Ashler, free-stone.

A stite, as soon.

Atthatns, in that way; in
that manner.

At'll, }
Ut'll, } that will.

At't, at it.

Aw, I, as "aw went."

Awf, an elf; a sprite.

Aw'kert, awkward.

Awlúng, all owing to, oc-
casioned by.

Awlus, always.

Awméety, Almighty.

Awnsert, answered.

Awse, to offer; Awst,
offered; Awsin, offering.

Awsler, ostler.

Aw-upon-the, out upon
thee.

Awts, refuse of hay; left
meat.

Awtter, to alter; Awtttert,
altered; Awtterin, al-
tering.

Aw ttercáshun, alterca-
tion.

Awvish, queer, peevish.

Aye, yes.

Bah, a babe; a picture or
print in a book.

Bab-rags, clothes for a
doll; play things.

Babby, a babe.

Bacco, tobacco.

Backurt, backward.

Bailie, a bailiff.

Backin, the slope of a
rampart, of a fence of
earth.

Badger, a provision
dealer.

Baggin, bagging; lunch.

Baggin time, lunch time.

Bakstone, bakestone.

Baley, or Barley, to be-
speak, "aw baley that."

Bálderdash, trash; non-
sense.

Ball, the stem of a tree.

Bállis, bellows.

Bállly, belly.

Bállly-warch, belly ache.

Ban, to curse.

Bandyhewit, an ironical
 term applied to a dog.
 Bang, to beat, also to
 excel; "that bangs o."
 Bángin, great, excelling.
 Bánkreawt, bankrupt.
 Bárkle, to stick to; to
 adhere.
 Bárklt, covered with dirt
 adhering.
 Barm, yeast.
 Bárm-skin, a leathern
 apron.
 Barn, a child.
 Bant, a string, a cord.
 Bantlin, an infant.
 Bantin, cord, small twine
 Barst, burst.
 Baste, to beat, to satu-
 rate meat whilst roast-
 ing.
 Bástin, beating, saturat-
 ing.
 Bastert, bastard.
 Bastertly, like a bastard.
 Bastertly Gullion, child
 of a bastard.
 Batt, to beat; Battin,
 beating.
 Bate, to abate; to dimi-
 nish.
 Bátement, a subtraction,
 an allowance.
 Batter, liquid paste.
 Battril, a strong flat piece

of hard wood, with
 which women used for-
 merly to batt or beat
 their linen when wash-
 ing. It was also oc-
 casionally used to
 stretch or smooth linen,
 which was wrapped
 tightly round it, and
 pressed by a weight
 being placed on the
 top. Sometimes the
 good dames would eco-
 nomise, time by sitting
 upon the linen and
 battril, whilst they gos-
 siped, or carded wool,
 or knitted hose.
 Bawk, a beam of timber;
 also to baulk, disap-
 point.
 Bawks, timbers, beams;
 disappoints.
 Bawkin, disappointing.
 Bawm, the herb balm.
 Báwttert, dirtied, plaster-
 ed with mud.
 Bawtry, dirty, miry.
 Be, by; Belady, by our
 lady.
 Beawl, to bowl; Beawls,
 bowls; Beawlin, bowl-
 ing.
 Beawlt, bowled; Beawltn,
 pl. of bowled.

Beawn, going to set off. "Awm beawn to start."	Behínt, behúnd, behúnt, be-índ, behind.
"Awm beawn to Rach- da."	Behóud, behold.
Beawnce, to bownce ; aw beawnce, pl. we beawn- cent.	Behóud'n, beholden, ob- ligated.
Beawncer, bouncer.	Belady, by our lady the virgin.
Beawnty, bounty.	Bélladen, near Edenfield.
Beawt, without ; " beawt shoon."	Belakins, a common in- terjection.
Becóse, because.	Belike, surely ; " he'll do it belike."
Béd-geawn, a woman's open vest, with sleeves.	Bell, to roar, to cry out.
Béd-stid, bedstead.	Béllin, roaring ; Bell'd, roared ; Belln, pl. of bell.
Bee-boe, a child's cradle.	Béllart, a bull's ward.
Been, active, nimble.	Berm, yeast.
Beest, milk yielded after calving.	Berr, force, rapidity.
Beést'n, a place in Che- shire,	Bérrid, buried.
Beet, to kindle ; " beet th' foyer." Also a herb.	Best bib and tucker, best female garments.
Beétin, kindling ; Beétn, kindle ; Beetnt, we kindled.	Bésses, Betsy's.
Beét-need, one applied to in need only.	Bésses oth' Barn, at Prestwich.
Beétin-bóbbin, a bobbin with thread on, from which a weaver pieces his warp.	Bet, Betsy.
Beézum, a broom.	Bethought, recollected ; called to mind.
Begant', began to ; Be- gúnt', begun to.	Béter, better ; the accent strong on the first syl- lable.
	Beyéd, behead, decapitate
	Bézzil, embezzle, purloin
	Bézzilt, purloined ; put aside.

- Bib**, a child's breast-cloth
Bibbin, tippling; bibber, a tippler; bibbn, pl. of bib.
Bigg, to build; "he biggd yon heawse."
Biggin, a house, a building; bigg'n, pl. of bigg.
Bill, a hedging tool; the beak of a bird; also William.
Bin, been; rm. with in.
Binn, a chest for provender; a wine-stack.
Birch, a hamlet near Middleton.
Birkle, Birtle, as now erroneously spelled, a place near Bury.
Bishop, a child's pin-fore.
Bit, a small part.
Bith'-mass, by the mass; a common exclamation.
Bitter, bitter; the accent strong on the first syllable.
Bitter bump, the bittern.
Bla, to bleat; blain, bleating; blaen, they bleat.
Blab, to tattle; blabbin, tattling; blabn, they tattle.
Blachinworth, a hamlet near Rochdale.
Blackstonedged, a ridge dividing Lancashire and Yorkshire.
Blain, a small boil, a sore.
Blash, a flash; a sudden burst; "a blash o foyer."
Blaúnders, the glanders in a horse.
Bleawze, a blouse, a slop.
Bleawzy, dull, stupid, drowsy.
Bleb, a blob, a small bubble.
Blédder, bladder.
Bléffin, a block of wood.
Bléffin-yed, a blockhead.
Bléther, to blubber, to cry.
Blid, blood, "Odds-blid," a common interjection.
Blinkert, a blinkard, blind of one eye; near sighted.
Blob, to tattle; blobbin, tattling; blobd, tattled; blobn, pl. of blob; blobber, one who blobs, as a bubble.
Blonk, blank.
Blózzum, blossom.
Blund, blind.
Blurr, a blot, an abrasion.
Bluz, to chafe, to rub, to abrade.

- Bo', but: "Abbo' aye
 but."
 Boady, bawdy, obscene.
 Boe, a dumpling; "a pot-
 boe;" also a bow; also
 a ball to play with.
 Boadle, half a farthing.
 Bobbersom, obtrusive,
 impatient. "Dunno
 be so bobbersome."
 Boarshaw, Boarshaw
 cloof, near Middleton.
 Bóckin, coarse flannel.
 Bode, bald; also bawd..
 Bode-yed, bald head.
 Boof, bough of a tree,
 shaft of a cart; boovs,
 boughs, shafts.
 Bog, a bug, a louse; the
 o sounded broad.
 Boggart, a spirit, an ap-
 parition.
 Boggart-hole, a place in
 Blackley.
 Boggle, to hesitate, to be
 afraid.
 Boh or bo, the aspiration
 short; but.
 Boll, a boggart.
 Boll howt, Boll-holt, near
 Bury.
 Bonk, bank, a slope.
 Bonk-füll, bank-full.
 Bonny, handsome, charm-
 ing.
- Bonny-broo, Bonny-brow
 at Rhodes, Middleton.
 Borrod, borrowed.
 Boskin, a stall in a ship-
 pon.
 Boose, cow's stall.
 Boss, a fat lazy woman;
 "lazy boss," "brawsn
 boss," are common
 terms of reproach.
 Boother, a boulder, a
 stone.
 Bootherstone, Bolder-
 stone, near Rochdale.
 Botch, to mend clumsily.
 Bo'th', but the.
 Bowe, a bowl, a vessel.
 Bowd, bold.
 Bowlée, near Middleton.
 Bowster, bolster, a pil-
 low; a carriage for
 timber.
 Bowt, to bolt, to run
 away; also a bolt of
 iron; and bought.
 Bowt rushes, the finest
 of rushes, from which
 are made the ornamen-
 tal bowts (bolts) for
 rush carts; Thunner-
 bewt, is the fall of
 lightning; and Edther-
 bowt, is the dragon-fly.
 Boyern, to rince, to wash
 out.

- Boyernt, rinsed, washed.
 Boyernín, rincing.
 Brabble, } Squab-
 Brabblement, } bling,
 Brangle, } falling
 Branglement, } out.
 Bradd, spread abroad.
 Braggot, new ale spiced
 and sugared (obs.)
 Braid, bread.
 Braid-flake, a corded
 frame hung from the
 ceiling, on which the
 flat oaten cakes used
 in Lancashire are
 placed to dry and be-
 come brittle.
 Brandlesome, near Bury.
 Brandwood, a district in
 Rossendale.
 Brass, copper money.
 Brast, }
 Brasted, } burst.
 Brat, a child; also an
 apron.
 Brattle, to spend money
 on trifles; to dissipate
 property. "He's brat-
 tlt o' away."
 Brawns, stuffed with
 meat, gorged.
 Brazent, brazen, impu-
 dent.
 Breawn, brown, a co-
 lour.
- Bree, the liquor of a
 stew; also fear.
 Breed, frightened. "He's
 quite breed."
 Breek, brick, also bricks.
 Breer, briar.
 Breéther, brother.
 Brekfust, breakfast.
 Brewert, sprouting of
 vegetables. "Yo'n a
 fine brewert o' pota-
 toes."
 Brewis, oat-cake toasted,
 and soaked in strong
 broth or stew; or the
 bree of swine's meat.
 Brewster, a brewer.
 Breyd, a shelf.
 Brid, a bird.
 Briggs, irons to set over
 the fire (obs.)
 Brim, the rim, the edge
 of a thing.
 Brim-ful, full to the rim.
 Brindlt, of mixed colours.
 "Thrice the brindled
 cat."
 Britchil, brittle.
 Broddle, to assume, to
 swagger. "See heav
 he broddles."
 Brodlin, assuming, swag-
 gering.
 Brodlin-fussuck, an igno-
 rant, presuming woman.

- Brog**, a swampy place.
 (obs.)
Broggin, to fish for eels,
 with a pole, a line, and
 plummet, or by putting
 a hoose and worm on a
 small twig and thrust-
 ing them into holes
 where eels lie. (This
 term is either obsolete
 or but little used.)
Brokn, broken.
Broo, brow of a hill, the
 forehead
Brone, a boar.
Bruck, brook.
Bruit, to make a talk of.
Bruited, much talked
 about.
Brun, burn; brunt, burn-
 ed; brunnin, burning.
Brunedge, Burnedge, a
 place in Crompton.
Bryèd, to spread.
Bryèdth, breadth.
Bryèdin, spreading.
Bryedn, pl. of spread.
Bryèm, a bream, a fish.
Bryèth, breath.
Bryèthin, breathing.
Bryethen, pl. of breathe.
Bruzzd, bruised, chafed,
 abraded.
Buckth, bulk, size.
Bule, handle of a pot,
 or other utensil.
Bùlloe, a sloe; a wild
 plum.
Buerdshill, a place in
 Castleton.
Bund, bound.
Bunhedge, a hedge of
 twisted sticks.
Bunhorns, briars to wind
 woollen yarn upon.
Bunfoyer, a fire in the
 open air, and probably
 named from the cir-
 cumstance of the wood
 and coal being given
 in small portions as
 boons.
Bunt, to take home wea-
 ver's work.
Buntin, taking home
 work.
Buoy, to buy, pronounced
 as buoy, a sea-mark.
Buoyern, to wash out;
 to rince a vessel.
Buoyernt, washed out,
 rinsed.
Buoyl, a boil, a sore.
Buoyl, to boil water.
Buoylin, boiling.
Buoylt, boiled.
Burly, thick, clumsy,
 powerful. "A great
 burly felly."
Burly-mon, an officer ap-

- pointed at courts-leet, to examine and determine respecting disputed fences.
- Burr, the flower of the large water-dock; the head of a thistle.
- Burn, a burden. "A great burn to carry."
- Busk, to dress smartly. "Come, busk the op." Also a piece of flat wood, worn in front of womens' stays.
- Busk, from Bosk, the name of a place on North-moor, near Oldham.
- Buss, a kiss.
- Butter, butter, pronounced with a stress on the first syllable—but'ter
- Buttery, a place to keep butter in; a pantry.
- Bwon, a bone; Bwony, bony.
- Bwort, a board; Bwordin, boarding; Bwordn, pl. of board.
- Bwoth, both.
- Byedlam, bedlam.
- Byeds, beads.
- Byegle, beagle, a hound.
- Byek, beak of a bird.
- Byem, a beam, timber.
- Byen, a bean, pl. byen.
- Byern-sha, Bearnshaw, near Cliviger.
- Byert, beard.
- Byet, to beat.
- Byetn, beaten.
- Byetin, beating.
- Byes, beasts.
- Byest, a beast.
- Byth', by the, as "byth' mass," "byth' mon."
- Byzen, blind (obs.)
- Cackle, to prate; to talk over much.
- Cadge, to stuff the belly, also to beg (obs.)
- Cadger, a beggar.
- Caldermoor, near Littleborough.
- Cam, to wear awry.
- Cambeshur, a farm in Heaton.
- Cambril, the heel; the fetlock.
- Cam'd, awry, cross, ill-natured.
- Camperknows, ale pot-tage, in which are put sugar, spices, &c.
- Cankart, ill-tempered, peevish.
- Cank, to talk about a thing; Cankin, chatting.
- Cankin-pleck, a place to cank in.

- Cant**, cheerful, comfortable.
Canty, cheerful, chatty.
Cap, to out-do, to exceed.
 "That caps o."
Cappil, a patch on a shoe.
Car'n, the pl. of care.
 "We car'n."
Cark, to be careful, anxious.
Careno, care not.
Carlins, boiled peas eaten on Carę Sunday, the Sunday before Palm Sunday.
Carrid, carried.
Carrin, } carrion.
Carron, }
Curry, red, curdy, rusty.
Carr-weatur, red curdy water.
Carry-pleck, a place boggy with carr-water.
Casey-moor, Kersal-moor.
Cat-hole, a place in Unsworth.
Catter, to lay up, to thrive in the world.
Catterwawin, courting, keeping company as lovers.
Cawbruck, Calderbrook, near Littleborough.
Cawthermoor, Caldermoor, nr. Littleborough.
Cawve or **Kawve**, a calf.
Ceaw or **Keaw**, a cow.
Ceawper, a cooper.
Ceawnsil, counsil.
Ceawrse, course, to run a hare.
Ceawnter, a slow gallop, also a counter.
Ceawnslover, silly, nonsensical talk.
Ceckle, to retort impertinently.
Chaff, to chew, (obs.)
Chap, a man. "Yon chap."
Char, to work at occasional jobs.
Charn, a churn.
Charn-curdle, a churn staff.
Cheamber, } chamber.
Choamber, }
Chen, chain.
Chep, cheap.
Chepn, cheapen.
Chett, cheat; **Chetter**, cheater.
Cheer, chair.
Cheyney, China ware.
Chieve, to prosper.
Chink, to cough violently.
Chinkin, coughing; the chink-cough.
Chilther, children.
Chimley, chimney.

- Chilt, child; Childer, children.
 Choance, chance.
 Choange, change.
 Chomp, to chew.
 Chompin, chewing.
 Choke, chalk, also to suffocate.
 Chops, the cheeks.
 Choughin-yed, a block-head.
 Chuck, a hen, a word to call hens.
 Chunner, to grumble, to murmur.
 Churn-getting, a night-feast after harvest.
 Churn milk, buttermilk.
 Clack, a wordy noise.
 Clap, to put a thing in a place.
 Clate, clatter, tiresome prate.
 Clatter, a noise, a racket.
 Cleaw, a flood-gate at a water course.
 Cleawd, a cloud; cleawdy, cloudy; cleawdin, clouding.
 Cleawkin, Clewkin, twine.
 Cleawkin-grin, a game-snare of twine.
 Cleawn, a clown.
 Cleawt, a clout, a patch.
 Cleawted, patched.
- Cleawtin, patching.
 Cleawtch, to clutch.
 Cleawtches, clutches.
 Cleawtchn, we clutch.
 Cleek, to catch at hastily.
 Cleekin, catching.
 Clem, to starve for want of food; clem'd, famished.
 Clemmin, famishing.
 Clinker, a strong nail for shoes.
 Clip, to embrace, to cling around the neck; clipn, pl. of clip.
 Clivver, clever.
 Cloakn, the sharp part, cramp of a horse-shoe; coakn, the same.
 Clockin, clucking of a hen.
 Clocks, ornaments woven into a stocking. "He's stockings wi clocks."
 Clod, to throw missiles.
 Cloddin, throwing.
 Clodn, pl. of clod.
 Chlog, clog, a shoe with a wooden bottom; the o sounded broad and full, as in doe, roe, woe.
 Chloggy, glutinous, adhesive.
 Clooas, clothes.
 Cloise, close, near to.
 Cloyse, a closure, a field.

- Cloof, a clough, a cleft, a hollow place.
 Clozzum, to embrace, to hold fast, to clutch;
 Clozzums, embraces, clutches; Clozzumt, clutched; pl. clozzumn
 Clum, climed; pl. clumn.
 Clutter, to crowd together.
 Cluttert, strewed thickly, as, "th' felt is cluttert wi daisies."
 Coakn, the sharp part of a horse shoe.
 Cob, a lump, a piece of coal; also to exceed, to surpass, as "that cobs o;" "that's a cobber."
 Cock, a heap, a prominence; "a hay cock."
 Cockers, stockings, hose without feet.
 Coddle, to parboil.
 Coddlt, parboiled.
 Codlin, parboiling; also a particular sort of apple.
 Coe, to call by name, also to asperse, as "he co'd him finely."
 Collop, a slice, as "a collop o' beak'n," a slice of bacon. [ter.
 Collyhurst, nr. Manches-
 Comm, to comb; pl. comn
 Coom, came; pl. coomn.
 Cooth, a cold.
 Comn, Is come, as I am comn, they are comn.
 Con, can; con'to, canst thou; con'tono, canst thou not; con'no, can not; con'ha', can have; con'ni, can I?
 Conny, agreeable, snug.
 Condle, to get angry; probably from, kindles.
 "Lord heaw he condles."
 Consarn, concern; consarnin, concerning.
 Constre, to construe.
 Cop, a ball of spun thread.
 Copster, a spinner.
 Copthroad, a singular elevation of rock near Rochdale.
 Coppi-nook, a place near Oldham.
 Coe'say, a causeway.
 Cor-kin-pin, a large pin.
 Cos'tn, pl. of cost.
 Costril, a small barrel.
 Cote, a cot, a small cottage.
 Cotter, a pin to fasten a bolt.
 Cottert, fastened, secured
 Cowd, cold; also raked together. "He's cowd it ov a rook."

- Cowd-hurst, Cold-hurst,
 on North Moor, Old-
 ham.
 Cowd-greave, Cold-greave
 near Rochdale.
 Cowfe, to cough.
 Cow'kn, a straining to
 voinit (probably obs.)
 Cowm, near Rochdale.
 Cown, Colne in Lanca-
 shire.
 Cowe-rake, a rake for or-
 dure or mud.
 Cowl, a colt; Cowlish,
 frisky, colt-like.
 Coyls, coals; Coyl-rook,
 coal-deposit.
 Crag-cloof, at Chadderton
 Cracklin, a thin cake.
 Cramd, snappish, ill-
 tempered.
 Crap, money. "My crap's
 o' done."
 Cratch, a rack for hay.
 Cratchinly, feebly, weakly
 Creatur, creature.
 Creawd, crowd.
 Creawn, crown.
 Creawntn, we crowned.
 Creawse, amorous, laci-
 vious.
 Creawtch, to crouch.
 Creel, frame to wind yarn
 upon; also a spotted hen
 of a particular breed.
- Creem, to give privately
 "Aw creemt-nipa bit."
 Creemt, put aside.
 Crib, a pen for a calf; a
 small house, or apart-
 ment.
 Crick, a local pain; a ten-
 sion. "A crick ith neck."
 Cricket, a low seat; a log
 of wood used to sit upon.
 "Poo that cricket to'th'
 foyer."
 Crill, to shiver, to chill;
 crilly, chilly.
 Crimble, to crumble; also
 a place near Rochdale.
 Crimble i'th poke, to run
 off a bargain.
 Crink, a pain in the neck;
 a stiffness.
 Crinkle, to bend under a
 weight; to rumple a
 thing.
 Croe, a crow, a rook; to
 crow as a cock.
 Croddy, or craddy, a feat,
 a surpassing act, a
 challenge. "There's
 a croddy;" "he set em
 o' a croddy."
 Crom, to cram; crompy,
 full of action, restless.
 "He's very crompy."
 Crompton, a township
 betwixt Oldham and
 Rochdale.

- Cronk**, the note of a raven; cronky, rough, uneven.
Cronky-shay, Cronky-shaw, a rough barren moor, near Rochdale.
Crony, a true companion.
Crope, crept; croppn, have crept.
Crud, to curdle; cruds, curdled milk; cruddy, curdy; cruddle, to break into curds.
Crummy, crumbly, falling to crumbs.
Crummil, Cromwell.
Crumpy, to be out of humour.
Crumsa, Crumpsal, as now erroneously spelled; formerly Crummesall, a township near Manchester.
Crunner, coroner.
Cruttle, to bend, to sink down from weakness. "He cruttlit to'th yerth;" pl. cruttltn.
Gryez, the creas; measles.
Cub, a whelp; an ignorant, presuming, young person.
Cubbort, a cupboard.
Cuckud, a cuckold.
Cud, could.
- Cudn**, pl. of cud.
Cudd, food part digested of a cow.
Cuddle, to embrace, to fondle.
Cudto, couldst thou? cudtone, cudst thou not; pl. cudn.
Culler, colour; cullert, coloured.
Cumbert, cumbered.
Cunnin, cunning; Cunnin-corner, a place in Saddleworth.
Cup o' sneeze, a pinch of snuff.
Curn, corn.
Curtner, a curtain; curt-ners, curtains.
Cute, acute, quick, penetrative; cütely, acutely, quickly; cuteniss, acuteness.
Cutter, to make much of, as a fowl of her young.
Cword, a cord; cwordin, corling, twine; cworded, corded.
Cworse, coarse.
Cwot, coat.
Cyelin, ceiling.
- Dab**, a blow; also to be quick at anything, "a dab hand."

- Dacker, tickle, unsettled.
 Dad, father (Tad, Celtic.)
 Dade, to hold a child
 suspended under the
 arms, whilst learning
 to walk.
 Dadin, upholding a child
 Dadin-strengs, soft, thick
 bands or strings, from
 which a child depends
 when essaying to walk.
 Daddle, to stagger like a
 child.
 Daffock, a dirty slattern.
 Dagg, to splash, to bemire
 petticoats in walking.
 Daggie, to trail in mire.
 Dagg-tail, a dirty slattern.
 Dalt, dealed; dalt'n, we
 dealed.
 Dandle, to play with; to
 fondle a child.
 Dandy, a pert, conse-
 quential fellow; a ban-
 tam fowl.
 Dane, down, a hollow;
 Booth-dane, near Roch-
 dale.
 Dangan, banging, striking
 Dangus, the same as daf-
 fock.
 Dank, damp; donk, the
 same.
 Dar, dare; darno, dare
 not; darto, darest thou.
- Dartono, darest thou not?
 Dateliss, senseless, fa-
 tuitous.
 Dawnger, danger.
 Dazed, confused, mazed.
 Deawk, to stoop suddenly
 in order to avoid a
 blow. "He deawkt
 deawn, an it mist him."
 Deawkin, stooping; pl.
 deawkn.
 Deawm, dumb.
 Deawn, down; deawnin,
 downing, the finishing
 of a weaver's warp.
 Deasunt, decent.
 Deawt, doubt: dyawt, the
 same: chiefly so ex-
 pressed about Tod-
 morden.
 Dee, die; deecin, dying;
 pl. deedn.
 Dellit, close of day, dusk.
 Deet, to daub, to smear;
 deeted, daubed; deetin,
 daubing, pl. deetn.
 Degg, to wet, to sprinkle,
 to water plants.
 Deggin, watering.
 Deveawer, devour.
 Dhog, dog; the osounded
 broad and full, as in roe,
 woe, foe, and not accord-
 ing to the common pro-
 nunciation, aug, thereby

- producing the refined
 term, daug.
 Didto, didst thou?
 Didtono, didst thou not?
 Didnyo, did you?
 Didnyono, did you not?
 Din, a noise.
 Ding, to knock, to strike,
 to reiterate an accusa-
 tion; the ing sounded
 as in ring. "Hoo
 kept dingin him op."
 Dingin, upbraiding, mak-
 ing a noise.
 Dinge, to indent, to make
 a hollow, to batter.
 Dingt, beaten, indented.
 Dingle, a valley, with
 water running at the
 bottom.
 Disactly, exactly (obs.)
 Dither, to shiver, to
 tremble; dithert, trem-
 bled; ditherin, trem-
 bling; pl. dithertn.
 Dobbly, Robin, Robert.
 Dobbins, a machine for
 weaving figures.
 Doance, to dance.
 Doage, wet, damp.
 Doe, to be healthful.
 Doein, being in health.
 Doesum, healthy.
 Doekin, dull, stupid.
 Doekinly, stupidly.
- Doff, to put off dress.
 Doffin, undressing; pl.
 doffut.
 Doff-cocker, a place near
 Bolton.
 Doldrum, a place near
 Rochdale.
 Dole, a gift, a charity.
 Dollt, } doled.
 Dallt, }
 Dolltin, doling, dividing.
 Donk, damp, wet.
 Don, to put on; to dress.
 Done, rm. with hone, the
 down of feathers.
 Doo, do; dooin, doing.
 Dontles, things to be
 don'd.
 Dossuck, a slovenly wo-
 man.
 Dossy, a slut.
 Dothe, do the; "dothe
 yon wark," do thee yon-
 der work.
 Dowf, dough; dowfy,
 doughy.
 Dowtter, daughter.
 Doytch, a ditch; doytch-
 in, ditchin; doytch-
 back, a rampart above
 a ditch.
 Dozin, slumbering.
 Draff, grains of malt.
 Draight or Dreyght, a
 draught of ale; a team
 of horses.

- Drape, a cow which has
 ceased to yield milk.
 Dreawps, drops.
 Dreawn, drown; dreawnt,
 drowned.
 Dreawsy, drowsy.
 Dree, long, tedious, pro-
 tracted; "a dree road."
 Dreely, deliberately, slow-
 Drey, to draw. [ly.
 Dreyin, drawing.
 Drippins, milk yielded
 the last.
 Droy, to dry with a cloth,
 thirsty.
 Dried, dread; driedful,
 dreadful.
 Dryem, dream; dryempt,
 dreamed; pl. dryemtn.
 Dud, did; dudn, we did.
 Dule, devil; Dule-gate,
 a pass betwixt Tod-
 morden and Bacup.
 Duck, to go under water,
 to stoop suddenly.
 Dule-hole, a place near
 Rochdale.
 Dumps, a thoughtful, con-
 cerned mood.
 Dumpy, short, thick,
 plump.
 Dun, done, completed.
 Dunn, a colour, a pale
 brown. "Meawse cullur
 dunn."
 Dunno, do not.
 Dunnoyo, do you not.
 Dunnuck, a hedge spar-
 row.
 Dur, a door; dur-cheek, a
 door post.
 Durn, a gate stump.
 Durstone, a doorstone.
 Durt, dirt; durty, dirty.
 Dyed, dead.
 Dyef, deaf.
 Dyel, a deal, many.
 Dyeth, death.
 Eary, every.
 Eawer, our.
 Eawere, however.
 Eawl, an owl; Eawl-
 hole, the hole in a
 barn or other building,
 through which an owl
 passes and repasses, in
 going to and from its
 roosting place.
 Eawler, an owler, the
 alder tree.
 Eawnce, ounce.
 Eawt, out; Eawt-comer;
 one from another district
 Eawther, author; (Awder,
 cymraeg.)
 Eccles, icicles.
 Edther, or Edder, adder.
 Edther-bowt, the dragon
 fly.

Edther-crop, a spider ;
(adargop, cymraeg.)

Ee, eye.

Ee-bree, eye-brow.

Ee-seet, eye-sight.

Eem, time, leisure ; "con-
to eem to do this job."

Een, eyes ; also even, as
"aw'll een go forrud."

Een neaw, even now, di-
rectly.

Eend, end ; "aw'll see th'
eend ont."

Eend-way, and End-ways,
towards the end.

Eigh, aye, yes.

Eet, did eat ; pl. eetn.

Egad or Igad ; Egadlin or
Igadlin, masked oaths.

Elaw ! eh lord !

Elder, more likely ; as,
"heed elder speak to
me," he would more
probably speak to me ;
also a cow's udder.

Elt, to stir oaten dough
before baking.

Eshin, a pale.

Elsin, a sort of awl.

Esshole or Asshole, the
hole under a fire, which
holds ashes.

Eetn, eaten.

Exen, oxen.

Eyron, iron ; sometimes,
eyurn.

Faddle, nonsense, trifling.

Fadge, a burden ; part of
a horse-load.

Fag, to tire ; faggin, tiring.

Fag'd, tired.

Fag-end, the remnant ;
the waste piece.

Fain, glad ; fainer, more
glad.

Fair-fo, fair fall ; "good
attend you."

Fairee, fairy.

Fairées, fairies.

Famish, to starve of hun-
ger ; pl. famishn.

Fangle, conceit, whim.
"Whot new fangle has
he neaw ?"

Farrant, decent, respect-
able ; farrantly, de-
cently, beseeemly.

Fash, the tops of turnips ;
wasto.

Fattert, embarrassed ; un-
handy in doing a job ;
"he's quite fattert."

Fattle, to trifle about busi-
ness ; to pay slight at-
tentions to a female.
"See heaw he gwos
fattlin abeawt hur."

- Fattlin**, trifling; fatler, a trifler, a peddling fellow.
Fav'vor, favour.
Fawse, cunning, also false.
Fawt, fault.
Fawtty, faulty.
Fayberry, gooseberry.
Feaw, foul, ugly; "feaw-whean," an ugly woman.
Feawl, a fowl.
Feawnded, ~~founded~~.
Feawntun, fountain.
Feawntun-yed, fountain-head.
Fefnicute, sometimes
 Thefnicute, a hypocrite, a parasite, a hanger on.
Fegger, fairer.
Feld, felt; pl. feldn.
Feel, fell; "he feel deawn."
Feelt, a field.
Feerfo, fearful; **Feer-suns-een**, Shrovetide even.
Felly, fellow; also to swagger; fellyin, domineering; felly'll, the man will; "th' felly'll pay yo."
Feigh or **Feygh**, to move soil from the top of gravel or sand; to lay bare, to uncover a stratum, to remove earth.
- Fend**, to provide for; "he fend for his family."
Ferrups, an exclamation.
 "Whot te ferrups arto dooin!"
Festn, to fasten, to bind.
Fettle, to mend a thing, to repair; also a condition, as "he's i' very good fettle."
Fewtrills, little things, small affairs.
Feyght, to fight; feygh-tin, fighting; plural feyghtn; rm. with weight.
Feyther, father; feythurt, fathered; feytherin, fathering.
Fhog, dried, withered grass. The o sounded as in dhog.
Fhort, fault; r. w. short; "It's none omi fhort."
Fib, an untruth.
Fist, a clenched hand.
Fither, feather; rm. with wither.
Flaight, a light turf.
Flash, an old pit nearly grown up.
Flasker, to struggle, to flounder, to endeavour to elude.

- Flasket, a shallow basket.
 Flay, to frighten. "He quite flay'd meh."
 Fleawer, flour, also a flower.
 Fleawunder, to flounder.
 Fleazy, dusty, linty, fibrous.
 Fleck, a spot; fleckt, spotted.
 Flee, to flay, to skin.
 Fleein, flaying; pl. fleedn
 Fleigh, a flea; fleighin, killing fleas.
 Fleet, to skim, to take cream from milk; also swift.
 Flet, skimmed.
 Fleety, flighty, capricious.
 Flick, a fitch.
 Flinders, small pieces, fragments. "It's broken into flinders."
 Flit, to remove; flittin, removing; pl. flittnt.
 Fliz, a splinter; flizzin, splintering.
 Floose or Fleeze, the flyings of wool or cotton.
 Flop, a noise of bursting. "It floppt off."
 Flother, redundancy, extravagance, inaptitude of dress or conversation.
- Flothery, tending to extravagance. "Whot flother he tawks." "Heaw flothery hoo looks."
 Flunter, confusion, disorder, hurry.
 Flusk, to fly at, to set at, like game cocks.
 Flyr, to smile scornfully. "Whot arto flyrin at." "Theaw needsno' flyr athatn."
 Flyte or Flite, to scold; flytin, scolding; flyttn, scolded; floin, they scolded.
 Foist, a stink.
 Foe, to fall; Foen, fallen; Foed, fell.
 Foke, folk, people.
 Follud, followed; pl. follun.
 Foo, a fool; Foo-goad, a gaud, or plaything for a fool.
 Foomurt, a pole-cat.
 Foote, the foot; also a foot measure: r. w. hoot.
 Forgi, forgive; forgimmi, forgive me.
 Former, to order, to bespeak a thing.
 Forsartin, for certain, certainly, "Aye, forsartin will I."

- Forsuth, forsooth.
 Fort', for to ; to do a thing.
 Forthought, reflected,
 considered, called to
 mind.
 Forrud, forward.
 Foryet, to forget ; Forye-
 tin, forgetting ; Foryetn,
 forgotten.
 Fotch, fetch ; Fotchn, we
 fetch ; Fotchnt, we did
 fetch.
 Fother, fodder ; Fothern,
 do fodder ; Fothertn,
 did fodder.
 Fowd, a fold, a number of
 houses together ; a fold
 for cattle ; a fold of
 cloth ; also to fold up.
 Fox-Denton, a place near
 Oldham.
 Foyer, fire ; Foyer-place,
 the place where the fire
 is kept ; Foyer-eyrons,
 fire irons ; Foyer-pot-
 ter, a fire-poker ; Foyer-
 new, very new, (this
 latter obs.)
 Frame, to set about doing
 a piece of work or other
 business, as "come be-
 gin a framin abeawt it."
 "Heawawkurtly theaw
 frames."
 Framput, an iron ring
 that slips on a stake by
 which cattle are held in
 their stall.
 Frang, to be petulant, and
 quarrelsome ; Frangy,
 pettish, snappish.
 Frangin, disputing, quar-
 reling.
 Frap, to quarrel ; Frappin,
 disputing, quarrelling.
 Frappish, snappish, given
 to dispute.
 Fremd, not akin, a person
 residing with a family
 to which he is not re-
 lated would be termed
 "a fremd ;" if it were
 asked, is he akin to you ?
 the answer would be,
 "nowe, he's nobbut a
 fremd body."
 Free melcht, free in giving
 milk ; a good-natured
 person is said to be,
 "free-melct."
 Freet, fright.
 Freyd, fretted, like cloth
 much worn.
 Fridge, to rub, to scratch.
 Frist, trust (obs.)
 Fro, from.
 Frough, tender, rather
 brittle (obs.)
 Frawt, for aught, for any-
 thing.

Frump, to sulk, to take offence; Frumps, sulks.
 "Whot's hoo taen th' frumps at?"

Fruns, frowns. "Whot arto stickin opthe fruns at?"

Fruss, a fuss; much ado about nothing.

Furst, first.

Fuddle, to tippie.

Fund, found.

Furr, further; Furrend, the further end.

Fussuck, a fatidle woman.

Futtert, fluttered, confused, shiftless, hobshackled

Fyrt, to fear, as "He fyrs meh;" Fyrin, fearing, causing fear; Fyrt, frightened; fyrtn, they frightened.

Fyrn, fern, a plant.

Fyest, a feast; Fyestin, feasting; Fyestn, they feast; Fyested, feasted.

Ga, gave, as "he gameh."
 Gan, the same; Gam-meh, gave me.

Gablock, a gavelock, an iron bar, a weapon.

Gabble, confused talk.

Gadlin! Godlin! an exclamation.

Gadd, to run about.

Gadster, one who gads.

Gaffer, an aged man.

Gaight, gave it; gant, the same, "He gant meh."

Gainer, nearer: "That's a gainer road."

Galker, a tub to hold wort.

Galloway, a Scotch poney.

Gabloch, a gavelock.

Gamm, sport, amusement; also game.

Gammer, an aged dame.

Gan, gave; Gant, gave it.

Gank, a deep narrow foot way.

Gap, an opening, a breach in a fence.

Gap-stake, a stake that stops up a gap.

Garlun, a garland.

Garth, a hoop.

Gaunt, lean, hungry.

Gash, a slash, a wound.

Gate, a road; also a fence, a bar that opens.

Gate-way, a road through a gate.

Gawby, a clown, a dunce.

Gawm, to understand, to comprehend; Gawmin, understanding; also

considering, cogitating,

"Whot arto gawmin abeawt."

- Gawmble**, to endeavour to comprehend.
Gawmblt, played the fool.
Gawmliss, without understanding.
Gawmblin, understanding imperfectly; one who is a half-fool.
Gawpe, to gape, to stare with open mouth.
Gawster, to boast.
Gawsterin, swaggering.
Geaw, go.
Geawl, } matter exuding
Geawm, } from tender eyes.
Geawlt, festered, scabbed
Geawn, gown.
Geawrse, grass (this about Todmorden.)
Geawse, guess; **Geawst**, guessed; **Geawstn**, they guessed.
Geawt, gout.
Gee, to agree, to coincide, also a word meaning to go on.
Geet, got; **Geetn**, we got; **Getn**, have got; **Gee't**, give it; **Gi**, give.
Gibberidge, gibberish.
Giggle, to laugh; **Giglin**, laughing; **Giglt**, laughed; **Gigln**, we laugh; **Gigler**, one prone to giggle; **Giglet**, a blithe, lightsome young female.
Gillers, lines of twisted hair, for fishing lines.
Gill-hooter, an owl.
Gimmi, or **Gimeh**, give me
Gimmer, an old sheep.
Gimlet, a boring tool.
Ginnil, a narrow covered passage; an entry.
Girn, to grin; **Girnin**, grinning; **Girntn**, they gran.
Gleawm, gloom; **Gleawmy**, gloomy; **Gleawmt**, gloomed; **Gleawmin**, glooming.
Gley, to squint.
Glendurt, stared; looked in amaze.
Glent, to glance; **Glented**, glanced; **Glentin**, glancing.
Glister, to glitter; **Glisterin**, glittering; **Glistertn**, they glittered.
Glizzen, to sparkle; **Gliz-znt**, sparkled, glittered; **Glizz'n**, they sparkle.
Gloor, to stare, fatuitously; **Gloort**, stared.
Gloorin, staring.
Gloortn, they stared.
Gloove, a glove.
Goad, a gaud, an orna

- ment ; also a custom, a way of doing a thing.
 " Nay, theaw'll not act i'that goad, willto ?"
 Goady, gaudy, fine.
 Goant, gaunt: r. w. wont.
 Goart, wounded, gored.
 Gobb, a large piece of meat, a lump.
 Gobbin, an ignorant, clownish person.
 Gobsloch, a glutton.
 Godsnum, God's name.
 Goddil, God's-will.
 Golch, to swallow ravenously.
 Gonnor, a gander ; Gonnoryed, a blockhead, a stupid person.
 Gooa, go ; " when wilto gooa ;" Gooan, gone ; Gooint', going to.
 Gooddit, Shrovetide.
 Gooer, a triangular piece of cloth stitched in a shirt.
 Good-lorjus-days, Good Lord Jesus ! what days. A common interjection.
 Goodsha, Goodshaw, near Backup.
 Gooin, going.
 Gooms, the gums.
 Gosh, Bigosh, oaths.
 Gorse, furze.
- Gote, a water-course to a mill.
 Gran, did grin.
 Grash, trash, sour stuff ; Grashin', eating trash.
 Graunch, to eat voraciously.
 Greadly, or Graidly, properly, completely.
 Greawnd, ground, the earth.
 Greawt, thin wort.
 Greece, or Greese, a little brow : also stairs ; an ascent.
 Grese, grass.
 Grin, a noose to catch hares.
 Greawp, group.
 Greawpu, they group.
 Greawpin, the joining and binding of a tub.
 Grip-yort, grip-yard : a platting of stakes and twisted boughs filled up with earth ; generally made to confine a water-course, and occasionally to form artificial banks and seats in pleasure grounds.
 Grip-yortin, making a grip-yort.
 Grode, grewed.
 Gron-chilt, grand-child.

- Gron-dad, grandfather.
 Gronideer, a granidier.
 Gron-mam, grandmother.
 Gronny, the same.
 Groon, grown; Grooin, growing.
 Groop, the place where ordure falls in a shippon.
 Grooth, growth: of a certain growth.
 Groyn, a swine's snout.
 Gruant, a greyhound.
 Grumnail, small coal: the riddlings of coal. [ed.
 Grund, ground, pulveriz-
 Grunsil, groundsels, a herb
 Gryev, a greve, or district of a place, as the gryeves or greves, in the ancient forest of Rossendale.
 Gryev, a place in Spotland: Levin-gryev, another place on the road betwixt Rochdale and Bacup.
 Gurd, a fit, a start. A gurd o leawghin or laighin, is a fit of laughing.
 Gusset, a square piece sewed into a shirt.
 Gutt, go to. "Awst gutt Ratchda."
 Gwont, gone to, also gaunt
 Gyrr, to purge.
 Gyrrd, purged. A gyrrd
- cawve, is one purged by having had too rich milk.
 Ha, have; Han, we have.
 Hack, to cut bunglingly:
 Hacklin, cutting, lacerating: Hacklt, cut, jagged: Hackln, they hackle
 Hackslaver, a disgusting fellow.
 Haddle, barren, unfruitful (cymraeg, Hadlyd.)
 Hadloont, headland of a ploughed field.
 Hadn, we had: Hadnyo, had you? [dale.
 Hades, a place near Roch-
 Hadno, had not.
 Hadnoyo, had not you?
 Hadto, hadst thou?
 Hadtono, hadst thou not.
 Hag, and Haggus, the belly: Hag, a witch, a malicious old woman.
 Haft, the handle of a knife or other cutting tool.
 Haffle, to hesitate, to shuffle: "Whot arto hafflin abeawt?"
 Hag-gate, a place near Royton.
 Haggoknows, an ungainly blockhead.
 Haggus, or Heygus, pot-tage made of herbs, meal, and butter.

- Haig, a haw: the berry
of the hawthorn.
- Haight, or Ha-it, have it.
- Hairum Scairum, a wild
fellow.
- Hal, Henry; Hal o'Nabs,
Henry of Abrahams.
- Halliblash, a great blaze,
probably from holy-
blash, a holy, or sacred
fire.
- Halloe, halloo, to shout.
- Halloday, a play day, a
holiday.
- Hammi, or Hameh, have
me: "Wilto hameh?"
wilt thou have me?
- Hammil, a hamlet: Ham-
mil-scoance, the lantern
of the village: the vil-
lage Solomon.
- Han, they have.
- Hanch, to snap, to bite at.
"Th' dhog hancht at
him."
- Hanch-appo, or apple, the
amusement of snap-
apple.
- Hanker, to desire, to co-
vet: "He's hankering
after summut."
- Hanni, have you?
- Hanno, have not: "I
lianno, we hanno, they
hanno."
- Hap, to cover, to wrap
up: also to smooth bed
clothes. "Mam, hap-
meh op," cover me with
bed clothes: "Hap em
deawn," smooth them
down.
- Happin, covering: Hapt,
covered; Hapn, they
cover: Haptnt, they
covered.
- Harbor-londs, a place at
Middleton.
- Hard-melcht, hard to
milk: scant of milk.
- Harr, higher.
- Harrin, snarling.
- Harper-heigh, or hey, a
township near Manches-
ter.
- Harm, to repeat after ano-
ther, in mockery. "He
harms after meh."
- Harry, to hurry, to tease.
- Harrid, hurried, tired.
- Harstone, hearthstone.
- Hask, or Harsk, dry,
parched.
- Hately, hateful, bad tem-
pered: "Dunno be so
hately."
- Hav, have; Havin, hav-
ing; Havn, we had.
- Havers, oats.
- Haver cake, oaten bread.

Haust, or Hawst, a cough.

Haustin, coughing :

Hoste, Danish. [lar.

Hawmbark, a horse col-

Hawms, the back part of the human thigh, next to the knee joint.

Hawms, haulms, horse-gearing : the irons which go round the collar.

Hawmpo, or Hawmple, to halt, to limp.

Hawpney, halfpenny.

Hawp, a tall clumsy person.

Hawve, half : Hawvin, halving.

Hawse, a horse : Hawse-goad, horse-gowd or gaud, ornament for a horse.

Hawt, to halt, to limp.

Hawttin, limping : also standing still, resting.

Hawtter, halter.

Healo, or Yealo, bashful, shy : "com, drink, mon, an dunno be so healo."

Heck, a half door.

Heaw, how ; "Heaw, arto ?" how art thou ?

Heawer, hour : Awr, cym-raeg.

Heawl, to howl : Yeawl, the same.

Heawnd, a bound.

Heawnge, a lump : a large piece of bread or other food ; "Cut thesel a good heawnge."

Heawngin-obeawt, lounging, skulking.

Heawse, house ; Heawse-wark, house-work.

Heddish, after-grass.

Hedd, heeded : "he hedd meh."

Hee, high : Hee-er, higher ; Heeist, highest.

Hee-witch, a wizard.

Heewaymon, highwayman.

Heer, he was ; Heer gooin, he was going ; Heer stonnin, he was standing.

Heer, hoar, also a mist.

Heegh, high (in some localities) ; Heegher, higher ; Heeghist, highest.

Heeve, hove, lifted.

Heffer, a heifer ; Heigh-go-mad, mad, shouting or galloping like mad.

Helder, or Elder, more likely : udder of a cow.

Helt, likely.

Helter, a halter.

Heps, fruit of the briar.

Herple, to halt, or limp : "hecoom herplin after."

Het, height, named.
Hetter, keen, eager (obs.)
Hiddle, to hide.
Hiddlin, hiding.
Hiddlance, in secresy.
Hie, to hasten.
Hiein, hastening.
Hig, a passion: pettish anger. "Hee's in a great hig."
Hill, to cover: "Hill meh op," cover me with bed clothes; "Unhill meh," uncover me; **Bed-hillin**, bed-clothes.
Hinder, to prevent.
Hippin-cloth, a child's clout.
Hippin-stones, stones placed to step across a stream.
Hitter, to fester, to corrode
Hittert, festered, scabbed.
Hittin, hitting.
Hittnt, we hit.
Hob, a dunce, a gawby.
Hobbil, a dull fool.
Hobs, ledges near a fire place.
Hobble, an entanglement, a dilemma: also to limp.
Hobblety-hoy, a clumsy, thriving lad.
Hobgoblin, a demon: an evil spirit.

Hobnob, to sit chatting over drink.

Hobthurst, an ungainly dunce: "Theaw great hobthurst." Tim Bobbin describes it as an apparition "haunting only woods," but in that sense it is not now understood.

Hogg, hug, to carry on the back; **Hoggin**, carrying on the back; the o in this word also is sounded broad and full, as in doe, roe, woe.

Hogg-muttn, mutton of a year old sheep; the o sounded as above.

Hollin, the holly.

Hollinwood, nr. Oldham.

Hommer, a hammer.

Hommerin, hammering.

Hommertn, we hammered

Hondle, a handle; **Hondlin**, handling; **Hondltn**, we handled.

Hongry, hungry.

Hong, hang.

Hongin, hanging.

Hongnt, we hung.

Honk, to hank, to put a noose on a nail or hook, is to "honk it on."

Honk, also hank of yarn.

- Hont, the hand ; Hontle,
 a handful.
 Hoo, she ; Hoo-justice, a
 female justice. [that."
 Hooa, who : "Hooas dun
 Hoo'll, hoo will, she will.
 Hoo shanno, she shall not.
 Hooant, swelled hard in
 the flesh. [tute.
 Hoor, or Whoor, a prosti-
 Hoor, she was, as, "hoor
 beawn to Ratchda."
 Hoose, she is, "hoosegon
 a milkin ; Hoost, she
 shall.
 Hopper, a sort of basket.
 Hoppet, a small basket.
 Horty, hearty (obs.)
 Hotchin, or Hutchin, to
 limp, to keep shifting,
 as if uneasy.
 Hotter, to stir up, to pot-
 ter the fire ; Hotterin'-
 mad, very angry.
 Hough, a hoof, a foot.
 How, the whole : "How
 leath, on a halliblash."
 How-row, a hubbub, a tu-
 Howd, hold. [mult.
 Howdin, holding.
 Howdn, they hold.
 Howe, a hill ; Howe-side,
 a hill side.
 Howse, to stir up, to pot-
 ter : "Howse that foyer."
- Howsome, wholesome.
 Hoyd, a hide or skin : also
 to hide, to conceal.
 Hoyr, to hire.
 Hoyrin, hiring.
 Hoyrtn, we hired.
 Hoyst, ice ; Hoysty, icy.
 Hoyse, hose.
 Hoyts, long rods or sticks.
 Hubbon, the hip ; Huggon,
 the same, (but little used
 in South Lancashire.)
 Hud, hid, concealed.
 Hud, hidden : "Hee's
 hud."
 Huddle, to crowd together
 Huddlt, crowded.
 Huddlin, crowding.
 Hugger-mugger, conceals.
 Not so understood, but
 as a jumble, confusion.
 Huggins, the hips ; Hug-
 gons, the same.
 Huckle, to stoop, to bend
 with age.
 Hucklin, stooping.
 Huckln, they stoop.
 Hump-stridd'n, sitting a-
 stride.
 Hummabee, the large
 field bee.
 Hundersfield, from Mun-
 der, hounder ; and ~~field~~,
 Hundersfield, nr. Roch-
 dale.

Huntly bruck, near Bury.

Hunt-lone, in Chadderton.

Hur, her.

Hure, hair; Hury, hairy.

Hurn, a horn.

Husht, silent; also to keep silent: "husht, dunno spyek."

Hush-shop, a place where ale is sold without a license.

Hutch, to move further, to sit close; "hutch a bit fur:" "whot arto hutch-in so close for?"

Hutchin, moving further, nearer on a seat.

Huzz, a hum, a noise like bees.

Huzzif, from huswif, house-wife, a needle case.

Huzzit, the letter Z.

Iccles, or Eccles, icicles.

I'd, I would: also I had.

Idd'n, you had: also, you would.

I'Goddil, if God will.

I'Godlin, or I'Gadlin, an interjection.

I'Godsnum, in God's name.

Ill-favurt, ill-favoured, ugly.

Imp, to deprive of.

Imp-in, to inch in, to go beyond, or short of the proper mark.

In, if; In id had, if I had had.

Inglun, England.

Inglun-shoyer, all England.

Inklin, a hint; also a liking for a person or thing.

Inneaw, een now, directly.

Inneh, if I: also if you.

Innin, if you will.

I're, I were, or was.

Irnin, the making of cheese: the smoothing of linen.

Ist, is it? r. w. fist, wist.

I'st, I shall: r. w. moist.

Istid, instead.

Iteaw, in two, broken.

Ither, in their: rm. with wither.

Ittle, it will.

Iv, if; Ivtle, if thou wilt.

Ivin, ivy.

Iz, is.

Jackstones, a girl's game, played with a marble, and knuckle bones of a sheep.

Jackanapes, an impertinent fellow.

- Jambles, the iron geering which fits into a horse-collar to draw with.
 Jannock, a thick cake made of oatmeal.
 Jawms, the sides of a window, a fire-place, or other building arrangement.
 Jert, to jerk: to throw a stone by jerking.
 Jill, half a pint.
 Jilliver, a termagant: "Hoo's a jilliver;" also Gillyflower, called "spice jillivers."
 Jimp, neat, tidy.
 Jingle, a tinkle; a merry sound.
 Jingumbobs, trifles, playthings.
 Joan, a woman's name.
 Jobberknowl, a dunce.
 Jones, a man's name, John.
 Joysty, come to (obs.)
 Joyst, a summer's grass, (obs.)
 Jumbo, a place near Middleton.
 Jump, or Jimp, a coat, a garment: a Sunday jump, a Sunday coat.
 Junkit, a small cake: a crackling.
 Junkittin, visiting, gadding, gossiping.
 Ka, or Keaw, or Ceaw, a cow.
 Kale, turn to be served: "Coal-pit kale."
 Kame, and Komm, a comb
 Kamin, Kommin, combining
 Kamin-komm, a combing comb, a small toothed comb; Redyin-komm, a large-toothed comb.
 Kample, or Cample, to prate.
 Kappil, or Cappil, a patch on a shoe.
 Karnil, a kernel.
 Katty-green, in the township of Heaton; Katty-green-well, same place.
 Kawve, or Cawve, a calf.
 Kayve, to upset, to turn over: "he's keyvt his cart."
 Kazzarly, subject to casualties (obs.)
 Keather, or Keyther, a cradle; Cader, cymraeg.
 Keaw, or Ceaw, a cow.
 Keawer, to cower, to sit down.
 Keawl, to crouch, to quail.
 Keawlt, abashed, intimidated; Keawlin, intimidating; Keawltn, they intimidated.

- Keawnt, or Ceawnt, count,**
 to number.
Keck, to be pert.
Keckle, unsteady.
Kecklety, likely to topple
 over.
Keckle, prate, imperti-
 nence; **Kecklin, prating,**
 assuming.
Keck-meg, a pert young
 woman.
Keigh, or Kye, cows.
Keegh, to cough; also a
 cold (obs.)
Keend, to kindle: "keend
 a foyer; **Keendn, kind-**
 ling; **Keent, kindled.**
Keem, to comb.
Keen-bitten, eager, sharp,
 alert to take advantage.
Keep, catch (obs.)
Kersn, or Kersen, to chris-
 ten; **Kersnt or Kersnt,**
 christened.
Kessmus, Christmas.
Kest, cast; Kest off, cast
 off; **Kest, to cast ac-**
 counts; **Kest-op, to cast**
 up accounts.
Kestlin, a calf before its
 time.
Kestit, cast up.
Keigh, key of a door.
Keyther, or Kayther, a
 cradle.
- Kibe, to gibe, to mock.**
Kibboes, long sticks.
Kibe-heels, sore heels
 (obs.)
Kill, a kiln; Breck-kill, a
 brick-kiln.
Kill-danes, a field at the
 bottom of Castle-hill,
 Rochdale.
Killt, killed; Killin, kil-
 ling; **Killtn, they killed.**
Kink, to lose the breath
 with coughing: chin-
 cough.
Kink-haust, a violent
 cough or cold.
Kipper, amorous.
Kipple, to lift a weight
 from the ground, and
 throw it upon the shoul-
 ders without help or
 stoppage.
Kist, a chest.
Kittle, ticklish, uncertain,
 also to bring forth young.
Kittlin, a kitten.
Knoggy, knotty.
Knep, to snap, to bite
 (obs.)
Knoblucks, small lumps.
Knockus, knuckles.
Knotchel, or Notchel, to
 disclaim responsibility.
To cry knotchel, is to give
 public notice that the

- notifier will not be answerable for any debt or debts of another party.
 Knowe, a knoll, a hillock.
 Knowe-hill, nr. Rochdale.
 Knurs, knots, warts on trees.
 Ko', quoth: "Heaw arto, ko' he?" "Pratty weel ko' I."
 Kwort, to court, to make love; Kwortin, courting.
 Kwortn, they court.
 Kwortship, courtship.
 Kwort, a court of justice: the court at London, or other court.
 Kybe, to pout the lip in scorn.
 Kynd, kind.
 Kyndly, kindly.
 Kyndniss, kindness.
 Labbor, labour; Labborin, in labour; Labborn, they labour.
 Lad, a boy: also did lead. "He lad 'em th' wrung road."
 Lady-heawse, a place near Milnrow, Rochdale.
 Ladsavvur, the plant, ladslowe, Southernwood.
 Laft, left, departed.
 Laftn, they left.
 Laggins, staves of a tub.
 Lethur, to beat: "Aw lethurt him."
 Leet, to alight; Day-leet, day-light; Leeter, lighter; Leetnin, lightning.
 Laigh, to laugh; Laighin, laughing; Laighnt, they laughed
 Laighliss, laughless, without laughter.
 Laith, a barn: also to invite; to laith to a funeral; Laithin, inviting.
 Lant, stale urine: also lent in the past tense: "Aw lant him a peawnd."
 Langot, a shoe-latchet (obs.)
 Lang, long; Langer, and lenger, longer; Langist, and Langst, longest.
 Lap, to wrap; Lappin, wrapping up; Laps, coat laps.
 Larn, to learn; Larnin, learning; Larnt, learned; Larnin, they learned.
 Lass, a young female.
 Latch, catch of a door: also to catch a distemper: "He latch it" is a common expression.
 Latchin, taking infection.

- Latt, late; Lattly, lately;
 Lattist, latest; also latt,
 a lath
 Lattnt, hindered (obs)
 Lawm, lame.
 Lawmt, lamed.
 Lawmn, they lame.
 Le', let; as lemmi, let me.
 Lean, to yield towards, to
 favour: "He leans to'rd
 hur." [lark.
 Learock, or Learuk, asky
 Leawance, allowance.
 Leawd, loud.
 Leawgh, to laugh.
 Leawghin, laughing.
 Leawghn, they laugh.
 Leawght, laughed.
 Leawk, to lash, to beat:
 "Awl githe a good leaw-
 kin," a good beating.
 Leawks, tufts of barren
 dry grass; locks of hair.
 Leawky, full of locks or
 tufts.
 Leawnge, to lunge; to
 lounge, to skulk: "He
 dus nobbo leawnge o-
 bewt."
 Leawp, a loop, a noose.
 Leawp-hoyle, a loop-hole.
 Leawse, a louse; Leawzy,
 lousy.
 Lebby, Edmund; Yebby,
 the same.
 Leck, to lake; Leckin',
 leaking water; Leckn,
 they leak; Leck-on, to
 pour on water when
 brewing.
 Lee, lay: "He lee theer,"
 he lay there."
 Leef, or Lieve, as soon,
 equally so; Leefer, or
 Liever, sooner, rather
 than; Leefist, soonest.
 Leep, leaped; "Aw leep,
 theaw leep, he leep;"
 "We leepn, yo leepn,
 they leepn."
 Lemmi, let me.
 Less-rods, or Leysh-rods,
 rods to keep the leash
 of a warp.
 Leet, to let: "he leet hur
 goo;" "aw leet on him
 at th' last;" also to light
 on, to find.
 Leet, light, day; Leets,
 lights: also the lungs:
 "plucks an leets;" Leet-
 nin', lightning; Leetnt,
 lightened; Leetsum,
 lightsome; Leeter, light-
 er; Leetin', lighting.
 Leeten, pl of leet: "they
 leeten hur gooa at last,"
 they suffered her to es-
 cape.
 Leigh, signifying low, a

town near Bolton.
 Lenger, longer.
 Lennock, long, pendulous.
 "Lennock yerd," long-eared.
 Lether, to beat: "Aw le-thurt him weel."
 Lew, thin, poor: "It's very lew."
 Ley-land, land untilled and left for pasture.
 Leyther, rather, (but little used.)
 Lhog, to pull the hair, to lug: also a log of wood; the osounded as in dhog.
 Lick, to beat; also to lick with the tongue.
 Lickin, beating: licking with the tongue.
 Like, to be fond of: to resemble; Likly, likely.
 Likker, more like: more likely: more resembling.
 Liklyist, most likely.
 Lik't', like to: as, "like to ha had," he almost had.
 Likn, we like.
 Lik't, liked, loved. [ly.
 Lilt, to walk quickly, light-
 Liltin, dancing: moving with a jaunty air.
 Lonlady, landlady: a female tapster; Lonlort, a landlord.

Lond, land; Loned, landed; Londin', landing.
 Londs-end, near Middleton.
 Lond-hawther, a landholder.
 Lone, a lane.
 Lookn, we look.
 Loont, a land: a butt or ridge of ploughed land; Hadloont, the head-land, or add-land, of a ploughed field.
 Lopper, to boil slowly.
 Loppert-milk, boiled milk or curdled milk.
 Lopperin-breawis, thick breawis.
 Lort, lord, a family name.
 Lorjus o' me! Lord Jesus, have mercy on me.
 Lotch, to halt, to limp.
 Lotchelin, limping.
 Lothe, or Loothe, look thee.
 Lother, lather, suds.
 Lougher-place, Lower-place, near Rochdale.
 Loyse, to lose, also loosen.
 Loyte, or lite, a few.
 Lozzuck, to loll, to rest idly.
 Luckit, a nursing term: also used by way of scoff, "lookit."

Lumber, mischief: also rubbish.

Lung, long: also lunk.

Lunger, } longer.
Lenger, }

Lunge, to injure unexpectedly: "he's taenth' advantage, an lungst him." [ful.

Lungous, surly, revenge-Lunnun, London.

Linch, a small step (obs.)

Line, layn: "It's line eawt."

Lin-pin, a linch-pin.

Ling, heath, a shrub.

Linther, to fasten the end of a warp in a loop, so that it can be woven close and finished.

Lintherin, securing a warp.

Lintherin-bands, small cords by which the end of a warp is held until woven down.

Lippn, to expect: also leaped.

Lippnin, expecting.

Lippnt, expected.

Lithe, active, pliant: also to thicken broth or soup.

Lither, idle.

Littleborough, near Rochdale.

Loath, unwilling.

Loast, loosed: "he loast it, an it ran."

Loastn, they loosed.

Lobcock, a great idle young fellow.

Lobb, to run: "he went lobbin away;" Lobbin, running, at a long step.

Lobden, a place nr. Rochdale.

Lobscouse, potato hash.

Lod, a lad (obs.)

Loft, an upper room.

Lhog, or Logg, a block of wood: also to lug, to pull the hair; the o sounded as in dhog, or doe, roe, &c.

Lhogguryed, a loggerhead, a blockhead: also to go to loggerheads, to dispute, and quarrel.

Loyns, or Leyns, leans, inclines towards: "he reyther loyns that way."

Lurch, to lurk, to surprise.

Lurcher, one who lurks, a dog.

Lurden, an idle lubber.

Lurry, to drag, to pull away; Lurrid, dragged, forced.

Lutch, to pulsate.

Lutchin, pulsating painfully, as in a tumour.

- Luver, or Loover, a chimney.**
Lwod, to load, also a load.
Lwodin, loading.
Lwodn, loaded.
Lyed, to lead, also lead, a metal.
Lyen, lean meat.
Lyend, to lend.
Lyep, to leap; Lyepin, leaping; Lyeys, leaps; Lypn, they leap.
Lyest, least, also leased.
Lyeve, leave, permission: also leaf of a vegetable.
Lyeys, leaves.
Lyeve, to depart, to leave.
Lyevin, departing.
Lyeven, they depart. [ed.]
Lyne, lain, reposed, abiding.
Lyve, life: "Aw never did so imeh lyve."
Mack, sort, breed, family.
Maddie, to confuse, to distract: "hoos quite maddlt."
Maddlt, confused.
Madlin, confusing, distracting; also a flighty, extravagant person.
"Whot a madlin hoo is:" "Really hoos quite a madlin." Mad-cap, a female of the same description.
- Makker, a manufacturer of piece goods; a maker of a thing.**
Mall, Mary; Mally or Moll. the same.
Mam, mother.
Mander, manner, sort: "Whot mander of a thing?"
Manchit, a small loaf of white bread.
Manchit-hoe, a place in Castleton, nr. Rochdale.
Mant, moaned: "Sadly mant hur;" also meant, intended.
Mannert, mannered: "Very feaw mannert."
Mar, to spoil; Mar'd, spoiled; Marrin, spoiling; Marrdn, they spoiled.
Mare or Mere, a lake of water.
Margit, Margaret.
Marland, near Rochdale; Marlan-mere, at the same place.
Marlock, a prank, a playful trick; pl. marlocks.
Marlockin, gambolling, playing.
Marrow, a match, a mate, an equal: "Conto marrow that?"

Marry, and **Marry-kem-eawt**, common interjections: "Not I, marry!" not I indeed! "**Kem eawt**," come out; be off.

Mash, to mix, to blend provender; also a mixture: "**A warm mash**,"

"**A cowl mash**:" also to smash, to destroy. **Masht**, destroyed, smashed: "he masht it o' i' pieces."

Maskins, } petty oaths.
Mackins, }

Maatho, Martha.

Mattert, signified: "It didno matter," it did not signify; it was not of consequence; also, **Mattered**, suppurated.

Maul, to pull, to disarrange; **Maulin**, spoiling; **Mault**, spoiled.

Maunter, or **Maunder**, to wander, to mope about without object; **Maunderin**, moping about; **Maundert**, moped.

Mawkin, a dunce, a listless person; **Mawkinly**, duncely, mawkish.

Mawp, a bullfinch.

Mawt, malt.

Mawtter, mortar.

May, make: "Wilt o may this frock?"

Maydin, a place in Hopwood; **Madyn**, Celtic, a fox.

Maygut, a maggot.

Mayno, may not; **May-yo**, may you.

Mayto, may thou; **Mayto-no**, mayest thou not; **Maydn**, did make.

Measter, master; **Meastert**, mastered; **Measterin**, mastering; **Meastertn**, they mastered.

Meawnge, to munge, to munch, to eat greedily.

Meawghn, they eat greedily; **Meawghnt**, they did eat greedily.

Meawl, to mould; **Meawlder**, to moulder, **Meawlderin**, mouldering.

Meawldy, mouldy.

Meawldert, mouldered.

Meawldern, they moulder

Meawntebank, a mountebank.

Meawntun, mountain.

Meawse, a mouse.

Meawser, a mouser.

Meawzin, mousing.

Meawse-neest, a mouse's nest.

Meawnt, to mount.

Meawntin, mounting.
 Meawnted, mounted.
 Meawt, to moult, to cast
 feathers ; pl. meawtn.
 Meawth, a mouth. [sic.
 Meawzik, or Mewzik, mu-
 Meazy, dizzy; Meazy-sow,
 giddy, or empty headed.
 Meeny, a family; also
 many.
 Meet, might, power,
 strength; also exact, just
 now, as " It's comn meet
 neaw."
 Meety, mighty; Awmee-
 ty, Almighty.
 Menno, may not.
 Met, might; Met ha, might
 have; Metn-ha, they
 might have.
 Metn, they met; Metto,
 mightest thou? Mettono,
 mightest thou not?
 Mew, the cry of a cat.
 Mexn, to cleanse a stable
 or shippon.
 Mezur, to measure; also
 a measure; Mezurtn,
 they measured.
 Mickel, size, bulk, great:
 " Whot a mickle," how
 great he is. " Whot mic-
 kle ov a mon is he?"
 " He's th' mickle o'
 thee."

Middin, a dung heap.
 Middin-spue, a dunghole
 Middletn, Middleton.
 Midge, a gnat.
 Miln-row, the place of
 Tim-Bobbin's residence,
 near Rochdale.
 Mimp, precise, to be af-
 fected; Mimpin, apeing,
 affecting.
 Mindstomeh? mindest
 thou me? heedest thou
 me? [podge.
 Mish-mash, a hodge-
 Mistal, a cow house; a
 shippon.
 Mistaen, or Mistan, mis-
 taken.
 Mitch, much.
 Mittins, gloves without
 fingers: also strong
 hedging gloves.
 Mizzle, to rain lightly.
 Mizzlin, slightly raining.
 Mizzly, given to rain.
 Mizzlt, rained small rain.
 Mizzy, a soft boggy place.
 Mob-cap, a woman's close
 cap.
 Moedy-warp, or Mowdy-
 warp, a mole; Moedy-
 warp-hole, the burrow
 of a mole.
 Moekin, moping about:
 also a dull person.

Mog, to travel, to depart :
 "When arto moggin?"
 "Tomorn."

Moider, or Moyder, to
 puzzle, to confuse : also
 a coin.

Moll, or Mall, Mary.

Mollart, a mop to clean
 ovens with.

Mon, man.

Monny, many.

Moo, to put hay in the
 barn ; Mooin, putting
 hay in the barn.

Mood, stowed full ; Mood-
 eawt, filled to an excess.

Mood. or Mowd, earth,
 fine soil, mould.

Mood, a mould of a cast-
 ing, or of a brick.

Moof, or Mough, a mow
 of hay.

Moor, more : also a com-
 mon, a heath.

Moot, might ; Mootha,
 might have ; Metha,
 the same.

Mootn and Metn, pl. of
 might.

Mooter, toll at a mill.

Moother, mother.

Mope, to be dull, drowsy,
 silent ; Mopein, being
 silent and fatuitous.

Mopsy, a dingy slattern.

Morris, or Morrice, from
 Moresco, a dance ; also
 a family name.

Mottey, an aggregate of
 small deposits of money.
 Thus 'tis not an uncom-
 mon thing for some do-
 zen, or twenty women,
 to agree to deposit each
 a certain small sum
 weekly, say from three-
 pence to sixpence, com-
 mencing at Christmas,
 and ending at the annual
 wakes in August or then
 about. When the time
 has expired, the money
 is divided, and expended,
 generally either in new
 clothes for the coming
 winter, or in a pleasure
 trip to Liverpool, or
 other place offering sea
 air, convenience, and
 novelty.

Mowffin, a muffin.

Mowdy-warp, or Moedy-
 warp, a mole.

Moyder, or Moider, to
 confuse, to bother ; Moy-
 dert, bothered.

Muckot, a term of deri-
 sion ; also a tub or other
 vessel, in which dung is
 carried to hilly places.

- Mullock, dirt, rubbish.
 Mump, to thump, to beat:
 "He mumpt him seawnd-
 ly."
 Mumps, the sullens, to
 sulk; also the name of
 a place at Oldham.
 Mun, or Munt, must.
 Muntono, or Munttono?
 must thou not?
 Munto, must thou?
 Munni, must I?
 Muno, must not; Munha,
 must have.
 Murth, abundance, a large
 quantity; Maerth, Ma-
 ertho, Anglo-Saxon,
 greatness, honour.
 Muse, or Mews, a gap in
 a hedge where hares or
 rabbits pass.
 Mush, to crush, to mash,
 to mix up.
 Muyce, or Moyce, mice.
 Muz, or Muss, a nurse's
 term for mouth: "Oppn
 it muss."
 Muzzy, sleep, dull, heavy.
 Mwest, most.
 Mychin, or Michin, pin-
 ing, out of humour.
 Myen, mean, intend.
 Myenin, meaning, inten-
 tion; Myens, means.
 Myenn, we mean.
- Myentn, we meant.
 Myensto? meanest thou?
 Myenstono, meanest thou
 not.
 Myen-hood, Mean-wood,
 near Rochdale.
 Mysty, or Moisty, misty.
 Mythony, Myt-hony, name
 of a place near Tod-
 morden.
 Mythomroyd, Myt-holm-
 royd, Meet-holm-road,
 a place near the above.
- Nab and Ab, Abraham.
 Nadin, or Neadin, no din,
 silent, a stream divid-
 ing Bamford and Ash-
 worth, near Rochdale.
 Nag-nail, a sore on human
 fingers.
 Naigh maigh, a place near
 Rochdale.
 Naigh-maigh-mill, at the
 same place.
 Nap, a short sleep; Nap-
 pin', taking a nap.
 Napt, slept; Naptnt, they
 slept.
 Napkin, a hand-cloth.
 Nappy, joyous, merry.
 Neant, and Noant, aunt.
 Natter, to nibble, to bite.
 Nattert, short tempered,
 cross: also nibbled.

Natterin, being peevish,
bad tempered. "Whot
dusto keep natterin at?"
also nibbling.

Nayble, the navel.

Neatril, a born fool.

Neaw, now.

Neb, the point of a thing,
also the rim of a hat :
the peak of a bonnet :
the edge of a cake :

"Awve never brokkn
th'nebo' thy cake yet."

Ned, Edward; also Neb-
ster, and Neddy.

Ned, needed: "I hanna
ned it," I have not need-
ed it; Nedno, needed
not; Nedn, we needed;
Nednno, we needed not.

Neeld, a needle.

Neest, a nest; Neestin,
nesting.

Neestlin, nestling.

Neeist, nearest.

Neer, never: "I neer
shall."

Neet, night.

Neeze, to sneeze; Neezin,
sneezing.

Neezt, sneezed.

Neplins, small pieces of
coal.

Nese, nose (only in some
localities.)

Nesh, tender, fragile.

Nestle-cock, the nestling,
the last child.

Nethen, now then.

Nettle, to vex; Nettlt.
vexed: also stung with
nettles.

Newer, never: "Aw
newer will."

Neybur, neighbour.

Neyve, a griped fist.

Nifle, or Nyfle, a bit of
anything, a trifle.

Nimble-nook, a place nr.
Oldham.

Ninny, a witless person.

Ninny-hommer, a block-
head, a gawby: "Whot
a ninny-hommer theaw
art."

Nip, to pinch, to twitch;
also a name for a dog.

Noagur, an augur.

Noagur-hole, or hoyle, a
hole made by an augur:
also a game by marbles.

Noan, none.

Noant, an aunt; "noant
Margit."

Noather, neither.

Noawe, no.

Nob, or Knob, the head.

Nobbut, or Nobbo, no-
thing but, only: "It's
nobbut John."

- Noddle, the head.
 Noddleyed, blockhead.
 Noddlin, nodding.
 Nomony, a speech, a recitation.
 Nompion, a great man, a champion.
 Nook, a corner: at th' nook, at the further end, in a dilemma, a straight.
 Noonin, rest taken at noon; Noonscaupe, the same.
 Nothin, nothing: "He's a great nothin."
 Notchel, see Knotchel.
 Notchells, fragments, broken meats, leavings of a feast.
 Nowt, nothing: also bad, naught; Nowty, full of badness
 Nozzle, the nose.
 Nozzlin, nestling close.
 Nozzle-pap, to nestle to the pap.
 Nudge, a slight hit, to remind by; Nudgin, reminding; Nudgt, reminded; Nudgn, they remind; also to stir a thing. "He nudgt it," to push against; "He just nudgt agen it."
 Nuer, or Newer, never.
- Nurr, a game at ball, with sticks.
 Nuz i' boz, nose i'th bosom.
 Nuzzle, to lie close to, as a child to its mother's bosom.
 Nyfle, or Nyfle, a trifle; a small quantity, a delicacy.
 O, all, of, and, on, as: "o, on em," all of them; "o that," of that: "o'top on em," on the top of them.
 Ongur, an augur, a tool.
 Oandurth, afternoon.
 Oamfry, or Hoamfry, Humphrey.
 Oample, to limp.
 Oather, either.
 Obeawt, or Abeawt, about, near.
 Obunнанze, or Abunнанze, abundance.
 Ockirtn, Alkrington, near Middleton.
 Od, a diminutive of the word, God.
 Odsweawks, God's works.
 Odsweawnds, God's wounds.
 Odds an eends, odd, trifling things.

- Oerlay, a leathern sur-
 jingle.
 Oernenst, over against.
 Oerscutcht, scutcht-oer,
 done slightly.
 Off it, insane; Off atside,
 the same.
 Ogneath, right, streight,
 perfect.
 Oleawt, all out, all ready :
 "Theyr dun oleawt."
 Olike, all the same.
 Olung, all in consequence
 of: "It's olung o'thee."
 Onny, any; Onny way,
 any way; Onnythin,
 anything.
 Onsertn, they answered.
 Oon, an oven.
 Oozle, the owzle.
 Oppn, or Oppen, open.
 Oppnin, opening.
 Oppnt, opened.
 Oppn'n, they open.
 Oreawt, out of doors.
 Orril, mad, phrenzied :
 "He's quite orril."
 Onser, answer; Onserin,
 answering; Onsert, an-
 swered; Onsertn, they
 answered.
 Owd, old; Owdham, Old-
 ham; Owd Birkle, Old
 Birkle, near Bury.
 Owler, the alder.
- Owler-root, a farm near
 Middleton.
 Owse, or Owsen, oxen.
 Owt, anything: "Awm
 for owt," or, frowt.
 Oyl, oil.
 Oytch, each, every.
 Oyerlun, or Eyerlun, Ire-
 land; Oyrish, Irish.
 Oyrishmon, Irishman.
 Pad, to walk; Paddin,
 journeying on foot: also
 the taking home of work
 by hatters is called pad-
 din, from pad, to walk.
 Pail, or Pale, to beat :
 "Awv pailt him weel."
 Pan, to piece, to join to-
 gether (now seldom used)
 Pap, the female bosom,
 suck for an infant.
 Pappy, full bosomed, full
 of milk.
 Papper, paper; Pappert,
 papered; Papperin, pa-
 pering; Pappertn, they
 papered.
 Park, the, a place at Mid-
 dleton; Little Park, in
 the township of Tonge.
 Parrish, perish, to starve
 with cold; Parrisht, per-
 ished, benumbed.
 Pash, a gush, a sudden

- outbreak : " Hoo pasht into teers."
- Pawm, palm ; flower of willow or hazle ; also the palm of the hand ! " Hee put it i'th pawm ov his hont."
- Pays-egg, or Peace-egg, an egg or other gift presented at Easter, according to an ancient custom.
- Pearlur, parlour, a room.
- Peawer, power.
- Peawnd, a pound.
- Peawnter, or Peawnder, keeper of a pound for cattle.
- Peawther powder.
- " Thur bullits an peawther, " Bang'd leawther an leawther."
- Peawsweawse, and Paxwax, the tendon in a neck of veal.
- Peckle, to spot, to freckle.
- Pecklt, spotted ; Pecklin, spotting ; Peckltn, they spotted.
- Penkle, to trifle ; to waste time on things of small consequence ; Penklin, trifling ; Penklt, trifled ; Penkln, they trifle.
- Pestil, the shank of a ham.
- Petch, to patch.
- Petchin, patching.
- Petcht, patched.
- Petchn, they patch.
- Petch-wark, patched work.
- Peylin, or palin, beating.
- Pick, to push sharply, to throw : also to vomit.
- Pickin, vomiting.
- Pickle, case, condition, plight : " I weary pickle."
- Piece-woo, wool for a piece of flannel.
- Pickin-stick, the wooden handle by which weavers throw their shuttles.
- Pike, to pick, to choose, to select : also to pick a quarrel.
- Pikein, picking.
- Pikt, picked, selected.
- Pikn, they pike : also a pike, a weapon ; and a fish.
- Pil, to peel ; Pillin, or Pill-in, peeling ; Pill'd, peeled ; Pilldn, they peeled.
- Pilther, or Pilder, to wither, to shrivel, to chip off ; Pilthert, withered.
- Pilpit, pulpit.
- Pimeper, to pamper, to be delicate at food : " Whot arto pimeperin at theer."

- Pinn**, to run in great haste.
 "He pinn'd away."
Pingot, a small croft near the house.
Pissmote, a pissmire, an ant.
Platt, to plait; **Platted**, plaited; **Plattin**, plaiting; **Plattn**, they plait; also **Plattin**, a road made on hurdles and bushes across a hollow, or over a boggy place: "Th' Miles Plattin," near Manchester.
Platter, a wooden dish.
Pleawm, a plum; **Pleawm-tree**, a plum-tree.
Pleck, a place.
Plucks, the lungs, called also the "leets."
Plucher, to steal, to plunder secretly.
Plucherin, plundering.
Pluchertn, they plunder.
Plyes, to please. [ed.
Plyesin, pleasing.
Plyesn, they please.
Plyest, pleased.
Poand, a pond.
Poant, pawned.
Poantn, they pawned.
Pod, to pad, to walk.
Poddin, walking.
Possy, a bunch of flowers.
- Poke**, a sack; also to pry, to obtrude, "Whot arto pokin abeawt heer for?"
Pollyante, polyanthus.
Pone, or **Poan**, to pawn.
Ponn, a pan; **Poncake**, a pancake.
Poo, a pool of water; also to pull; **Pood**, pulled.
Pooin, pulling; **Poodn**, they pulled.
Porritch, porridge.
Poogh, an expression of slight.
Poot, a young fowl; **Moor-poot**, a moor-fowl.
Poss, to thrust, to push violently.
Possin, thrusting violently; **Post**, thrust; **Postn**, they thrust.
Potboe, a dumpling.
Pot-hook, a hook in the chimney, to hang the pot on.
Pote, to push with the feet, to thrust.
Potter, to stir up, to vex.
Pottert, disturbed.
Potterin, vexing.
Pottern, they vex.
Pottertn, they vexed.
Pow, to cut the hair.
Powd, polled, the hair cut.
Powin, cutting the hair.

- Powdn, they cut the hair.
 Pow-cat, a pole cat.
 Powl, to leave off work,
 and go to the alehouse.
 Powlin, neglecting work,
 and drinking; Powler,
 to ramble about drink-
 ing; Powlerin, ram-
 bling and neglecting
 work; Powlert, broken
 down, distressed.
 Powse, lumber, offal.
 Powsement, rubbish, a
 term of reproach.
 Powsedurt, the same.
 Pratty, pretty.
 Prayo, pray you.
 Preem, a comb used by
 weavers, to loosen the
 yarn.
 Prial, or Pryal, the num-
 ber three: "A pryal o'
 pieces," three pieces.
 Three persons are a
 prial.
 Prison-bars, a rustic, out
 of door game.
 Prog, to thrust with a staff
 or fist.
 Prowt, trumpery stuff.
 Provon, provender.
 Pruin, a prune, a dried
 plum.
 Pule, to cry, to whimper.
 Pulin, whimpering.
- Pump, to pry by asking
 questions: "He geet
 nowt by his pumpin."
 Pumpin, questioning.
 Pumpt, questioned.
 Pumpn, they question.
 Pumpnt, they questioned.
 Pump'o, to question you.
 Punse, to kick; Punst,
 kicked; Punsin, kick-
 ing; Punsn, they kick.
 Punsnt, they kicked.
 Pwork, pork.
 Pyek, peak of a bonnet or
 cap; Pyekt, peaked.
 Pyel, a peal of bells: also
 a peal of laughter.
 Pyelt, pealed.
 Pyelin, pealing.
 Pyeln, they peal.
 Pyeltn, they pealed.
 Pynots, or Pynorts, mag-
 pies.
 Pyrch, to perch, also a
 fish; Pyrchin, perching.
 Pyrchn, they perch.
 Pyrchnt, they perched.
 Pyrk, to be supercilious.
 Pyrkin, affecting superi-
 ority; Pyrkt, affected.
 Pyrkn, they pyrkn.
 Pyert, cheerful, lively.
 Pyess, peace.
 Queah, } a prostitute.
 Queyn, }

Quere, queer.
 Quift, to quaff, to tipple.
 Quiftin-pots, drinking cups.

Quo, quoth.

Quock, to go a distance to work at the harvest.
 Reapers who go down to Lincolnshire at harvest are called quockers

Rabblement, a collection of rabble ; Rabblety, a small rabble.

Rack, a frame to hold hay for cattle.

Rack, Reck, reckon.

Rack-o'th-ee, reckoning by the eye.

Rack o' muttn, a saddle of mutton.

Rack an rend, to waste property : to destroy, to ruin.

Raddle, to thrash : "Aw'll raddle the bwons for the."

Raddlt, thrashed.

Raddlin, thrashing, beating ; also a rod of hazel or other young wood.

Raddlins, pliant rods.

Raggot, a ragged vagabond.

Rake, or Reawke, to place together, to collect, to

rake into one place : "Rake th' foyer," to pull it together before going to rest : "Rake that mud," collect it together with a rake.

Rap-scallion, a petty rascal.

Rap an rend, to waste, to destroy property.

Rape an teer, the same.

Rascot, a rascal.

Rash, an irruption on the skin.

Rasher, a slice of bacon a steak of beef.

Ratch, to stretch, to extend : also that space in a loom betwixt the yarn-beam and the healds.

Rachda, Rochdale, anciently called Recedham ; in Anglo-Saxon, Recedóm, a chief office, office of legislator.

Ratliv, or Ratlif, Radcliffe, near Bury.

Rattnsta, or Rawtnsta, Rawtenstall, near Haslingden.

Rattle, to scold, to talk much ; Rattlt, scolded, talked much ; Rattlin, talking.

- Reawk**, to meet in neighbours' houses, and spend time in idle gossip.
Reawkin, meeting together; **Reawkt**, collected, rooked; **Reawknt**, they collected together.
Reawly, sleepy, muzzy, unwashed.
Reawm, a room.
Reawnd, round.
Reawp, a hoarse cold.
Reawst, rust; **Reawsty**, rusty.
Reawt, rout; **Reawted**, routed; **Reawtin**, rout.
Reawtn, they rout. [ing.
Reawtnt, they routed.
Reawt, rout, direction, way. [ken.
Reawze, to rouse, to awake.
Red Tum nook, a place at Oldham.
Redivas, **Redvales**, near Bury.
Reddyd, readied; **Reddy**, to make ready: "Reddy that yed," make that head ready, that is, comb the hair with the larger comb, preparatory to the smaller one.
Ree, after; **Ree-supper**, a second supper. [pour.
Reech, reek, smoke, va-
- Reechin**, giving out smoke.
Reechn, they smoke.
Reechnt, they smoked.
Reechy, smoky.
Reer, to rear, to set on end, to bring up: "They never reer it;" also to lean against: "Hereert it agen th' wa'."
Reert, reared: "Hoo sat reert op, like Lunnun pewter," a jeer at a finely dressed, lazy, ignorant, woman, who sits in her chair motionless from pride, and thoughtless from stupidity.
Reest, or **Reast**, rusted, smoke-dried, discoloured: "Reest bacon."
Reet, right; **Reetn**, they right.
Render, to melt, to separate the fat from the skinny parts of suet or pork.
Rent, to tear; **Rent**, torn.
Rentin, tearing; **Rentn**, they tear; **Rentnt**, they tore.
Rey, raw.
Reyther, rather, given to, tending to; **Reytherist**, most given to: "Reyther byth' reytherist," is a

- common expression, meaning, rather tending to the greatest tendency.
- Reytch, to reach, to touch a thing.
- Rick, to make a noise, to jingle; also to scold; also a hay-rick.
- Rickin, making a noise; making a hay-rick.
- Ricklin, the youngest of a hatch, or of a family.
- Ridd, to separate combatants; to place two things apart.
- Riddance, a quittance; having done with a thing.
- Rindle, a small stream of water.
- Rift, to belch; Rifted, belched; Riftn, they belch; Riftnt, they belched. [ter.]
- Riggot, a channel or gut.
- Rhute, a passion, a parox-ism of anger: "He went away in a great rhute."
- Rive, to twist, to bend.
- Riven, rived, twisted, broken.
- Robin-run-ith'-hedge, a medical plant.
- Robin Hood-bed, a large block of stone, probably an ancient altar, on the top of Blackstonedge, above Littleborough.
- Rockcliffe-lumme, near Bacup.
- Ronk, rank, luxuriant.
- Rood, a rod, a measure of ground $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards; also a place where a cross once stood, as Brim-rood, Oakenrood, near Rochdale.
- Roodilee, nr. Todmorden.
- Roof, rough.
- Roofer, rougher.
- Rook, a heap, a number together, as, "a rook o' stones."
- Rookin, reawkin, collecting together; Rookn, they collect; Rooknt, they collected.
- Rooly, a place nr. Rochdale; Rooly-moor, near the same.
- Roor, roar; Roorin, roaring; Roort, roared.
- Roorn, they roar.
- Roortn, they roared.
- Rooze, to arouse; also to praise, to puff up: "He geet roozt rarely."
- Rops, entrails.
- Rote, to rot, to decay.
- Rotein, rotting.

- Rotten, a rat, also rotten, decayed.
- Rowl, to roll; Rowlin, rolling; Rowlt, rolled.
- Rowler, roller; Rowlin-pin, a roller to make paste.
- Royd, road; Dane-royd, Dane-road; Mythom-royd, Mythomroad; Murgatroyd, Moorgate-road.
- Royle, (perhaps from the Celtic, ar haul, the sun; pronounced ar oyle), the name of a hill in Thornham near Middleton.
- Royley, near Royton.
- Rudd, red; Ruddmon, red man; also to rutt, to spawn, as "twod-rudd."
- Ruefo, rueful.
- Ruffin, ruffian; Ruffin-lone, a lane at Middleton.
- Runaberr, running to get a force, an impetus: "a berr."
- Runagate, a person not following regular employment, and ready to run at any one's bidding; an idle, untached person.
- Runge, a long tub with two handles (obs.)
- Runt, a dwarf, a stunted animal or tree.
- Runted, stunted.
- Rushbearin, rushbearing, an annual custom of carrying rushes to the parish church on the anniversary of its dedication.
- Rushcart, a cart loaded with rushes, arranged in tasteful form, and taken as an offering to the parish church.
- Rutt, a track of wheels.
- Rutchot o' Jack's, Richard of John's, *vide* "Tum-mus an Meary."
- Ryem, or Cryem, cream.
- Ryem-mug, or Cryem-mug, cream-mug.
- Ryemin, foaming.
- Ryen, a narrow channel or foot-path.
- Ryep, a rap of yarn, part of a hank.
- Rynty, stand off, probably from "aroyn't thee," the common abjuration addressed to a witch or demon.
- Ryest, or Reest, rancid, strong flavoured.
- Sabden, a place in North Lancashire.

- Sad, thick, stiff, as "sad porritch," thick porridge.
- Sackliss, innocent, unconscious.
- Saig, a hand-saw.
- Saigh, saw: "I saigh him doo it."
- Sanner, sooner.
- Saplin, a young oak.
- Sark, a shirt; Sarkliss, shirtless.
- Sartin, certain; Sartinly, certainly.
- Sarmun, sermon.
- Sate, to satiate; Sated, satiated; Satein, satiating.
- Sattlt, settled; Sattle, to settle; Sattln, they settle; Sattltn, they settled.
- Savur, savour, taste.
- Savurt, tasted.
- Savurn, they taste.
- Savurtn, they tasted.
- Sawfly, or Sawfli, softly, gently: "He wawkt very sawfli." [then.
- Sawgh, a willow or wi-
- Sawp, a sup, a small quantity.
- Sawt, salt.
- Sawve, salve.
- Saxon-nook, a farm at Middleton.
- Sblid, s'blood, an exclamation.
- Scallion, a young onion.
- Scamper, to run with speed; Scampert, ran hastily.
- Scaplins, chippings of stone.
- Scapp, escape. [lows.
- Scap-gallows, scape-gal-
- Scarr, a scaur, a steep, bare, and rocky place on the side of a hill.
- Scawd, to scald; Scawd, or Scode-yed, a scabbed head.
- Scawp, the head.
- Scoance, a lantern.
- Scog, to dispute.
- Scoggin, disputing.
- Scope, a scoop, a vessel to lade with.
- Scopperil, a flat button mold of bone, through which a peg is driven, so that it may twirl round like a tee-totum; an insignificant person is also termed a scopperil: "Theaw little scopperill."
- Scotch, to set fast.
- Scotcht, set fast, stopped.
- Scrannil, a lean, skinny person.

Scrat, to scratch, also is scratched ; Scrattin, scratching; Scratn, they scratch ; Scratnt, they scratched.

Scrawm, to scramble awkwardly ; Scrawmin, scrambling ; Scrawmt, scrambled ; Scrawmin, they scramble. [bled.

Scrawmntn, they scramble. Screeve, or Screeve, to froth at the mouth, as in a fit, or as corpses do after death : Screeven, frothing ; Screevt frothed.

Scroof, dry scales of the skin.

Scrog, a fragment, a scrag.

Scrunt, brush wood, undergrowth of timber, also a steented insignificant person, " Awd neer goo throo th' wood, un tak op weeth' scrunt," means "I'd never walk through the world of mankind, and take up with one of the most inferior after all."

Scuse, excuse, evasion.

Scutt, tail of a hare : a short coat or other garment, "Its very scutt."

Scutter, to haste, to splutter.

Scutch, or Skutch, to whip ; to move quickly, "He skutcht forrud."

Seanee, a small fresh water eel, a conger eel.

Seaw, to sew ; Seawin, sewing ; Seawd, sewed ;

Seawn, sewn ; Seawdn, they sewd.

Seawer, sour : Sawyr, taste, odour, cymraeg.

Seawk, suck, also to suck :

Seawkin, sucking.

Seawkt, sucked.

Seawkn, they suck.

Seawknt, they sucked.

Seawl, Buttermilk or whey, taken with oaten cake, chiefly for bagging or lunch. "Pot bos are scant and dear are seawl, an cheese." *Tim Bobbin*.

Seawl, soul ; Seawl-case the human body.

Seawnd, sound, healthy : also a noise ; Seawndin, sounding ; Seawndn, they sound ; Seawndnt, they sounded. [tily.

Seawndly, soundly, hear-

Seawp, sup, also to sup : seawpin, supping ; seawpt supped ; seawpnt, they supped.

Seawse, to hit, to beat;
 "Awll githe a good
 seawsin."

Seawter-skull, 'a numb-
 skull; a stupid fellow,
 "Theaw great seawter-
 skull." [low.

Seawteryed, a stupid fel-
 low. Seawth, south.

Seck, a sack.

Secont, second.

Sed, said; Sedto, saidest
 thou? Sedtono, saidest
 thou not? Sedtoso? said-
 est thou so? Sedtonoso,
 saidest thou not so.

Seech, seek; also to seek:
 Seechn, we seek; Seech-
 in, seeking; Seechst,
 sought; Seechnt, they
 sought.

Seed, saw; Seedn, they
 saw.

Seegh, a sieve.

Seely, silly.

Seet, sight; also see it:
 also to set off, to start.

"He seet away." Also
 sat; "He seet him
 deawn," Seetn, they sat.

Segg, a bullock; also a
 horny skin on the foot
 or hand.

Seign, seven; seignpence,
 sevenpence.

Seln, self.

Sen, the say: "They sen
 he didno." Senno, say
 you.

Sennis, sinews.

Sennigroon, sinews stif-
 fened, immoveable.

Sennit, seven night, a
 week.

Ses, or Sez, says: "He
 ses," "They sedn;"

Sesto? sayest thou?

Sestoso? sayest thou so?

Sestonoso? sayest thou
 not so.

Setter, an issue on cattle.

Sett, a party, a gang;
 "Th' Boelee sett." "Th'
 Birkle sett."

Sewr, sure; "Aye for
 sewr is it." for a certainty

Shadd, or Shedd, overdid,
 excelled; "That shadd
 o;" that exceeded all.

Shaffle, to shuffle, to
 evade; "Whot arto
 shafflin abeawt?"

Shaffledurt, a shuffling
 person.

Shallha, shall have; shalli,

shall I: Shalto, shalt

thou: Shaltono, shalt

thou not: Sholl is fre-

quently used.

Sitter, an old pester'd sore

Shammock, one who is awkward, shamefaced.
Shammockin, bungling, confused, abashed.

Shan, shall : **Shanno**, shall not : **Shannodoo**, shall not do.

Shankle, to shuffle about, to dangle after. "Whot arto shanklin after hur for? "Theaw needsno ston shanklin theer."

Shantledurt, a shaffling fellow.

Shap, shape ; **Shappin**, shaping ; **Shapt**, shaped.

Shapn, they shape.

Shapnt, they did shape ; also to offer, or to set about doing a thing, as "Come, arto not for shappin?" art thou not for setting about thy work? or thy journey?

Shap-ashes, corrupted from sheep-washes, at Oldham.

Sharn, dung ; **Sharnyvoor**, corrupted from Sharnyford, near Bacup.

Shawme, shame ; **Shawmt**, shamed.

Shawmin, shaming.

Shawmtn, they shamed.

Shay, Shaw, in Crompton.

Shay-side, a place near Shaw ; **Shayforth**, a place near Rochdale.

Shedd, spilled ; **Shedds**, spills ; **Sheddn**, they spill ; **Sheddnt**, they spilled.

Shedd, or **S'hadd**, surpassed, exceeded : "That shedds o."

Sheddum, exceeding : "That's sheddum."

Sheed, to spill ; **Sheedin**, spilling ; **Sheedn**, they spill ; **Sheednt**, they spilled.

Sheer, clear, entire, through.

Shepster, a starling.

Sherrs, shears ; also he shears, he reaps.

Sherrin, shearing.

Sherrd, shorn ; **Sherdn**, they sheared ; **Sherrers**, shearers.

Sheawt, to shout.

Sheawtin, shouting.

Sheawtnt, they shouted.

Schilder, or **Shilther**, shoulder ; **Schilders**, shoulders.

Schilderin, shouldering.

Schildertn, they shoulder-

Shippn, a cow-house. [ed.

Shire, or **Shoyer**, fully, entirely, to the extent.

- Shoave, or Sheave, or
 Shoove, to push against,
 or thrust aside.
 Shirl, shrill.
 Shitter, to purge. [sily.
 Shog, to jog, to go unea-
 Shon, or Shan, shall.
 Shonno, shall not.
 Shollno, shall not.
 Sholtno, shalt not.
 Sholto? shalt thou?
 Sholltono, shalt thou not.
 Shollst, shallst.
 Shoo, a shovel: also a
 shoe; Shool, to shovel.
 Shoolin, or Shooin, sho-
 velling; Shoolt, shovel-
 led; Shooltu, they sho-
 velled.
 Shoods, the husks of
 grain; Shuyds, the same;
 Shudes, the same.
 Shoon, shoes; Shuyn,
 the same, chiefly near
 Todmorden.
 Shoother, or Schilder,
 shoulder; Shootherin,
 shouldering.
 Shoothertu, they should-
 ered.
 Shough, a shoe to wear.
 Shover, Sholver, nr. Old-
 ham; Shover-moor, at
 the same place.
 Shoyne, to shine.
- Shoyney, shiney; Shoy-
 nin, shining; Shoyner,
 shiner; Shoynt, shone.
 Shoyntu, they shone.
 Shoyve, or Shive, a slice:
 "Cut a good shoyve."
 Shoyer-oer, over, entirely,
 over bounds, over the
 whole shire.
 Shreawd, a shroud.
 Shreawlt, withered, shri-
 velled.
 Shu, a noise to frighten
 poultry or birds: "Shu
 sed one; shu sed ano-
 the."—*T. Bobbin*.
 Shuin, frightening, driving
 Shud, should; Shudto?
 shouldst thou? Shud-
 tono, or Shudsttono,
 shouldst thou not?
 Shunt, to give way: to
 move from a place.
 Shuntu, they give way.
 Shuntnt, they gave way.
 Shurt, a shirt; Sark, the
 same.
 Shutter, to slip, to slide
 down; Shuttert, slipped.
 Shutterin, slipping.
 Shuttern, they slip.
 Shuttertn, they slipped;
 r. w. gutter.
 Shuz, or Chez, whichever.
 "Shuz which theaw taks."

- Sib, relating to, akin (obs)
- Side, deep, long : a curtain or garment is said beside, when it hangs : also the side of a thing, or the side of a party : "Whot side is he on?"
- Sidle, to hang aside : to be ready for either side, or both sides : to wait for events : also to follow a lass bashfully and and secretly : "He's sidlin after hur."
- Sidelin, shuffling, hesitating; Sidlt, shuffled, waited. Lord Stanley sidlt, when he stood aside with his forces previous to the battle of Bosworth. That was a remarkable specimen of sidelin.
- Sigh, the sound of heavy rain, with wind : "Heaw it sighs an rains;" also to pour liquor through a sieve.
- Sike, or Syke, a gutter.
- Sillabeawk, a rich cake used at weddings.
- Sillabub, a rich posset, or spiced ale, produced at weddings by the bride's friends before going to church.
- Simmeh, see me.
- Simlin, or Symlin, or Cymblyn, or Simblin, a rich cake of a peculiar shape, chiefly produced at Bury, in South Lancashire, and commonly presented to guests on Midlent Sunday, called from that circumstance Symblin Sunday; Anglo-Saxon, Simble, a feast.
- Sin, seen; r. w. in : "Aw sin him." [sinu.]
- Sinn, since : "It's a week Singlet, a waist coat, a man's vest.
- Sink, a drain, a gutter.
- Sink-durt, the mud of a sink. [an one.]
- Sitch, such; Sitchun, such
- Sitter, a festered sore.
- Sivv, a sieve.
- Size, a kind of paste to stiffen woollen and cotton warps.
- Skail, to stir, to potter, to let out, as "skail th' foyer," stir the fire.
- Skam, did skim or take off.
- Skeawl, or Sceawl, to scowl, to frown.
- Skeawlin, scouling.
- Skeawlt, scouled.

- Skeawln, they scoul.
 Skeawlt, they scouled.
 Skillit, a small pan.
 Skellut, crooked, awry.
 Skeawr, to scour; Skeaw-
 rin, scouring; Skeawrt,
 scoured; Skeawrn, they
 scour; Skeawrtn, they
 scoured.
 Skelter, to run or ride at
 great speed: "Helter-
 skelter," galloping reck-
 lessly, with only a halter
 to guide the horse.
 Skenn, to squint; Sken-
 nin, squinting; Skend,
 squinted; Skend, they
 squint; Skednt, they
 squinted.
 Skift, to shift, to remove.
 Skiftin, shifting.
 Skifted, shifted.
 Skift, they shift.
 Skiftnt, they shifted.
 Skirmidge, skirmish.
 Skirmidgin, skirmishing.
 Skirmidgn, they skirmish
 Skirmidgnt, they skir-
 mished.
 Skode, or Scode, scald.
 Skodin, scalding.
 Skoded, scalded,
 Skodn, they scald.
 Skodnt, they scalded.
 Skode, or Scode-yed,
 scald head.
 Skoo, or Schoo, school.
 Skooin, schooling.
 Skood, schooled.
 Skoon, they school.
 Skoodn, they schooled.
 Skrike, to shriek.
 Skrikin, shrieking.
 Skrikt, shrieked.
 Skrickn, they shriek.
 Skriknt, they shrieked.
 Skrike o' day, break of
 day; Day-skrike, day-
 break.
 Skriev, to froth at the
 mouth after death.
 Skrievt, frothed.
 Skryem, to scream.
 Skryemin, screaming.
 Skryempt, screamed.
 Skryemptn, they scream-
 ed.
 Scuse, or Scuse, excuse,
 palliation.
 Skutter, to run in haste
 and terror: "He skut-
 tert away." "They
 skuttertn off sharply."
 Skyoy, the sky.
 Skyoyne, or Skime, to be
 distant, indifferent, dis-
 respectfully cool in man-
 ner and conversation.
 Over-dressed and under-
 taught ladies, often
 evince their superiority

by skymin, and a very natural way it is, for those who have none other. Gentlemen also, or persons so called, have been known to skyme in company of worse clad but better hearted men; and "ministers" of religion are sometimes known to exhibit this sort of distance keeping, especially if a lady happen to set the example. Skyoyme, to be sickly, squeamish of food, affected, indifferent in manner; Skyoymous, squeamish, affected. Skyoymin, acting affectedly, squeamishly. Skyoymt, skyoymed. Skyoymn, they skyoyme. Skyoymntn, they skyoymed. Slack, a hollow place, a small valley. Slaigh, sloes, berries of the black thorn. Sleawgh, the same. Slaik, to lick with the tongue, to daub with slaver, to fawn. Slap, a smack, a blow with the open hand. Slank, soft, flexible.

Slatt, to spill, to shed, to splash; Slatt, splashed; Slattin, splashing; Slattn, they splash; Slattnt, they splashed. Slattert, spilled, shed. Slaunches, a place near Rochdale. Slaver, slime of the mouth. Sleawm, to slumber. Sleawmin, slumbering. Sleawms, slumbers. Sleawmt, slumbered. Sleawmn, they slumber. Sleawmntn, they slumbered. Sleawtch, slouch, to bend down; Sleawtchin, bending; Sleawtcht, slouched; Sleawtchin, slouching; Sleawtchn, they slouch; Sleawtchnt, they slouched. Sleck, the smallest pit coal: also to slake, to quench; Slect, quenching; Sleckin, quenching. Sleckn, they quench. Slecknt, they quenched. Sled, a carriage without wheels, a sledge. Sleet, snow and rain. Sleety, given to sleet. Sleeveless, purposeless, ineffectual.

- Sleeveliss-arnt**, an errand to no purpose, not likely to succeed.
Slice, a flat bit of wood used in the stirring of porridge or broth: a porridge slice: also a slice of bacon or other meat.
Slift, to slide, to shift.
Slifter, a thing to slide.
Slifterin, sliding in a groove.
Slicken, slack, pliant.
Slim, slender, light, pliable. [of yarn.
Slivin, a number of hanks
Slaunt, insincerity, scornful praise, pretension.
Slob, slutch, mire.
Slobby, miry, splashy.
Slont, to slant, to lean.
Slontin, slanting.
Slooar, to grasp (obs.)
Sloode, the track of wheels (obs.)
Sloppery, dirty, miry.
Slot, a slit, a slide for a thing to move in.
Slotch, a gluttonous, drunken clown; Slotchin, gobbling, wallowing.
Slotcht, wallowed to bursting: "He slotcht it, didno he?"
Slowtter, slaughter.
Slowtterin, slaughtering.
Slowttert, slaughtered.
Slowttern, they slaughter.
Slowttern, they slaughtered.
Slovn, or **Sloven**, split, cloven; **Slovent**, cleft, also they cleft; **Slovnin**, cleaving.
Sloven'n, they cleave.
Sloyther, to loiter, to be idle; **Sloytherin**, loitering; **Sloythert**, loitered.
Sloythern, they loiter.
Sloythertn, they loitered.
Slummer, to slumber.
Slummerin, slumbering.
Slummert, slumbered.
Slummern, they slumber.
Slummertn, they slumbered.
Slarr, to slide; **Slurrin**, sliding; **Slurn**, they slide; **Slurdn**, they did slide.
Slutch, mud, sludge.
Slutchy, muddy.
Slyet, to encourage, to excite, to set a dog at a person. "Why didto slyet th' dhog at him?"
Slyetin, exciting, encouraging; **Slyetn**, they excite.

Slyetnt, they excited.
 Slatt, excited, plashed.
 Smash, to break to pieces.
 Smashin, crashing to
 pieces; Smasht, broken.
 Smashn, they break.
 Smashnt, they broke.
 Smatch, an incipient dis-
 order, as, "a smatch ov
 a fever" means inclined
 to fever.
 Smeawtch, a kiss.
 Smeawtchin, kissing.
 Smeawtchn, they kiss.
 Smeawtchnt, they kissed.
 Smeln, they smell.
 Smeltn, they smelled.
 Smit, or Smut, a spot.
 Smitty, flecky, spotted.
 Smo, small; Smoer, small-
 er; Smoist, smallest.
 Smock, a woman's shift.
 Smock-fac't, white faced.
 Smook, to smoke.
 Smookin, smoking.
 Smookt, smoked.
 Smookn, they smoke.
 Smooknt, they smoked.
 Smoor, to smother.
 Smoorin, smothering.
 Smoort, smothered.
 Smoorn, they smother.
 Smoorn, they smothered.
 Smoot, smooth.
 Smooter, smother.

Smootist, smoothest,
 Smudge, a stink.
 Smudgy, stinking.
 Snape, or Sneype, to
 check, to reprimand :
 " He sneypt em," he
 reproved them.
 Snaffle, to speak through
 the nose ; Snaffln, they
 snaffle ; Snaffltn, they
 snaffled.
 Sneck, a string to pull up
 the latch of a door.
 Sneeze, snuff: also to
 sneeze or neeze, from
 taking snuff ; Sneeze-
 hurn, a horn to hold
 snuff.
 Sniddle, long grass or
 stubble.
 Snidge, a greedy, sordid,
 good-for-nothing person.
 Snidgy, shabby, mean.
 Snift, a moment : " It's
 dun in a snift ;" also to
 snift at the nose.
 Snig, an eel, also to snatch
 a thing : " He snig'd it
 fromeh," he snatcht it
 from me.
 Snifter, to whimper, to
 cry ; Snifterin, crying.
 Sniftert, cried.
 Sniftern, they cry.
 Sniftertn, they cried.

Snifterin-fellow, a pitiful fellow.

Snip, to break off a small piece; Snipt, broken.

Snippin, breaking.

Sniptn, they break.

Sniptnt, they broke.

Snite, to blow the nose.

Snittn, having blown the nose; Snit, a discharge from the nose.

Snob, a shoemaker, or rather a cobbler, a patcher, an underworker.

Snoblint, snow-blind, short sighted.

Snod, smooth, sleek, and snug.

Snoode, a fillet to tie up a woman's hair. (obs.)

Snook, to smell, to go prying about other people's affairs.

Snoor, to snore in sleep.

Snoorin, snoring.

Snoort, snored.

Snoorn, they snore.

Snoortn, they snored.

Snot, mucus of the brain.

Snotter, to discharge snot.

Snooze, a slumber, a doze.

Snoozin, dozing; Snoozt, dozed; Snoozn, they doze; Snooztn, they dozed.

Snub, to check, to reprove.

Snubbin, reprehending, huffing contemptuously.

Snubbd, huffed.

Snubbn, they huff.

Snubbnt, they huffed.

Snuddle, to lie close together, to cuddle.

Snuft, to snuff up the nose.

Snuftin, smelling, snuffing.

Sny, to indicate dislike, or indifference, by look or manner; to be squeamish or delicate in food. Thus a good dame would say to her young and over-indulged boy, or to her tea-loving daughter, "Come, get the brekfust ettn, an dunno sit snyin theer. Thoose porritch, awm sure, ar good enoof for ony lady or gentleman i'th lond, an iv the arno' good enoof for thee, theaw mungoo beawt, that's o'."

Soe, to sew; Soin, sewing.

Sone, sewn; Sodn, they sewed; also to sow grain.

Sogg, a heavy clumsy blow or push; Sogger, a blow or push that sickens, that hurts grievously.

Sokkn, soaked, saturated.

Soltch, a heavy fall.

Soltcht, fell heavily.

Soltchn, they fall.

Soltchnt, they fell.

Sond, sand; Sonly, sandy.

Sonded, sanded.

Soont, sand; Soont-hole,
a place near Rochdale.

Soo, a sow, a pig.

Soo, to sigh, to moan.

Sooin, sighing, moaning
of the wind: noise of
distant waters; Sood,
moaned; Soon, they
moan; Soodn, they
moaned.

Sooly, grimy, unwashed.

Soolier, more sooly.

Soolyist, most sooly.

Soople, a supple, a stick
of hazle or ash; a twist-
ed sprout, by means of
which blacksmiths hold
their chissels or punches
whilst they cut or indent
hot or cold iron; also a
description of thrown
silk.

Soor, sore; Soory, sorry.

Sooryer, more sorry.

Sooryist, most sorry.

Sope, a sup, a small
draught. [seat.

Soss, to plump down on a

Sossin, lounging, idling.

So't, so it: "An so't wur
dunwi," and so it was
done with.

Sot, sat; Sotten, seated.

Sow, the head.

Sowd, sold; Sowdn, we or
they sold.

Sowgh, to sigh; Sowght,
sighed; Sowghn, we, or
they sigh.

Soyl, soil; also to soil, to
make unclean; Soylt,
soiled; Soylin, sailing,
spotting; Soyln, they
soil; Soyln, they soiled

Soyne, or Sooyne, soon.

Soyner, sooner.

Soynist, soonest.

Spade-graft, a spade-
depth: to delve, a spade
deep.

Spank, to provoko.

Spankin, provoking; also
dashing: "He's a span-
kin felley."

Spare, thin, slender:
"He's very spare," he's
very slender.

Sparrow-bills, short nails
used by shoemakers.

Sparth, a place nr. Roch-
dale.

Speawt, a spout, also to
harangue.

- Speawting**, spouting.
Speawted, spouted.
Speawtn, they spout.
Speawtn, they spouted.
Speek, he spoke.
Speekn, they spoke.
Spokkn, spoken.
Speer, or **Spier**, a boarded partition betwixt the door and the fire of a cottage, to keep the wind off.
Spelk, a splinter of wood used to keep a broken limb in its proper position; **Spelkt**, bound with spelks and tape.
Spelkin, applying spelks.
Spelkn, they spelk.
Spelknt, they spelked.
Sperr, to enquire.
Sperrin, enquiring.
Sperrd, enquired.
Sperrn, they enquire.
Sperrdn, they enquired.
Splinter, a piece, a fragment.
Splutter, hurry, confusion.
Spinthreed, a place near Rochdale.
Spod, or **Spodden**, a stream in Spoiland, nr. Rochdale.
Spoe, a spaw, a mineral spring.
- Spoke**, a stave of a carriage wheel.
Spokes, staves.
Spokn, spoken.
Spon, a span : also to span.
Sponnin, spanning.
Spond, spanned.
Spondn, they spanned.
Spon-new, quite new.
Spone, spawn.
Spon't, spawned.
Sponein, spawning.
Spon'n, they spawn.
Spontn, they spawned.
Spoos, spools, bobbins for weavers.
Spote, he or she spat.
Spoyl, to spoil; **Spoysin**, spoiling; **Spoylt**, spoiled; **Spoyn**, they spoil.
Spoyltn, they spoiled.
Sprad, was spread; also did spread.
Spreawt, to sprout, to bud, also a sprout.
Spreawtn, sprouting.
Spreawted, sprouted.
Spreawtn, they sprout.
Spreawtn, they sprouted.
Sprit, to vegetate, to sprout; **Sprittin**, sprouting; **Spritt**, sprouted.
Sprtn, they sprout.
Sprnt, they sprouted.
Sprod, to spread, to swag-

- ger; Sproddin, swaggering; Sprodd, swaggered. Sprodn, they swagger. Sprodnt, they swaggered. Sprote, to brag, to amplify, to display; Sprotin, bragging; Sproted, bragged; Sprotn, they brag. Sprotnt, they bragged. Sproze, to talk big, to swagger; Sprozin, self exalting; Sprozt, self exalted; Sprozn, they sproze; Sproznt, they sprozed.
- Spudd, a gush of water. Sputter, to stutter, in an angry confused manner. Sputterin, stuttering. Sputtert, stuttered. Sputtern, they stutter. Sputtertnt, they stuttered. Spwort, sport; Spwortin, sporting; Spworted, sported; Spwortn, they sport; Spwortnt, they sported.
- Spyek, to speak, also spoke; Spyekin, speaking; Spyekn'n, they speak; Spyeknt, they spoke.
- Stadles, marks of the small pox. Stakehill, nr. Middleton.
- Stail, or Steyle, a handle to a vessel or tool. Stang, a pole; Stangin, carrying hay to the barn on poles; Stangd, carried on poles; Stang, to carry on poles; Stangn, they carry on poles; Stangnt, they carried on poles. Stang, it stung. Stanniel, a hawk. [ton. Stannicliffe, near Middle. Stark, utterly, entirely, as, "stark mad, stark naked;" also to be stiff and sore from over exertion, as, "Awm stark wi wawkin." Starkn, to stiffen; Starknt, stiffened.
- Star't, stared; Starin, staring; Starn, they stare. Startn, they stared:
- "Byth mass heaw they star't,
When aw geet toth' Mumps;
"Meh owd hat imeh hont,
An meh chlogs full o' stumps."
JONE O' GREENFILT.
- Stawkt, a stalk: also to stride; Stawkin, striding; Stawkt, stridden. Stawkn, they stride. Stawknt, they strode. Stawp, to step clumsily. Stawmp, the same.

- Stawmpin, stamping.
 Stawter, to totter, to stumble; Stawtert, tottered.
 Stawtern, they totter.
 Stawtertn, they tottered.
 Steawk, a stalk, a handle.
 Steawp, to stoop.
 Steawpin, stooping.
 Steawpt, stooped.
 Steawpn, they stoop.
 Steawpnt, they stooped.
 Steawpan reawp, a clearing off; a going through with a thing: "He's taen o'at they hadn, steawp an reawp."
 Steawnd, to astound.
 Steawnded, astounded.
 Steawt, stout.
 Steep, rennet, the juice of a calf's maw.
 Steigh, a ladder, also a stile. [vil.
 Stiddy, steady, also an an-
 Stickle, to stand up for a cause, to adhere, to reiterate; Sticklt, stood up, abided by; Stickln, they stickle; Stickltn, they stickled.
 Stickle-butt, to persist right or wrong; to go head first at a thing.
 Stirk, a young beast.
 Stoe, to stop, to be set fast.
- Sto'd, stopped.
 Stoin, stopping.
 Sto'n, they stop.
 Stodn, they stopped.
 Ston, or Stond, stand.
 Stonnin, or Stondin, standing.
 Stone-smatch, a red-start.
 Stood, stood.
 Stoodn, they stood.
 Stoo, a low seat, a three legged stool.
 Stoop, and Stud, a stump, a post to protect foot roads, and passages in fields.
 Stottar, to stagger.
 Stottart, staggered.
 Stotterin, staggering.
 Stottern, they stagger.
 Stottertn, they staggered.
 Stown, stolen.
 Strangeways, a place near Manchester.
 Stracklin, a rash, giddy person. [zied.
 Stract, distracted, phren-
 Straunge, strange.
 Street-bridge, a place nr. Royton.
 Streng, string.
 Strey, straw.
 Strey-berry, strawberry, pl. the same.
 Strike, two pecks.

- Strikle, a flat piece of wood to mete corn in the measure.
 Strinkle, to sprinkle.
 Strines, handles of a barrow, sides of a ladder.
 Stroddle, to straddle.
 Stroddlin, stradling.
 Stroddln, they straddle.
 Stroddltn, they straddled.
 Stroke, he struck.
 Strokn, they struck.
 Strollop, an untidy female
 Strollops, rags, tatters, dirt: "Theaw great strollops;" Strollopin, gadding about all strol-
 Strowl, to stroll. [lops.
 Strowlin, strolling.
 Strowlt, strolled.
 Strowln, they stroll.
 Strowltn, they strolled.
 Strung, strong; Strunk, the same.
 Strushon, waste.
 Strushons, wastefulness.
 Stryem, stream.
 Stryemin, streaming.
 Stryemtn, streamed.
 Stryemtn, they stream.
 Stryemtn, they streamed.
 Stub, a short stump.
 Stumpy, short, dumpy.
 Stunnish, to stun: also to sprain a joint.
 Stunnisht, stunned.
 Stunnishin, stunning.
 Stunnishn, they stun.
 Stunnishnt, they stunned.
 Stur, stir; Sturrin, stirring; Stur, stirred.
 Sturn, they stir.
 Sturdn, they stirred.
 Stutt, to stutter.
 Stuttin, stuttering.
 Stutted, stuttered.
 Stuttn, they stutter.
 Stuttnt, they stuttered.
 Styek, a steak; also to stake a wager.
 Styem, steam.
 Styemin, steaming.
 Styemt, steamed.
 Styemtn, they steam.
 Styemtn, they steamed.
 Sulky, sullen, ill temper.
 Sum, some. [ed.
 Summut, somewhat.
 Sumthin, something.
 Sumdy, somebody.
 Sumheaw, somehow.
 Sumgate, some manner.
 Sunk, a song: "Come, givus a sunk."
 Sunkn, sunk, put down.
 Sur, sir.
 Suse, six.
 Suss, come hither to a dog.
 Suss-middin, a lazy woman, too idle to move from her seat.

- Swab, to swoon.
 Swabbin, swooning.
 Swabd, swooned.
 Swabn, they swoon.
 Swabnt, they swooned.
 Swad, a husk.
 Swaddy, husky.
 Swadlins, wrappers and clothes for infants.
 Swage, to assuage, to mitigate.
 Swailor, a wholesale corn or provision dealer.
 Swarfy, dun, dark coloured.
 Swathe, or Swaith, grass put aside by the scythe of the mower.
 Swathe-bawk, to leave grass uncut, in the sweep of the scythe.
 Swat, past tense of sweat.
 Swatch, a patch, a fragment; Swatches, patches
 Swattle, to dabble, to waste
 Swatter, the same.
 Sweel, a great blaze.
 Sweelin, burning, blazing.
 Sweelingth' moors; Sweelin th' chimly.
 Swelt, to melt with heat.
 Swelted, melted.
 Sweltin, melting.
 Sweltern, melted.
 Swelterin, melting.
- Sweltern, they melt.
 Sweltern, they melted.
 Swet, to sweat.
 Swettin, sweating.
 Swetted, sweated.
 Swetn, they sweat.
 Swetnt, they sweated.
 Swilk, to splash, to spill out of a vessel.
 Swilkin, spilling.
 Swilkt, spilled.
 Swilkn, they spill.
 Swilknt, they spilled.
 Swill, to drink, to guzzle, also to rinse, to wash out a vessel.
 Swillin, drinking.
 Swilld, drank.
 Swilln, they drink.
 Swilldn, they drank.
 Swillins, hog's meat.
 Swingin, waving to and fro suspended.
 Swingin-sticks, hazle rods to beat or batt wool.
 Swingle, a stretcher to a plough.
 Swingein, big, heavy. "A swingein piece of beef," (a term rather local.)
 Swinhert, a swineherd.
 Swipper, active, lithe, agile.
 Swipperly, actively: "He ran swipperly."

Swither, to dry up, to wither : also to burn.
 Switherin, burning.
 Swithn, twisted, crooked, writhen.
 Swol, to fasten cattle in their boose ; Swolt, fastened ; Swollin, fasten-
 Swhop, soap. [ing.
 Swort, sort, also the hyde of a pig ; Swortin, sorting ; Sworted, sorted.
 Sworter, sorter.
 Swortn, they sort.
 Swortnt, they sorted.
 Sydda, Siddal, near Middleton ; Sydda-moor, near the same, now inclosed.
 Sye, or Sie, to drain milk or wort, through a sieve, also to rain very fast :
 " It kept syin, and rain-
 Syel, to seal. [in."
 Syelin, sealing.
 Syelt, sealed.
 Syeln, they seal.
 Syeltn, they sealed.
 Syem, a seam ; Syemster, a seamer, one who sews.
 Syemin, seaming.
 Syemt, seamed.
 Syemn, they seam.
 Syemtn, they seamed.
 Syet, seat ; Syeted, seated.

Syetin, seating.
 Syetn, they seat.
 Syetnt, they seated.
 Syez, to seize ; Syest, seized ; Syezin, seizing.
 Syesn, they seize.
 Syestnt, they seized.
 Syezen, season.
 Ta, take ; Ta'care, take care.
 Tae, take ; Tae't, take it.
 Ta't, the same ; Tak't, the same ; Taen, taken.
 Tae't-the, take it thee.
 Tak, take ; Tan, taken.
 Tan't, taken it.
 Tameh, take me.
 Tandle-hills, hills near Middleton. [tience.
 Tantrum, a fit of impatience.
 Tarry, to stay, to remain at a place.
 Tarryin, remaining.
 Tarrid, remained.
 Tarryn, they remain.
 Tarridn, they remained.
 Tat, that ; Ta't, take it.
 Ta'tthe, take it thee.
 Tatchin, the end of a cobbler's thread ; Tatchins, ends of threads.
 Tata, or Tat-ha, a child's word for going out :
 " Gooin a tat-ta."

Taw, a game at marbles :
 also a favourite marble
 used to knuckle with.
 Tawk, talk ; Tawkin, talk-
 ing ; Tawkt, talked.
 Tawkn, they talk.
 Tawknt, they talked.
 Tawm, to tame.
 Tawmin, taming.
 Tawmt, tamed.
 Tawmn, they tame.
 Tawmntn, they tamed.
 Tawm, Tome, or Toom,
 to swoon ; also a belch-
 ing of water from the
 mouth.
 Taylior, a tailor ; also a
 family name.
 Teadn, they had.
 Tearn, they were.
 Teastril, a person of slight
 character : also a small
 keg. [t'eat."
 T'eat, to eat : "Nowt
 Teaw, thou : "Wheer ar-
 teaw comn fro?"
 Teawe, in two, in several
 pieces : "He pood it
 i'teawe."
 Teawin, teasing, persuad-
 ing, urging.
 Teawn, a town.
 Teawil, a towel.
 Teawst, or Theawst, thou
 shalt.

Teawze, to tease.
 Teawzin, teasing.
 Teawzt, teased.
 Teawzn, they tease.
 Teawznt, they teased.
 Teawzle, to tussle, to pull
 about ; Teawzlt, tussled.
 Teawzlin, tussling.
 Teawzln, they tussle.
 Teawzltm, they tussled.
 Tebb, Edmund ; Tebby,
 and Lebby, the same.
 Tedd, to turn hay in the
 field ; Teddin, turning
 hay ; Tedded, turned
 hay ; Tedds, turns hay ;
 Teddln, they turn hay.
 Teddnt, they turned hay.
 'Lee, thee, as, "whot tee?"
 spoken contemptuously,
 or in surprise : "Is tat
 tee?" rm. with, see.
 Tee, to tie ; rm. with e'e.
 Teein, tying ; Teed, tied.
 Teen, they tie ; Teedn,
 they tied, also a rope,
 a band ; "A keaw-tee,"
 a hair rope to bind the
 legs of cows whilst they
 are being milked.
 Teer, to rend, to tear.
 Teerin, tearing ; Teern,
 they tear ; Teertn, they
 tore ; also Teer, they
 are ; Tearn, they were.

- Teem, to pour ; Teemin, pouring ; Teems, pours.
 Teemn, they pour.
 Teemtn, they poured.
 Teeny, tiny, little, pettish, fretful.
 Tems, a sieve ; Temd, poured out ; Temdn, they poured.
 Tennil, a large basket.
 Tent, to watch, to guard.
 Tenter, a watcher.
 Tentin, watchin ; Tents, watches ; Tented, watched ; Tentn, they watch.
 Tentnt, they watched.
 Tenters, wooden frames formed of strong posts and movable rails, which being fixed in a field, and studded with tenter-hooks, are used to stretch and dry flannel pieces upon.
 Tenter-hook, a kind of nail with a hook at the driving end, whereby to hook flannels whilst they dry.
 Tenter-croft, a piece of land in which tenter-frames are placed.
 Teytch, teach.
 Teytchin, teaching.
 Teytcht, taught.
- Teytchn, they teach.
 Teytchnt, they taught.
 Th', abbreviation of thou or the.
 Th' Wilderniss, a place in Hopwood.
 Th' Yettns, the Great and Little Heatons, near Manchester.
 Th' Gallows, name of a place near Milnrow.
 Tharcake, a cake made from meal, treacle, and butter, and used on the night of the fifth of November.
 That'll, that will : "That'll doo."
 That'n, that way ; Athatns, in that way.
 Thearn, they were.
 Theaw, thou ; Theaws, thou has ; Theawst, thou shalt ; Theawrt, thou art.
 Theawll, thou wilt.
 Theawm, thumb.
 Theawmin, thumbing.
 Theawm-screw, thumb-screw.
 Theawsun, thousand.
 Thed, theaw had : "Thed better not."
 Thefnicute, or Fefnicute, a sneaking, hypocritical person.

- Theegh, thigh.
 Thee er, there: "Thee-er,
 that'll doo."
 Theese, these; Tees, the
 same; Teesn, or Theesn,
 these han, these have.
 Theydn, they had.
 Theym, them.
 Theyn, they have, or they
 will. [were.
 Theyrn, they wurn, they
 Thible, or Thibble, a bit
 of flat wood, about a foot
 in length, to stir por-
 ridge or furmetry with.
 Thin, than: rm. w. in.
 Think, thing: used con-
 temptuously: "Whot
 sitch a think as thee?"
 Thill, to draw in the shafts
 of a cart; Thill-hawse,
 the shaft horse; Thil-
 lin, drawing in shafts.
 Thilld, drawn in shafts.
 Thilln, they draw in shafts
 Thilldn, they drew in
 shafts.
 Thisn, in this way: "Si-
 the, he dus't a thisn."
 Thoddn, sadden, doughy.
 Thoddn bread, doughy
 bread.
 Thoe, to thaw.
 Thoin, thawing.
 Thoad, thawed.
- Thoan, thawed.
 Thooal, or Thoal, to afford,
 to put up with.
 Thooan, or Thoan, thawed,
 wet, damp.
 Thooant, thawed.
 Thong, a leathern tie, or
 band; Thonk, the same.
 Thooze, or Thoose, those.
 Thoons, those will.
 Thooor, those are.
 Thorpe, a fold of houses
 near Royton.
 Thrang, Thrung, Thrunk,
 throng, a crowd; also
 busy, beset with affairs.
 "Dustono see heaw
 thrunk I am."
 Thrap-wife, a by word:
 "As thrung as Thrap-
 wife."
 Thrapt, or Thryept, dis-
 puted, denied, contended
 Thrave, twenty-four
 sheaves of corn. [pute.
 Thraw, to argue, to dis-
 Threed, thread.
 Threedy, thready.
 Threedneeld, thread-
 needle.
 Threed-mill, in Crompton
 Thrift, a pain in the hips
 or joints of the limbs,
 incidental to young
 persons.

- Thrimble, to trifle, to hesitate, to crumble bread :
 "Whot dusto ston thrimblin theer for?"
- Thrimmo, ill spun yarn.
- Throddy, short, dumpy.
- Throe, a forked stick, which is used by laying it across a mug or tub, to support a sieve, whilst milk or other liquid is drained through it.
- Throo, through.
- Throssle, throistle, a singing bird.
- Throtteen, thirteen, (not generally used.)
- Throttle, to gripe the throat, to choak with griping.
- Throttlin, choaking.
- Throttlit, choaked.
- Throttln, they choak.
- Throttltn, they choaked.
- Throyt, throat; Throoat, in some localities.
- Thrum, the end of a warp.
- Thrums, ends.
- Thrut, thrown.
- Thrutn, they threw.
- Thrutch, to push, to shove, to press; Thrutchin, pushing, pressing.
- Thrutcht, pushed.
- Thrutchn, they push.
- Thrutchn, they pushed.
- Thrutchins, the last pressed whey, when cheese is made.
- Thunner, thunder.
- Thunner-bowt, thunder-bolt; Thunnerin, thundering; Thunnert, thundered; Thunners, it thunders.
- Thurn, a thorn.
- Thurston, or Thorston-fowd, in Unsworth.
- Thwack, a hard blow, a sudden fall: "He fell thwack o'th' floor."
- Thwang, a heavy fall, a blow, or a large piece of meat: "He took a thwagin lump."
- Thwite, to cut with a knife.
- Thwittle, a wooden-hafted knife.
- Thwol, to thole, to afford, allow, provide.
- Tickle-butt, headlong, impetuous: "He ran tickle-butt."
- Tift, a state of good or bad condition for the performance of an undertaking: "He's sure to win; he's i'very good tift."

Tike, an overgrown man or beast; a remarkable human or brute: "He's a fine tike."

Tilli, till I: "Tarry tilli come." **Tillhoo**, till she.

Timmersum, some-what timid.

Tin, or **Toyn**, rm. with in: to shut, to close: "Tinth'dur," shut the door; **Tin'd**, shut.

Tinge, a tick, a small red bug. [ticle?]

Tis, this: "Whot tis ar-Ti, thy; **Tine**, thine: "Iz tat ti tit?" "Iz tattine?"

Tit, a nag, a horse.

Titherup, a hand gallop.

Titter, to laugh; also a ring worm.

Titty-meawse, titmouse, a bird.

Tizeday, Tuesday (nearly obs.)

To, thou; as **Wilt**, wilt thou? **Munto**, must thou? **Hasto**, hast thou?

Tone, the one, as, "Th' tone on us mun doo it," the one of us must do it.

Tono, thou not; as, **Ar-tono**? art thou not? **Dar-tono**? dardest thou not? **Hastono**? hast thou not?

Too, to, on the spot, in contact with; as, "He went too em;" "Put that dur too," shut that

Tooart, toward. [door.

Tookn, pl. of took. **Aw took**; we tookn.

Toose, or **Thoose**, those.

Toot, to pry; **Tootin**, prying; **Toots**, pries.

Tooted, pryed.

Tootn, they pry.

Tootnt, they pryed.

Tomorn, tomorrow.

Tord, toward; **Tort**, the same.

Tother, the other.

Tore, to endeavour strenuously; **Torin**, labouring assiduously and faring hardly; **Torin on**, to contrive to exist by the hardest labour, and on the barest means: "Aye poorthings, they hanno a greadly livin, theyn nobbut a torin on;" "Theyn a very hard torin on."

Tory-rory, hey-go-mad.

Tow, toll; **Towd**, tolled.

Towin, tolling; **Town**, they toll; **Towdn**, they tolled; also **Tow**, to toll bells.

- Towd, told, informed.
 Towdn, they informed.
 Towf, tough.
 Towffy, toffy.
 Toynt, shut, fastened.
 Toynin, shutting. "Toyne
 th' dur," shut the door.
 Toyar, to tire; Toyerin,
 tiring; Toyers, tires.
 Toyert, tired.
 Toyern, they tire.
 Toyertn, they tired.
 Toyersum, tiresome.
 Traips, to go on a useless
 errand; Traipsin, going
 about uselessly, tire-
 somely.
 Tramp, a foot traveller.
 Tramps, travels on foot.
 Trampin, travelling on
 foot; Tramppt, travelled
 on foot; Trampn, they
 travel on foot.
 Trampnt, they travelled
 on foot.
 Trashes, worn out shoes.
 Traunce, or Treawnce, a
 tedious walk, a round-
 about journey.
 Treawnce, to prosecute, to
 bring to punishment:
 "Awwl treawnce the
 rascot."
 Treawt, a trout.
 Treddle, (Troedlas, cym-
 raeg), traddle, part of
 a loom; Treddles, trad-
 dles; Treddlin, work-
 ing the treddles.
 Trest, a strong bench, a
 butcher's block.
 Trewil, a trowel.
 Trig, to run at a measur-
 ed pace: "He trig'd
 it nicely;" "He's trig'd
 an gon off."
 Trindle, a wheel of a
 barrow; also to bowl a
 hoop; Trindlin, bowl-
 ing; Trindlt, bowled.
 Trindln, they bowl.
 Trindltn, they bowled;
 also Trindle, a fringe,
 a ruff: as a trindlt
 shurt, a shirt with a
 ruffle at the breast.
 Trippit, a quarter of a
 pound.
 Trot, to joke, to satirize,
 to provoke; also to mys-
 tify, to mislead by way
 of amusement to the
 trotter; Trottin, joking.
 Trotted, joked; Trottn,
 they joke; Trotnt, they
 trotted. In the days of
 Pitt's wars, and paper
 money, "Bowtn trot-
 ters" excited the curio-
 sity, and the caution

- also, of every stranger who stopped in the town.
- Trows, a place in the township of Castleton, near Rochdale.
- Trub-smithy, on the road betwixt Middleton and Rochdale. The door of an old public house there is supposed to be the spot where the unlucky adventure of Tummus and his cawve took place; *vide* Tummus and Meary.
- Tum, Tom; Red Tum-nook, at Oldham.
- Tumd, slightly carded; tumd wool.
- Tunchil, (Celtic, a circle) a place in Butterworth, near Rochdale.
- Tung, tongue.
- Tungs, fire irons, tongs.
- Tung, or Tonge, a township near Middleton.
- Tuppence, two pence.
- Turnit, a turnip.
- Turney, an attorney:
- “Then he, being drest, all in his best,
“An fittin for a journey.
“Every body at he met—
“Took him to be a turney.”
- Tussle, or Teawzle, to struggle in play: to pull, to romp; also to have a bout at wrestling or fighting: “Theydn a sharp tussle for it.”
- Tuttle, an awkward person in shape and manner. (obs.)
- Twaddle, gossip, silly prate: Twadlin, prating.
- Twaddlt, prated.
- Twaddles, prates.
- Twaddln, they prate.
- Twaddltn, they prated.
- Twain, two.
- Twattle, tattle.
- Twattlt, tattled.
- Twatltn, they tattle.
- Twatltn, they tattled.
- Twindles, twins.
- Twindlin, a twin.
- Twindlt, twin-born.
- Twinge, a shooting pain, a pang.
- Twinter, a year old heifer.
- Twirl poo, a whirlpool.
- Twitch, to pinch, to nip.
- Twitch-clock, the black beetle; Twitchin, nipping; Twitcht, nipped.
- Twitcher, a nipper.
- Twichn, they nip.
- Twitchnt, they nipped.
- Twitter, to titter, to laugh.
- Twitterin, tittering.
- Twitters, titters.

- Twittern, they titter.
 Twittertn, they tittered.
 Twod, a toad.
 Twod-stump, the toad-
 stool, a fungus; Twod-
 rudd, the spawn of
 toads.
 Twos, or Tooas, the toes.
 Twund, twined.
 Twundn, they twined.
 Twur, it was.
 Twurno, it was not.
 Twy, twice.
 Tyke, see Tike.
 Tyem, a team; Tyemster,
 driver of a team.
 Tyemin, team-driving.
 Tyert, excrement.
 Tiesty, or Tiestyment,
 the New Testament.
 Tyez, to tease, to impor-
 tune, to annoy.
 Tyezin, teasing; Tyest,
 teased; Tyezer, teaser.
 Tyezn, they tease.
 Tyeztn, they teased.
 Ullert, owlert, a young
 owl: "Come heer theaw
 yung ullert."
 Um, and; 'Em, them.
 Un, one: "He's a great
 un;" also, Un, and:
 "Un aw went," and I
 went.
 Unkuth, or Uncuth, un-
 cooth, uncommon: "It's
 a great unkuth, to leet
 oyo."
 Unlaight, or Unleawght,
 unlaughed.
 Uphowd, or Ophowd, to
 uphold; Ophowdte, up-
 hold thee: "Awll op-
 howdte," I will uphold
 thee in it; Ophowdn,
 upholden; Ophowds, up-
 holds; Ophowdnt, they
 upheld.
 Urchon, a hedge hog.
 Ust, used; Usn, they use.
 Ustn, they used.
 Uz, us.
 Uzzit, the letter Z.
 Varment, vermin.
 Verra, very (used in some
 places only.)
 Varsal, universal; "Var-
 sal ward," universal
 world.
 View tree, yew tree.
 Voyce, the voice.
 Vyel, veal.
 Waesme! woe is me.
 Waeny, tending to wane,
 to diminish.
 Wake, a yearly feast;
 Rushbearing.

Wakes o'th' meawth, the
extremities of the lips,
the corners of the mouth.

Waint, clever, stout.

Waintly, cleverly, tho-
roughly.

Wakker, to tremble, to
shiver.

Wakkert, trembled

Wakkers, trembles.

Wakkerin, trembling.

Wakkern, they tremble.

Wakkertn, they trembled

Wallit, a wallet, a poke.

Wam, a place near Roch-
dale.

Wamble, to stagger.

Wambly, faintly, weakly.

Wap, to move quickly:

"He wapt past;" "Aw
just geet a wap on him;"
also a process at law out
of the Wapentake Court.

Warch, to ache; My heart
warches, my heart aches.

Wharchin, aching.

Warcht, ached.

Warchin, aching.

Warchn, they ache.

Warchnt, they ached.

Wardle, a hamlet near
Rochdale.

Ward o' God, world of
God, all the world.

Warr, worse,

Warr an warr, worse and
worse.

Warry, to curse.

Warrid, cursed.

Warrin, they curse.

Warridn, they cursed.

Warrittn, Warrington;
doubtless so named from
its being the centre or
rallying point of many
bloody contests betwixt
the Mercians and Nor-
thumbrians during the
Heptarchy, on the very
out-post of which latter
kingdom, and on the
banks of the Mercy, it
was, and is situated.

Wark, work.

Warkin, working.

Warkt, worked.

Warkmon, workman.

Warlock, a wizard.

Warlockin, wild, game-
some play; pranking,
noisy uproar. Thus a
mother would call home
her children, at night-
fall: "Come intoth
heawse; whotaryo rom-
pin an warlockin theer
for, at thistime oneet."

Warlockt, ruffled, entan-
gled, involved; as a coil
of rope, a skein of thread:

- "Heaw's this rope gettn warlockt athisn?"
 Warlock-knot, a hard knot in timber.
 Warst, worst.
 Wastril, a good-for-nothing person: "He's a greadly wastril."
 Waughish, weary, sickly, faintly.
 Wawk, to walk.
 Wawkin, walking.
 Wawker, walker.
 Wawks, walks.
 Wawkn, they walk.
 Wawknt, they walked.
 Wawk-mill, a fulling mill.
 Wawt, to upset, to fall aside: "Th' cart wawted intoth doytch;" "Th' owd felley wawted o' one side."
 Wawve, to upset, to turn over, or to put on one side: "He took howd ont, an wawvt it o'er;" "Just wawve that flag o' one side abit."
 Waybroad, the herb plantain.
 Weal, to choose (obs.).
 Wear, to expend, to part with, to lay out money: "Mind heaw theaw wears the brass."
 Weas-me, woe-is-me: an interjection of sorrow.
 Weawghin, barking: "Th' dhog coom weawghin at meh heels."
 Wean, or Whean, a strumpet, a quean.
 Weantly, or Waintly, hearty, pretty well: "Heaw arto this mornin?"
 "Well, awm weantly, thank yo."
 Weatur, water; Weatur-sheedins, a place at Oldham.
 Weatur-tawm, or tome, an efflux of watery fluid from the stomach, causing sickness and sometimes fainting; Weatur-shaken, having an incontinence of urine.
 Weawnd, to wound, also a wound; Weawnded, wounded.
 Weawnds, wounds.
 Weawnder, wounder.
 Weawndin, wounding.
 Weawndn, they wound.
 Weawndnt, they wounded.
 Webster, a weaver (nearly obs.).
 Week, to kick; Weekin, the kicking of a horse.
 Weeker, a kicker.

Weel, well ; Pratty-weel,
pretty well.

Weem, handy, convenient, ready : " It's a very weem tool ; " " It's quite weem at hond."

Ween, we han, we have ;
also We win, we will.

Weedn, we hadn, we had.

Weer, we are.

Weet, wet ; also Wee't,
with it : " Awst want
summut wee't," with it.

Weetish, wettish.

Weetn, they wet.

Weetnt, they wetted.

Weld,boiled ; Weld-milk,
boiledmilk(rarely used.)

Welkin, the firmament.

Welley, or Wellne, well
nigh, nearly.

Wem,or Weme, the belly.

Wench, a lass, a young
girl ; Wenchish, girlish.

Wenchin, seeking the
company of a wench.

Wentn, we, or they went.

Whake, or Wake, to wak-
ker, to tremble.

Whaw, why.

Whean, wheasand, the
gullet.

Wheawt, to whistle.

Wheawtin, whistling.

Wheawted, whistled.

Wheawtn, we whistle.

Wheawtnt, we whistled.

Wheer, where.

Wheeze, to make a noise
in breathing.

Wherken, to retch and
choke from an effort to
get up something from
the gullet.

Wherknt, having a mo-
mentary stoppage in the
wind-pipe.

Wherr, sour : " As sewer
as wherr."

Wherrit, a box on the
ear : " A good wherrit
o'th yer."

Wherry, to laugh, to gig-
gle ; Wherryin, laugh-
ing ; Wherrid, laughed.

Wherrin, they laugh.

Wherridn, they laughed.

Whiff-waff, trifling words.
or deeds ; Whiffo-whaffo,
the same.

Whimper, to cry, to whine.

Whinney, to neigh.

Whinneyin, the neighing
of a horse.

Whinnid, neighed.

Whirlers, extra stocking
legs, turned down about
the ancles ; hay-bands
are sometimes worn as
whirlers.

- Whirl-bwons**, the round of the human knee; but all large bones of the thigh and leg are included in the term; "Look at his great clumsy whirl-bwons."
Whisky, frisky, immodest
Whiskit, a basket; "Con-yo lyend meh mother yore Yorshur whiskit?"
Whisk-tail, a wanton female.
Whitster, a bleacher.
Whitfelt, a place in Crompton.
Whit-brook, or **Wood-brook**, a stream in Thornham.
Whom, home.
Whomly, homely.
Whomsted, homestead.
Whon, a hone, a wetstone.
Whor, what; whot being chiefly used.
Whooa, who; **Whooastat**? who's that? **Whooad**, who had? **Whooall**? who will?
Whoo-op, all over, finished, done for.
Whots, or **Whuts**, oats.
Whot, what.
Whots, what is.
Whottn, **Whot-win**, that is, what will: "Whottn they say."
Whottle, what will.
Whotted, what would.
Whottleto, whot wilt thou.
"Whottleto doo?" what wilt thou do?
Wi', abbreviation of with.
Wichurt, wet-shod.
Wick, quick, alive.
Wickin, the mountain ash; the rowan.
Wilcat, a wild cat, the pole-cat.
Wimeh, with me.
Win, (rm. with in) will.
Winno, will not.
Winnodoo, will not do.
Winnotto, will not thou?
Winrows, rows, or coils of hay in meadows.
Witheawt, without.
Wither, swift, forcible.
Witherin, large, powerful: "He's a great wither-in felley."
Wizzn, to pine, to waste.
Wizznt, pined, decayed; also to whine like a whelp: "Whot's this dhog wizznin for?"
Whod cake, or **Whot-cake**, oaten cake.
Wofo, woeful.
Woisty, spacious, empty,

murky: as, "A great woisty reawn."
 Wolfstone, in Nadin-water, a boundary mark betwixt the parishes of Rochdale, Middleton, and Bury.
 Wonn, or Woan, to reside; Woans, lives, or dwells: "He woans at Chelburn;" "He woant at yon heawses."
 Wonst, once.
 Woo, wool.
 Wooans, or Woans, lives at a certain place.
 Wooant, lived.
 Wooann, they live.
 Wooantn, they lived.
 Woode, mad; Stark woode, stark mad.
 Worr, or Whor, what; also Worr, worse.
 Worr an worr, worse and worse.
 Worch, to work.
 Worchin, working.
 Worcher, a worker.
 Worcht, worked.
 Worchn, they work.
 Worchnt, they worked.
 Word, to hoard.
 Wordin, hoarding.
 Worder, a hoarder.
 Worded, hoarded.

Wordn, they hoard.
 Wordnt, they hoarded.
 Worse, hoarse.
 Worsniss, hoarseness.
 Wort, a word: "Let's have a wort withe?" also new liquor drained from malt.
 Wott, hot; Wot-ter, hotter; Wot-ist, hottest.
 Wotony, a dilemma; a surprise, an urgency: "Well, tak the time, an dunno be isitch a wotony."
 Wotyel, a spindle made red-hot to burn holes in wood or other hard substance.
 Waugh, a wall; Waw, the same.
 Wrack, wreck; Wrack-an-rend, to wreck and tear, to destroy.
 Wrang, and Wrang, wrong; Reet-wrang, quite wrong.
 Wrakin, a wrekin, a chimney, a reekin place.
 Wrakin-hook, a hook fixed to a chain in a chimney, whereon to hang iron pots when over the fire. A pot-hook is a wrakin-hook.

Wratah, a wretch.
Wrawl, a brawl, a noisy
 / contention.
Wreet, a wright, a wheel-
 wright.
Wrossle, or **Wrostle**, to
 wrestle.
Wrosslin, wrestling.
Wrossler, a wrestler.
Wrosslt, wrestled.
Wrossln, they wrestle.
Wrossltn, they wrestled.
Wrynot, a bye-word: "He
 shad (surpassed) Wry-
 not, an Wrynot shad
 the devil."
Wrythn, twisted, gnarled,
 cross-tempered: "He's
 very wrythn to-day."
Wudd, or **Woode**, mad.
Wud, would.
Wudto? wouldst thou?
Wudno, would not.
Wudtono? wouldst thou
 not?
Wuerdle, a hamlet near
 Rochdale.
Wuns, or **Woans**, or
Woans, lives at a place:
 "He wuns at yon big-
 gins." Also an abbrevia-
 tion of the word wounds,
 an old Papist oath,
 "Odds wuns," God's
 wounds.

Wur, was; **Wurn**, we
 were; **Wurno**, was not.
Wurnno, were not.
Wurto, wast thou?
Wurtono, wast thou not?
Wurunoyo, were you not?
Wurther, was there?
Wurthernno, was there not?
Wycawe, a she calf.
Wynd, to wind with a
 wheel.
Wynder, a winder of
 spools or bobbins for
 weavers:
 "An when hoo toucht a threed o'
 silk,
 "Like magic it wur folded."
 "An when the worsted honk hoo
 wund,
 "Hur skill wur further proved;
 "No threed uneven theer wur fand,
 "Hur bobbins never roved."
Wynt, the wind; **Wynt**-
 pipe, the wind-pipe.
Wythins, grey willows,
 osiers.
Wyzles, stalks, haulm of
 potatoes.
Yallo, yellow.
Yammer, to yearn, to de-
 sire intensely.
Yammerin, yearning.
Yammers, yearns.
Yammert, yearned.
Yammern, they yearn.
Yammertn, they yearned.

Yarb, a herb; Yarbs, herbs.
 Yarbin, herbing, gathering herbs; Yarber, a gatherer of herbs; Yarn, they gather herbs.

Yarbnt, they gathered herbs.

Yark, to strike hard, and suddenly.

Yarley, early; Yarleyer, earlier; Yarleyist, earliest.

Yarrey, a variation of hurry, hairy; also Yarrey, acrid, strong flavoured.

Yate, a gate, a movable fence; Lidyate, or gate, a place in Saddleworth; Cut-yate, nr. Rochdale.

Yawk, or Yolk, an egg.

Yeaff, to bring forth.

Yeanlin, a lamb just weaned.

Yealth, health.

Yealthy, healthy.

Yeandurth, the forenoon.

Year, hear: also a year in time; Yeard, heard.

Yerrin, hearing; Yerd heard; Years, hears.

Yearn, they hear.

Yerdn, they heard.

Yearsto, hearest thou?

Yearstomi, hearest thou

me? Yearsto, hearest thou? Yerdtono, hearest thou not? Yeardtomi, hearest thou me?

Yernyo, hear you?

Yearnyono, hear you not?

Yearnyomi, hear you me?

Yearth, the earth.

Yebb, Edmund; Yebby, the same.

Yebbers, Ebors, at Middleton.

Yed, head.

Yed-mon, head man.

Yed-furst, head first.

Yed-strung, head-strong.

Yeddy, heady.

Yeddy-hill, Heady-hill, near Heywood.

Yed-warch, head ache.

Yegger, eager.

Yeggerly, eagerly.

Yel, to heal; Yellin, healing; Yelt, healed; also

Yel, an awl; Wot-yel, an hot awl.

Yelley, Healey, a surname

Yelley-hoe, Healey-hall, near Rochdale. [ing.

Yellin, howling, screaming; Yells, healds of a weaver's

looms; Yells-Green, at Chadderton.

Yem, Edmund.

Yep, Heap, a township.

Yep fowd, Heap-fold.	Yomunno, you must not.
Yepsintle, two handfulls.	Yodarno, you dare not.
Yearnst, earnest.	Yometno, you might not.
Yearnist, the same.	Yocudno, you could not.
Yearnstful, full of earnest.	Yoarno, you are not.
Yestmus, Christmas.	Yowurnno, you were not.
Yet, heat; Yetted, heated.	Yomenno, you may not.
Yeth, heath, heather; also a common, a heath.	Yowinno, you will not.
Yethurt, Edward.	Yorshur, Yorkshire.
Yewood, Heywood, in Heap.	Yorn, yarn; Yorn-croft, a croft wherein yarn is dried.
Yez, ease; Yezzy, easy.	Yort, a fold, a yard.
Yezzist, easiest.	Yoy, yes. [obs]
Yezzily, easily.	Yule, Christmas (nearly Yuletide, Christmas time.)
Yezins, easeings, the eaves of a house.	Yugams, Christmas games.
Yigh, yes.	Yugoads, orgauds, Christ- mas ornaments, play- things.
Yo, you; Yoan, you have, or you will; Yoadn, you would; Yoarn, you were.	Yure, hair; Yury, hairy.
Yoar, you are; Yohanno, you have not; Yoconno, you cannot; Yodidno, you did not; Yoshudno, you should not.	Yusterday, yesterday.
	Yusterneet, yesternight.
	Yunk, and Yung, young.
	Yunger, younger.
	Yungster, a youngster.

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NOTE.—The following Conjugations of Verbs may serve further to illustrate the structure, and variations of the Dialect.

VERBS, CONJUGATED

THROUGH ALL THEIR NUMBERS, PERSONS,
MOODS, AND TENSES.

AUXILIARY VERBS.

TO BE.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or 'aw am.	Theaw art.	He is,
<i>Plu.</i>	We ar.	Yo ar.	They ar.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw, wur.	Theaw wur.	He wur.
<i>Plu.</i>	We wur'n.	Yo wur'n.	They wur'n.

TO, HA, OR 'HAV.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I ha, or hav.	Theaw has.	He has.
<i>Plu.</i>	We han.	Yo han.	They han.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw had.	Theaw had.	He had.
<i>Plu.</i>	We hadn.	Yo hadn.	They hadn.

SHALL, OR SHOLL.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw shall.	Theaw shall.	He shall.
<i>Plu.</i>	We shan.	Yo shan.	They shan.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw shud.	Theaw shud.	He shud.
<i>Plu.</i>	We shudn.	Yo shudn.	They shudn.

WILL.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw will.	Theaw will.	He will.
<i>Plu.</i>	We win.	Yo win.	They win.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw woud, or wud.	Theaw wud.	He wud.
<i>Plu.</i>	We wudn.	Yo wudn.	They wudn.

MAY.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw may.	Theaw may.	He may.
<i>Plu.</i>	We men, or mayn.	Yo men.	They men.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw met.	Theaw met.	He met.
<i>Plu.</i>	We metn.	Yo metn.	They metn.

CON.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw con.	Theaw con.	He con.
<i>Plu.</i>	We con.	Yo con.	They con.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw cud.	Theaw cud.	He cud.
<i>Plu.</i>	We cudn.	Yo cudn.	They cudn.

TO DO.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw doo.	Theaw dus.	He dus.
<i>Plu.</i>	We dun.	Yo dun.	They dun.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Sing.</i>	I, or aw did, or dud.	Theaw did.	He did.
<i>Plu.</i>	We didn.	Yo didn.	They didn.

TO BE.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw am.	We ar.
Theaw art.	Yo ar.
He, hoo, or it is.	They ar.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw wur.	We wurn.
Theaw wur.	Yo wurn.
He wur.	They wurn.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I ha bin.	We han bin.
Theaw has bin.	Yo han bin.
He has bin.	They han bin.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I had bin.	We hadn bin.
Theaw had bin.	Yo hadn bin.
He had bin.	They hadn bin.

FIRST FUTURE TENSE.

Singular.

I, or aw shall or will be.
 Theaw shall or will be.
 He shall or will be.

Plural.

We shan or win be.
 Yo shan or win be.
 They shan or win be.

SECOND FUTURE TENSE.

Singular.

I, or aw shallha bin.
 Theaw shallha bin.
 He shallha bin.

Plural.

We shanha bin.
 Yo shanha bin.
 They shanha bin.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Singular.

Let me be.
 Be theaw, or do theaw be.
 Let him be.

Plural.

Let us be.
 Be yo, or dooyo be.
 Let em be.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.

I, or aw may or con be.
 Theaw mayst or const be.
 He may or con be.

Plural.

We men or mayn, or con
 be. [be.
 Yo men or mayn, or con
 They men or mayn, or con
 be.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.

I, or aw met, cud, wud, or
 shud be.
 Theaw metst, cudst, wudst,
 or shudst be.
 He met, cud, wud, or shud
 be.

Plural.

We metn, cudn, wudn, or
 shudn be.
 Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or
 shudn be.
 They metn, cudn, wudn,
 or shudn be.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw may or con habin.	We men or mayn or conha bin. [bin.
Theaw may or conha bin.	Yo men, or mayn, or conha
He may or conha bin.	They men, or mayn, or conha bin.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw, met, cud, wud, or shudha bin.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha bin.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or shudha bin.	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha bin.
He met, cud, wud, or shudha bin.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha bin.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I, or aw be.	Iv we bin.
Iv theaw be.	Iv yo bin.
Iv he be.	Iv they bin.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I, or aw wur.	Iv we wurn.
Iv theaw wur.	Iv yo wurn.
Iv he wur.	Iv they wurn.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE—To be. PERFECT—To hav bin.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT—Bein. PERFECT—Bin.
COMPOUND PERFECT—Havin bin.

TO HAV.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I ha, or hav.	We han.
Theaw has.	Yo han.
He has.	They han.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I had.	We hadn.
Theaw had.	Yo hadn.
He had.	They hadn.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I ha, or hav had.	We han had.
Theaw has had.	Yo han had.
He has had.	They han had.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I had had.	We hadn had.
Theaw had had.	Yo hadn had.
He had had,	They hadn had.

FIRST FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I shall, or sholl, or will hav.	We shan or win hav.
Theaw shalt, or sholt, or wilt hav. [hav.	Yo shan or win hav.
He shall, or sholl, or will	They shan or win hav.

SECOND FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I shallha had.	We shanha had.
Theaw shallha had.	Yo shanha had.
He shallha had.	They shanha had.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Let me hav.	Let us hav. [hav.
Hav, or hav theaw, or	Hav, or havyo, or dooyo
Doo theaw hav.	Let 'em hav.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I may, or con hav.	We mayn, or men, or con hav. [hav.
Theaw may, or con hav.	Yo mayn, or men, or con
He may, or con hav.	They mayn, or men, or con hav.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I met, cud, wud, or shud hav. [shud hav.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn hav. [shudn hav.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or
He met, cud, wud, or shud hav.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn hav.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I may, or conha had.	We mayn, or men, or conha had. [had.
Theaw may, or conha had.	Yo mayn, or men, or conha
He may, or conha had.	They mayn, or men, or conha had.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I met, cud, wud, or shudha had.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha had.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or shudha had.	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha had.
He met, cud, wud, or shudha had.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha had.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I hav.	Iv we han.
Iv theaw has.	Iv yo han.
Iv he has.	Iv they han.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I had.	Iv we hadn.
Iv theaw had.	Iv yo hadn.
Iv he had.	Iv they hadn.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I hav had.	Iv we han had.
Iv theaw has had.	Iv yo han had.
Iv he has had.	Iv they han had.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I had had.	Iv we hadn had.
Iv theaw had had.	Iv yo hadn had.
Iv he had had.	Iv they hadn had.

FIRST FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I shall, or sholl, or will hav. [wilt hav.	Iv we shan or win hav.
Iv theaw shalt, or sholt, or	Iv yo shan or win hav.
Iv he shall, or sholl, or will hav.	Iv they shan or win hav.

SECOND FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I shall, or sholl, hav had. [hav had.	Iv we shan hav had.
Iv theaw shalt, or sholt,	Iv yo shan hav had.
Iv he shall, or sholl, hav had.	Iv they shan hav had.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

PRESENT—To hav. PERFECT—To hav had.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT, OR ACTIVE—Havin. PERFECT—Had
COMPOUND PERFECT—Havin had.

TO BAKE.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw bake.	We bakn.
Theaw bakes.	Yo bakn.
He bakes.	'They bakn.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw bakt.	We baknt.
Theaw bakt.	Yo baknt.
He bakt.	They baknt.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw ha bakt.	We han bakt.
Theaw has bakt.	Yo han bakt.
He has bakt.	They han bakt.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw had bakt.	We hadn bakt.
Theaw had bakt.	Yo hadn bakt.
He had bakt.	They hadn bakt.

FIRST FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw shall, or sholl, or will bake.	We shan, or win bake.
Theaw shall, or sholl, or will bake.	Yo shan, or win bake.
He shall, or sholl, or will	[bake.
	They shan, or win bake.

SECOND FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw shall, or shollha bakt.	We shanha bakt.
	[bakt.
Theaw shall, or shollha	Yo shanha bakt.
He shall, or shollha bakt.	They shanha bakt.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Let me bake.	Let us bake.
Bake, or bake theaw, or doo theaw bake.	Bake, or bake yo, or doo yo bake.
Let him bake.	Let 'em bake.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw, may or con bake.	We mayn, or men, or con bake.
	[bake.
Theaw may or con bake.	Yo mayn, or men, or con
He may or con bake.	They mayn, or men, or con bake.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw met, cud, wud, or shud bake.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn bake.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or shud bake.	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn bake.
He met, cud, wud, or shud bake.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn bake.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw may, or conha bakt.	We mayn, or men, or conha bakt. [bakt.
Theaw may, or conha bakt.	Yo mayn, or men, or conha
He may, or conha bakt.	They mayn, or men, or conha bakt.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw met, cud, wud, or shudha bakt.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha bakt.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or shudha bakt.	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha bakt.
He met, cud, wud, or shudha bakt.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha bakt.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Iv I, or aw bake.	Iv we bakn.
Iv theaw bakes.	Iv yo bakn.
Iv he bakes.	Iv they bakn.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

PRESENT—To bake. PERFECT—To hav bakt.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT OR ACTIVE—Bakin. PERFECT—Bakt.
 COMPOUND PERFECT—Havin bakt.

TO BREW.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw brew.	We brewn.
Theaw brews.	Yo brewn.
He brews.	They brewn.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw brewd.	We brewdn.
Theaw brewd.	Yo brewdn.
He brewd.	They brewdn.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw ha, or hav brewd.	We han brewd.
Theaw has brewd.	Yo han brewd.
He has brewd.	They han brewd.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw had brewd.	We hadn brewd.
Theaw had brewd.	Yo hadn brewd.
He had brewd.	They hadn brewd.

FIRST FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw shall, or sholl, or will brew.	We shan, or win brew.
Theaw shall, or sholl, or will brew. [brew.	Yo shan, or win brew.
He shall, or sholl, or will	They shan, or win brew.

SECOND FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw shall, or sholl, or willha brewd.	We shan, or winha brewd.
Theaw shall, or sholl, or willha brewd.	Yo shan, or winha brewd.
He shall, or sholl, or willha brewd.	They shan, or winha brewd.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Let me brew.	Let us brew.
Brew, or brew theaw, or doo theaw brew.	Brew, or brewyo, or dooyo brew.
Let him brew.	Let 'em brew.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw may, or con brew.	We mayn, or men, or con brew.
Theaw may or con brew.	Yomayn, or men, or con brew.
He may or con brew.	They mayn or men, or con brew.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw met, cud, wud, or shud brew.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn brew.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or shud brew.	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn brew.
He met, cud, wud, or shud brew.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn brew.

PERFECT TENSE.

*Singular.**Plural.*

I, or aw may, or conha brewd.	Wemayn, or men, or conha brewd.
Theaw may, or conha brewd.	Yo mayn, or men, or conha brewd.
He may, or conha brewd.	They mayn, or men, or conha brewd.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

*Singular.**Plural.*

I, or aw met, cud, wud, or shudha brewd.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha brewd.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or shudha brewd.	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha brewd.
He met, cud, wud, or shudha brewd.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudnha brewd.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

*Singular.**Plural.*

Iv I, or aw brew.	Iv we brewn.
Iv theaw brews.	Iv yo brewn.
Iv he brews.	Iv they brewn.

NOTE.—The remaining of this mood being in every respect similar to the corresponding tenses of the indicative mood, with the addition to the verb of a conjunction expressed or implied, denoting a condition, wish, supposition, &c. they are not again presented to the reader.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

PRESENT—To brew. PERFECT—To hav brewd.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT, OR ACTIVE—Brewin. PERFECT—Brewd.
COMPOUND PERFECT—Havin brewd.

TO WORCH.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw worch.	We worchn.
Theaw worches.	Yo worchn.
He worches.	They worchn.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw worcht.	We worchnt.
Theaw worcht.	Yo worchnt.
He worcht.	They worchnt.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw ha worcht.	We han worcht.
Theaw has worcht.	Yo han worcht.
He has worcht.	They han worcht.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw had worcht.	We hadn worcht.
Theaw had worcht.	Yo hadn worcht.
He had worcht.	They hadn worcht.

FIRST FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw shall, orsholl, or will worch. [worch.	We shan worch.
Theawshall, orsholl, or will	Yo shan worch.
He shall, or sholl, or will worch.	They shan worch.

SECOND FUTURE TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw shallha worcht.	We shanha worcht.
Theaw shallha worcht.	Yo shanha worcht.
He shallha worcht.	They shanha worcht.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
Let me worch.	Let us worch.
Worch, or worch theaw, or doo theaw worch.	Worch, or worch yo, or doo yo worch.
Let him worch.	Let 'em worch.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw may, or con worch.	We mayn, or men, or con worch. [worch.
Theaw may, or con worch.	Yo mayn, or men, or con
He may, or con worch.	They mayn, or men, or con worch.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw met, cud, wud, or shud worch.	We metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn worch.
Theaw met, cud, wud, or shud worch.	Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn worch.
He met, cud, wud, or shud worch.	They metn, cudn, wudn, or shudn worch.

PERFECT TENSE.

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I, or aw may, or conha worcht.	We mayn, or men, or conha worcht.
Theaw may, or conha worcht.	Yo mayn, or men, or conha worcht.
He may, or conha worcht.	They mayn, or men, or conha worcht.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.

I, or aw met, cud, wud, or
shudha worcht.

Theaw met, cud, wud, or
shudha worcht.

He met, cud, wud, or
shudha worcht.

Plural.

We metn, cudn, wudn, or
shudnha worcht.

Yo metn, cudn, wudn, or
shudnha worcht.

They metn, cudn, wudn,
or shudnha worcht.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

Singular.

Iv I, or aw worch.

Iv theaw worches.

Iv he worches.

Plural.

Iv we worchn.

Iv yo worchn.

Iv they worchn.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

PRESENT—To worch.

PERFECT—To hav worcht.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT, OR ACTIVE—Worchin. PERFECT—Worcht.

COMPOUND PERFECT—Havin worcht.





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